

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

July

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Joan Crawford

WHAT does the FUTURE hold for GARBO?
Hollywood's Own Moral Code

TOGETHER AGAIN
in another M-G-M hit!

Ever since beautiful Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery appeared together in "Our Blushing Brides" and "Untamed" we've been swamped with requests to co-star them again. You'll be delighted with the result.



Joan
CRAWFORD
Robert
MONTGOMERY

in CLARENCE BROWN'S
production

Beautiful Joan Crawford gives what many critics believe to be the most impressive performance of her career. Faced by her former lover and her husband-to-be she takes a course which leads to the very brink of tragedy. Once again Joan Crawford mingles tears and laughter, heart-throbs and thrills—again she captures the hearts of millions of her screen admirers! You'll compare it with the most thrilling picture you've ever seen!

with

NILS ASTHER
MAY ROBSON
LEWIS STONE

From the novel by Marie Belloc Lowndes



Nils Asther's return to the screen is something to cheer. He's great in this romantic drama!

Letty Lynton

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



GIRLS! } Find Out About Him!
 BOYS! } Find Out About Her!

**ALL OF YOU—
 EVERYBODY—**

Find Your Real Self in the
**SCREENLAND Hollywood
 Personality Chart**



SCREENLAND presents Mr. William E. Benton, eminent character analyst, who has interviewed many of the outstanding personalities of the screen as well as the most famous personalities of our time—"and the most infamous," adds Mr. Benton. He knows personality—he knows you better than you know yourself. Beginning next month he will entertain and interest you, not only with the Personality Chart, but with penetrating analyses of your film favorites.

Have you deep-set eyes like Garbo's? A "Swanson nose?" A Gable chin? If so, what does it signify? We all hope we have some of the elements of genius in our own faces! Watch for our Personality Chart in the next, the August issue—self-revealing character analysis by William E. Benton, famous faceologist who held the Hollywood stars spellbound.

Benton told sixty of Hollywood's most beautiful women all about themselves at a party at Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd's. He amazed Douglas Fairbanks with his character analysis. The greater the personalities, the more interested they are in finding out more about themselves! And the same man who amused and amazed the Hollywood stars will do the same for you.

It is something new and different. It's fascinating! Anyone can do it. You, yourself, discover your own real character. Better than a new game for you and your friends.

The August issue of SCREENLAND, on sale June 26, contains this Personality Chart. Fun for the whole family—and more than that. An exciting voyage of personal discovery!

SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

Alma Whitaker, *Western Editor*

Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

July, 1932

THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM

Vol. XXV, No. 3



THIS SHADOW MAN
is the new
screen sensation!

Don't miss the next issue
of SCREENLAND for the life
story of this mysterious
menace.

He's young—he's hot—
he's different!

Get the lowdown. Read
the thrilling account of this
career in the August SCREEN-
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REVUETTES

Select your screen
diversion from our
reliable reviews

Class A:

★ **ALIAS THE DOCTOR.** *First National.* Richard Barthelmess, as a surgeon, gives another sterling performance. The story is impressive. Marian Marsh, Norman Foster, and Lucile Laverne capably assist.

★ **ARE YOU LISTENING?** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* William Haines comes through with his best performance to date. The film has a radio background. The cuties are Madge Evans, Anita Page and Joan Marsh. It's a good picture.

★ **ARSÈNE LUPIN.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Worthwhile if only to see the brothers Barrymore together for the first time on the screen. It's a good, exciting picture. Karen Morley is the girl.

★ **GRAND HOTEL.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* The film sensation of the year with Garbo topping a knockout cast which includes John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and Jean Hersholt.*

★ **ONE HOUR WITH YOU.** *Paramount.* The inimitable Maurice Chevalier in a charming musical movie. Honorable mention to Jeanette MacDonald, Roland Young, and Genevieve Tobin. The music's good, too.

★ **SCANDAL FOR SALE.** *Universal.* An exciting newspaper yarn exposing yellow journalism. Pat O'Brien, as a reporter, steals the show. Charles Bickford and Rose Hobart offer expert characterizations.*

★ **SCARFACE.** *United Artists.* The last and best of all the gangster films. It's terrifying, thrilling. Paul Muni is great; George Raft, Ann Dvorak and Karen Morley excellent.*

★ **SHANGHAI EXPRESS.** *Paramount.* A medal to Josef Von Sternberg for directing this absorbing melodrama. Another to Marlene Dietrich for a magnificent performance. And smaller medals for the entire cast, particularly Clive Brook and Anna May Wong.

★ **SO BIG.** *Warner Brothers.* Another "wow" performance by Barbara Stanwyck. The picture is well acted and directed. Dickie Moore is adorable.

★ **TARZAN THE APE MAN.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* You're sure to get a kick out of this jungle thriller. Besides, you'll want to see Johnny Weissmuller do some of his splendid swimming. Maureen O'Sullivan is the charmer.

★ **THE BEAST OF THE CITY.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A new slant on the gangster films—looking at it from the policemen's side. It's interesting throughout. Walter Huston and Wallace Ford are impressive. Jean Harlow makes an exciting heroine.

★ **THE CONGRESS DANCES.** *UFA.* Utterly charming foreign picture. You'll be whistling the songs and talking about Lilian Harvey, the heroine. By all means, see it.

★ **THE MIRACLE MAN.** *Paramount.* This one-time silent classic still retains most of its glamor. It's well done and acted by Chester Morris, Sylvia Sydney and John Wray. You'll want to see it.*

★ **THE MOUTHPIECE.** *Warner Brothers.* Dust off that pedestal—you'll rave about Warren William, even though he does play a lawyer who defends bad, bad crooks. It's a good picture. Sidney Fox assists.*

★ **THE WET PARADE.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A melodrama covering both angles of the 18th Amendment. Good work by Walter Huston, Lewis Stone, Neil Hamilton and Dorothy Jordan.*

Class B:

★ **BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* To say nothing of the plot. A good cast headed by Robert Montgomery, C. Aubrey Smith, and Nora Gregor wasted on an unworthy story.*

★ **CARELESS LADY.** *Fox.* This story is an old, old pal with a new name. You know the "lady with a made-up past" theme. Joan Bennett looks lovely and John Boles makes a nice hero.

★ **DESTROY RIDES AGAIN.** *Universal.* Tony rides again, and Tom Mix is with us once more! A rip-roaring, full-of-action western—you'll like it. Welcome back, Tom and Tony!*

★ **DEVIL'S LOTTERY.** *Fox.* [Wherein grief and tragedy follow the winners of Sweepstakes. It's not as depressing as all that, in fact, it's quite exciting in spots—so's Elissa Landi. Victor McLaglen is good, too.*

★ **GIRL CRAZY.** *RKO.* Very, very light entertainment. Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey are funny—sometimes. Mitzi Green does some swell impersonations. Dorothy Lee, Eddie Quillan and Arline Judge also ran.

★ **IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS.** *Warner Brothers.* An enjoyable film. The trials and tribulations of a boy hero—corking acting by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and clever dialogue. Mary Brian is a charming heroine.*

★ **LOVE STARVED.** *RKO.* Helen Twelvetrees suffers again. She marries Eric Linden in haste and repents, until Eric reforms. It's practically Linden's picture.*

★ **MAN WANTED.** *Warner Brothers.* Kay Francis plays a lady editor with a philandering husband and a handsome secretary who's in love with her—guess what happens? With David Manners, Una Merkel and Andy Devine.*

★ **NIGHT COURT.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A solemn account of crooked work in the magistrate courts. Walter Huston, Anita Page, Phillips Holmes, and Noel Francis contribute intelligent performances in this melodrama.*

★ **SHOPWORN.** *Columbia.* And so is the story. Barbara Stanwyck's excellent tramping saves the day. Selfish "mother-love" hinders the romance between Barbara and Regis Toomey—but true love finally triumphs as usual.*

★ **SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLIONS.** *RKO.* A realistic film concerning the rise of a family from the Ghetto to fame, then their voluntary return to the Ghetto for happiness. Ricardo Cortez is excellent in the role of a surgeon. Irene Dunne and Anna Appel are also featured.*

★ **THE BROKEN WING.** *Paramount.* Not much novelty to this Mexican yarn. Leo Carrillo plays the usual good-bad hombre, Lupe Velez a spicy señorita, and Melvyn Douglas the American who wins the gal from Carrillo. You'll enjoy it chiefly because of the cast.

★ **THE GAY CABALLERO.** *Fox.* A pleasing western with a Mexican background. George O'Brien fights, rides, and wins the girl, Conchita Montenegro. Victor McLaglen plays a mysterious bandit.

★ **THE FAMOUS FERGUSON CASE.** *Warner Brothers.* A composite picture of some of the most sensational real murder cases. Good court-room scenes, reporters snooping and scooping, and plenty of excitement. With Joan Blondell, Tom Brown, Leslie Fenton, Vivienne Osborne and Kenneth Thomson.*

★ **THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US.** *First National.* This is Ruth Chatterton's best picture in a long time. You'll like it—it's modern and entertaining. And it introduces George Brent—he's good!*

★ **THIS IS THE NIGHT.** *Paramount.* This is gay, risqué, and some fun! Charles Ruggles and Roland Young hand out the laughs generously, and Lily Damita and Thelma Todd supply the pulchritude.*

★ **WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Jackie Cooper plays a crippled child and he's swell, as usual. The film drags but Jackie and Chic Sale make up for that. Warning—you'll weep!*

Short Features

★ **SWIM OR SINK.** *Paramount.* Avast, pirates! Bimbo and Koko fall into the hands of some bold, bad men of the sea in this Fleisher Talkartoon, but guess who wins in the end? It's funny throughout.

★ **THE GABLES MYSTERY.** *B. I. P. America.* No, not about Clark—but it's a fast-moving and ingenious detective thriller that you'll enjoy. Well above the average of British pictures.

★ **TONY'S FILM SCRAP BOOK.** *Talking Pictures Epics.* Interesting reel showing the private life of various animals, with close-up of a fight between two spiders for the possession of the coveted fly.

★ **WHAT A LIFE.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Flip the Frog and his boy friend are street musicians who get into trouble with the cops. With agreeable music synchronization.



Ho for the rod and reel, and the thrill of deep-sea fishing! Here's Zane Grey, famous novelist, with the thousand-pound fin-flapper he caught. Don't miss this film treat!

★ **A FRESHMAN'S FINISH.** *Educational.* Collegiate capers, including burlesque cops, slapstick comedy and the time-honored freshman-sophomore war. Some old stuff, but very funny nevertheless.

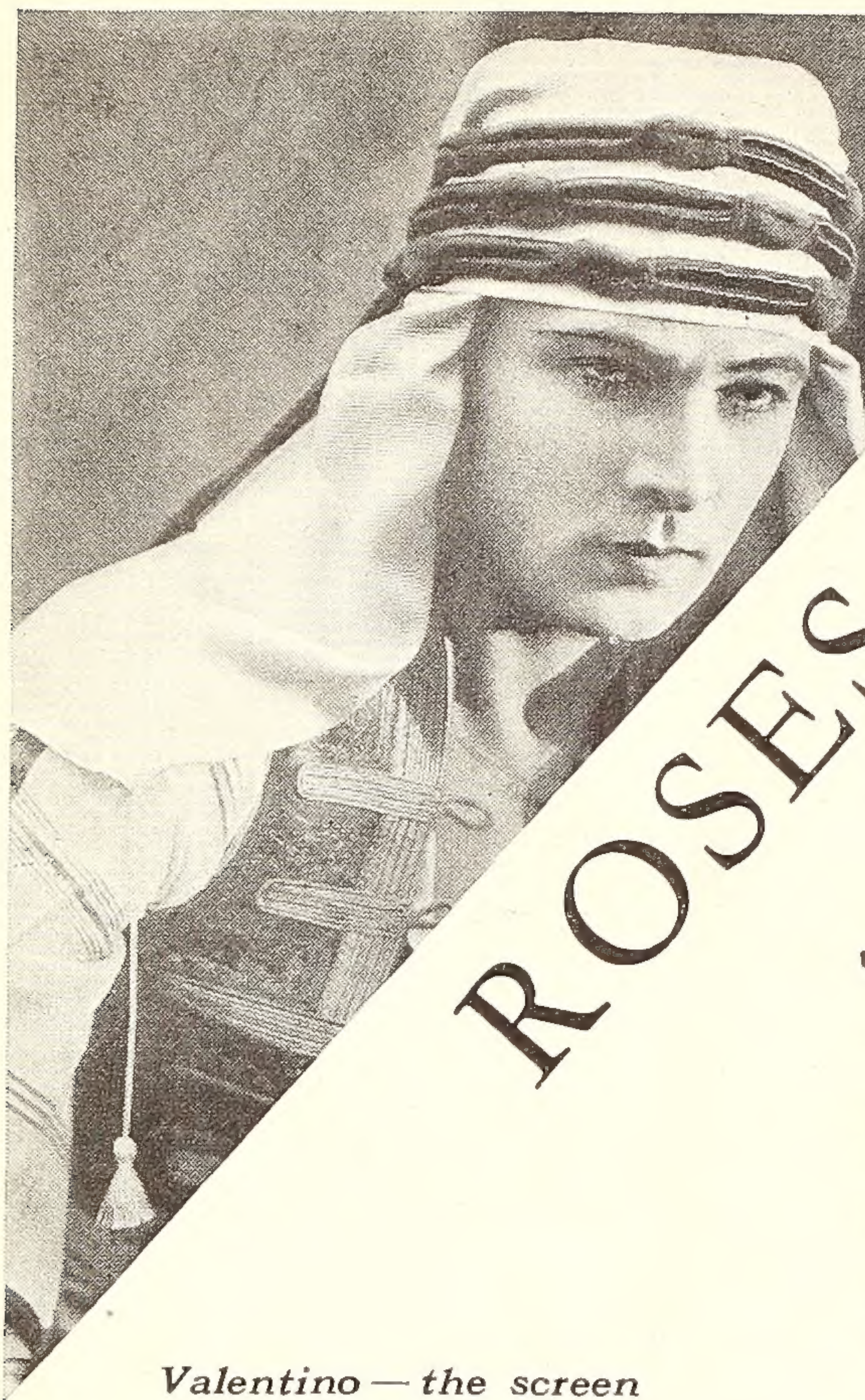
★ **COUNTY HOSPITAL.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* The hilariously unfortunate adventures of Messrs. Laurel and Hardy. Plenty of new gags, expertly handled.

★ **IT'S A CINCH.** *Educational.* What happens to a dancing teacher when he decides to turn prize fighter. Monte Collins finds it a tough life, but Phyllis Crane soothes his wounds. Amusing.

★ **SOUTH SEA ADVENTURES.** *Sol Lesser.* Ho for the rod and reel, and the thrill of deep-sea fishing! Zane Grey, famous novelist, made this picture in the South Seas for the entertainment of his friends, but popular demand caused it to be released generally. See him land that thousand-pound fin-flapper, and you'll understand why!

* Reviewed in this issue.

★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND's seal of approval.



Valentino—the screen idol of yesterday.

and

Read
and
Write!

ROSES
and
RAZZES



Gable—can he become the Valentino of today?

GABLE IN VALENTINO'S RÔLE? (First Prize Letter)

Gable in "The Four Horsemen"—Gable in Valentino's rôle! What a picture that could be!

From the M-G-M offices comes the glad rumor that Clark may do it. I hope it's true. In my opinion it would provoke a lavish box office smile for the producers, while for Gable it would afford a supreme opportunity to show what he can do. Besides, it would be of manifest value just at this time when one of the universal topics of thought is the outlawing of war. The theme of "The Four Horsemen" is the futility of war—and in that respect the picture has never been equalled, except perhaps, by "All Quiet on the Western Front."

I'm hoping that Ibañez's story will be produced again, with my favorite filling Valentino's boots—and filling them nobly!

Pat Gordon,
P. O. Box 246,
Ennis, Texas.

THOSE MOVIE MIRACLE WOMEN!

(Second Prize Letter)

So many girls confess having learned how to wear their hair and clothes, which fork to use, and how to say "eye-ther" just by seeing and hearing their favorite movie stars, that I've come to the conclusion that there must be something psychologically wrong with me. For to me, the sight of such overwhelming beauty and *savoir faire* is positively discouraging.

Take Connie Bennett, for instance. Her every movement is a study in liquid grace. I stumble over door-mats and bump into chairs. She wakes up in the morning looking fresh and sweet as a rose-bud. I wake up with a layer of cold cream all over my face, a marcel cap askew over one eye, and a chip on my shoulder.

No one would want Connie to look like that. But we *do* need more naturalness and more every-dayness in our actresses—

Here's your favorite fan-letter department, "Hoots and Hoorays," all dressed up for summer. Now that the Great Outdoors are looking greater than ever, is it any wonder that fans are comparing the film world to a baseball team, with hits, runs, batting averages, and everything? And guess who one reader's choice is for the World Series Star!

Speaking of stars, here's a nice little part a fan has picked out for Clark Gable. It's Rudolph Valentino's romancing, tango-ing, swashbuckling rôle in "The Four Horsemen." Greater love hath no fan!

Little Madge Evans wins a round of handclaps this month. For she's a jolly good actress, which nobody can deny and get away with a whole skin.

True-to-life acting—the screen cigarette habit—and other burning topics make our avid letter-writers seize their pens in hand. What's your pet movie quarrel? Put it in a letter of 150 words or less, and join in the fray. There are prizes, too—\$20, \$10, \$5, and \$5 respectively for the four best letters. Mail to reach us by the 10th of each month.

Write to Roses and Razzes, Screenland, 45 W. 45th St., New York. This is your page—we're listening

the kind contributed by Barbara Stanwyck and that grand old lady, Marie Dressler.
Myriam Rosseter,
2606 First Ave. South,
St. Petersburg, Fla.

THEY LISTEN AND LEARN (Third Prize Letter)

Let me say a few words about what the talkies have done for a small town in the way of benefitting the rural community. As a teacher I can state for a certainty that the children in rural schools have changed since the advent of the radio and the talkies. They are not so terribly out of it all as heretofore. The world is brought to their door and life in real earnest is laid before them. And the pleasure and educative profit thus to be derived cannot be overestimated.

And by the way, do let us have more of the "Emma" type of picture, which is more of a real teacher to children than all the sermons in the world.

Gladys Mary Ranger,
Claresholm, Alberta, Canada.

"HOME RUN" SYLVIA (Fourth Prize Letter)

Hollywood today much resembles a big league baseball club. Plenty of material for the outfield, but when the game calls for fast action in the infield the lack of talent is noticeable.

And as for batting averages, there are several stars who can sock the ball for a few scattered hits, but it takes the old stuff to collect hit after hit, as the more experienced players—Dressler, Beery, Chat-

terton, and so on—can do.

The "Pepper Martin" of pictures, no doubt, is Sylvia Sidney. She had shown just average talent during the season, but when the World Series of real competition and opportunity came the young lady was there with the goods. Consequently, she has made several successive hits while the less wide-awake players were taking a seventh inning stretch.

Maurice Welds,
6057-34th Ave. N. E.,
Seattle, Wash.

GIVING THE "VEHICLES" A RIDE!

I very resignedly wish that the producers would give us more good stories in the movies. Not just "starring vehicles" in which everything centers around the star, with not much thought as to how her (or his) repeated appearance affects the plot of the story. Each scene in pictures of this kind is infested with situations which give the "star" an opportunity to emote. I don't like emoting. I like human, natural people, who seem like real people as you watch them perform. There are a goodly number of the latter kind but, in my opinion, too many of the former.

Rachel Heaps,
1228 E. Center St.,
Pocatello, Idaho.

HE TURNED US DOWN!

A sigh for the return of a fine actor who barely gave us a chance to get acquainted before he was gone again, to leave us wondering what was the matter! Why did you leave us, Kent Douglass? It wasn't quite fair, dismissing us with scarcely a hearing.

We went to see that ravishing Crawford gal, and found a new man. A vital, sensitive, dramatic sort of person, with the blondest hair and tragic eyes. We were enthralled, and wondered how soon we'd see him again. And when we did, we



Going stronger than ever! Madge Evans gave the best performance of her sky-rockety career in "Are You Listening?" with William Haines.

decided we'd finally found something worth while—but now what? He's gone, and we're still wondering when we'll see him again, this side the New York stage. Come back and try once again, Kent. You left a big, empty space in the line-up of really good actors in Hollywood, for there are so few who can claim that distinction!

Betty Mulharen,
12521 Hamilton Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.

THEY CAN'T FORGET CLARA

Why all the Oh's and Ah's about Clara Bow's successors? Clara is still a great artist.

As there will always be but one Garbo, one Valentino, one Chevalier, one Chaplin, so there will always be but one Clara Bow. She gave us many happy moments when every one rushed to the nearest theatre in which she was playing. She made us laugh, she made us cry—and when we came out we raved about her beauty and marveled at her talent. But now she has a "successor"—maybe two or three. That's what they say; but where are all her supposed fans; have you forgotten those enjoyable hours?

Anyway, I still take my hat off to America's "It" girl—the one and only "It" girl, Clara Bow. And my greatest hope is that some day we shall again see her beauty and talent on the screen.

Agnes Boker,
400 Fourth St.,
Bismarck, N. D.

LIL'S ELECTED!

In my opinion, Lil Dagover is the only person on the screen who *really* rivals Garbo. Lil Dagover has the same mysterious something in her eyes that made Garbo famous. Lil was marvelous in "The Woman from Monte Carlo," and that hat she wore was fetching. As a man, I should know when and where there is beauty!

Harvey Landrath,
1234 Georgia Ave.,
Sheboygan, Wis.

MONKEY BUSINESS!

Why the over-emphasis on beasts in our movie thrillers? Each new picture of the

shock-and-shudder series seems to go a bit further in making mire for the morbid. It seems to have started with "The Gorilla" and "Ingagi." Then came "Dracula," a mild shudder picture in comparison with the clinical aspects of "Frankenstein." The new "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" also stressed the horror element. And now we have "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," another gorilla epic.

I suppose it all comes under the head of "giving the public what it wants," but I'm wondering whether the real public wants this type of movie, and whether it is to the best interests of the industry?

Jan Beckwith,
6220 37th St. N. W.,
Seattle, Wash.

DOUG IS MAKING ANOTHER

No one in the film colony could have given us a picture just like "Around the World in Eighty Minutes" but Douglas Fairbanks, because the entire film soars on the famous Fairbanks charm.

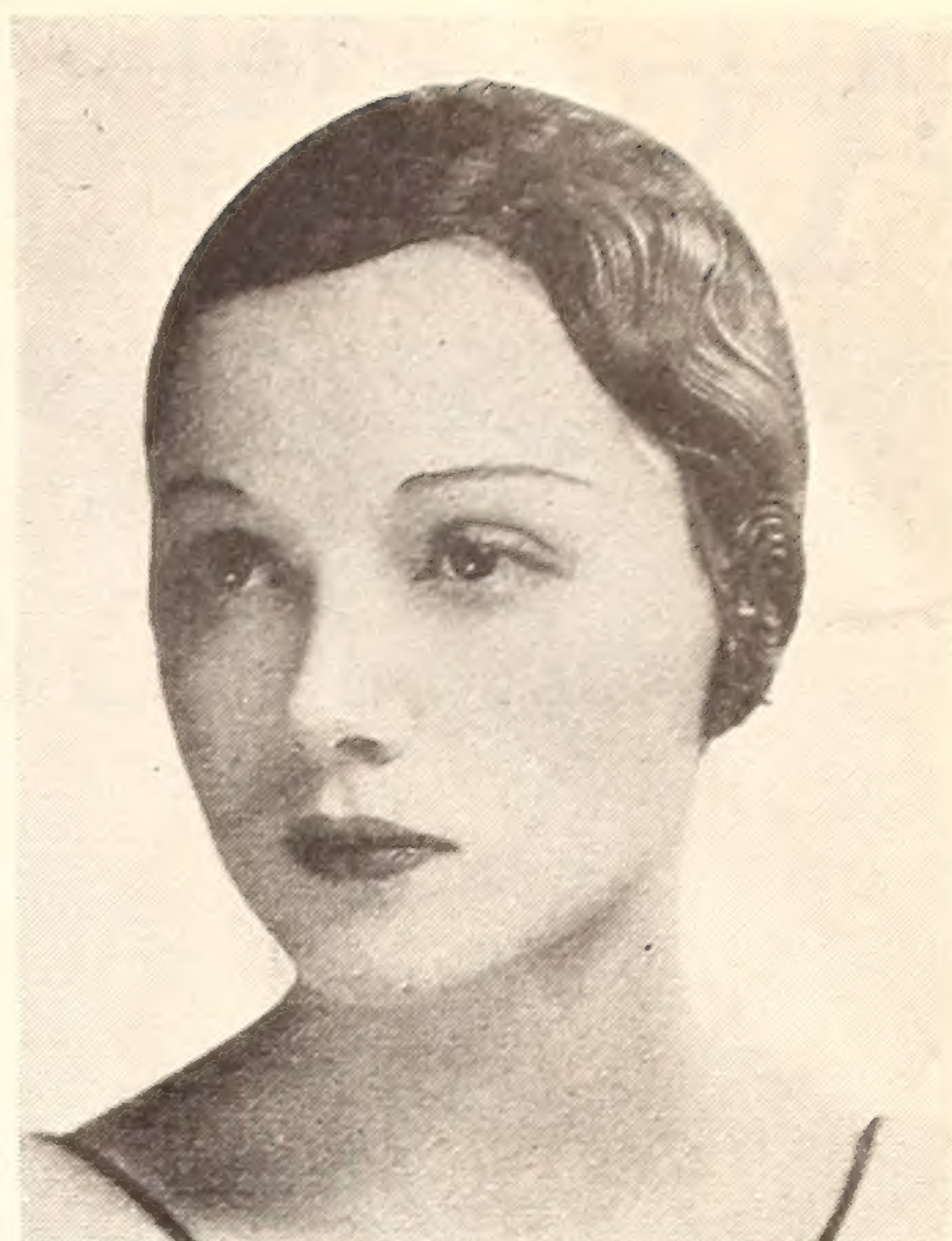
This travelogue is as good as the average picture, besides being more interesting because of its novelty. During the trip one enjoys a wealth of world treasures, humorous magic, scenic romance, bright dialogue and thrilling adventures. Unlike dozens of current movies, "Around the World in Eighty Minutes" is a treat which children and grown-ups may view with equal pleasure.

That it lacks a single dull moment testifies to the need of an early sequel.

Alice Kerfoot,
Riverdale, Md.



Here's Betty Gillette, one of Long Island's upper-crust damsels, as she stepped off the train to begin work as a contract player with Warner Brothers.



Something new in bathing caps! This "hair-waved" cap, simulating a waved coiffure, is worn by Leila Hyams. They come in blonde and brunette shades.

LET THE BEST ONES WIN

I read so many protests against the vast crop of new aspirants for screen fame; and yet people still have more "Hoots" than "Hoorays" for the present reigning favorites.

Let the old ones come back if they can; let the present ones survive; and let the new ones in! Only the real stars among the people and the real people among the stars will be remembered, anyway. The "hooters" will pick and pry at all points of our beloved stars. But, protestors, if your favorites are as bright as you claim, they will never be crowded!

I am for any, or as many stars, as are able to shine!

Wilma McCracken,
621 Shore Ave., N. S.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

THIS IS DIFFERENT, ANYWAY!

In an age where acting should be well-nigh perfected, I can but wonder how rational human beings can find anything funny in the imbecilic antics of animals in the so-called "animated cartoons." Instead of funny comedies we are treated to a maudlin exhibition of animals squeaking and quaking. Pigs dance jigs and cows are snobs while the audience rolls out of its seats in sheer laughter.

Synthetic actors display their ability on the screen while human ones look for work, yet we clamor about the depression. The talkies are a marvelous invention. Yet what benefit do we derive from them by viewing these insensate actions coupled by music that resembles weird jungle chants?

Give us the old pie-throwing days! Certainly it is more logical that a man should have a pie thrown at him than that a pig should dance a jig!

Bill Keeler,
418 12th Avenue East,
Duluth, Minn.

HERE'S THE OTHER ANGLE!

I am content to let others comment on the pictures of those gorgeous actresses and handsome actors, for there is something else I would like to write about.

I wonder if the producers of short
(Continued on page 92)

ASK ME!

By
Miss Vee Dee



Cherie, a Gaynor Fan. Take your bow, little Janet. Not every star can cut in on first place in this department. Since the release of "Delicious," I have had hundreds of letters from Janet's admirers, asking for "plenty more" pictures with little Janet and Charlie Farrell as sweethearts. Why don't you write to Janet, Cherie, and tell her all the things you have written me? She will be pleased.

Elmer E. G. I'm flattered no end that you find ideas, suggestions, and many facts in my column for your stories of screen favorites. You'll always find accurate facts in SCREENLAND—not wild rumors or distortions. Opinions will differ as to the fine performance of the Barrymore brothers in "Arsène Lupin"—laurels, laurels, who gets the bacon? John as the suave *Arsène* or Lionel as *Guerchard*, the detective?

Cress H. Let's give a thought to falling stars, you say. Well, Frances Lee and Carman Barnes seem to have dropped—where are you, girls? Jean Arthur played opposite Neil Hamilton in "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu." Neil plays with Elissa Landi in "The Devil's Lottery." He appeared with Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," and in "Tarzan"—in fact, Neil is always busy. Jean Arthur is on the stage in New York at this writing, in "Foreign Affairs," with Henry Hull, Dorothy Gish, and Osgood Perkins.

A Curious Friend. As one little girl to another, I'm happy to tell you about Mitzi Green, who has the reputation of "stealing the show" in more pictures than I can count. Mitzi was born in New York City on Oct. 22, 1922. Her hair is brown and her eyes are grey. Her father is Joe Keno and her mother is Rosie Green, well known in vaudeville and musical comedy. Mitzi is the first child ever placed under contract by Paramount. She made her first professional appearance when she was three years old in a Gus Edwards sketch. When she was six, she gave imitations of Moran and Mack, the Two Black Crows, later adding other celebrities to her impressions. She was billed as Little Mitzi, when the Paramount scouts saw her work and she was promptly signed for an important part in "The Marriage Playground" with Mary Brian and Fredric March. Since that time she has played in "Sweetie," "Love Among the Millionaires," "The Santa Fe Trail,"

"Paramount on Parade," "Tom Sawyer" and her latest, "Girl Crazy," with Wheeler and Woolsey.

Skees. John Gilbert's next starring picture will be "Downstairs" from an original story written by himself. He was married to Ina Claire in 1929—but they have separated. Ina has had several successful pictures to her credit: "The Royal Family," "Rebound" and "The Greeks Had a Word for Them."

Roberta. If I answer your questions I'll be going some—and with whom and why? To get on our way, we'll have a class review on ages. Janet Gaynor is 25 years old; Joan Crawford was 24 on March 23; Charlie Farrell is 29; Junior Coghlan is 16; Mitzi Green is 9, and Jackie Cooper is 8 years old.

Innocent. Are there any more abroad like you? Jean Harlow was born Harlene Carpenter on March 3, 1911, in Kansas City, Mo. She took the name of Jean Harlow which was her mother's maiden name. Jean's first picture work was in "Moran of the Marines" with Richard Dix and Ruth Elder, for Paramount. Same year she was cast in a Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy comedy, titled "Double Whoopee." She has appeared in "The Saturday Night Kid" with Clara Bow, doing just a small bit; "Hell's Angels," "The Secret Six," "The Iron Man," "The Public Enemy," "Goldy" with Spencer Tracy; "Platinum Blonde" with the late Robert Williams, and her latest, "The Beast of the City," with Walter Huston and Wallace Ford. Jean is now touring in vaudeville. They do say that platinum blonde head was originally brown.

Phil. One of your juvenile favorites, Jackie Coogan, has not made a picture since "Huckleberry Finn" with Junior Durkin. He hasn't announced any future picture plans but his little brother Robert played with Jackie Cooper in "Sooky." Jackie

Girl of the Month!

It's your little friend, Janet "Delicious" Gaynor, all ready to play in "The First Year." Janet turned down "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" as too juvenile. But Janet—think of the fun you could give your boy and girl fans. Don't grow up on us!

Cooper will be seen in "Limpy," the story of a crippled child, and you may be sure he will give us his best. He was born in Los Angeles, Cal., on Sept. 15, 1923. He is 51 inches tall, weighs 73 pounds and has blond hair and hazel eyes. In 1928 he was a member of "Our Gang" and in 1930 Paramount borrowed him for "Skippy." That picture put Jackie on the top of the ladder.

Babe V. So you'd like to hear my column on the air—why should I steal the crooners' thunder? John Mack Brown's last release was "Lasca of the Rio Grande." David Manners is in great demand at the studios. His current release is "Man Wanted" with Kay Francis. The film was called "A Dangerous Brunette" while in production. David has played in "Lady With a Past," with Constance Bennett; "The Greeks Had a Word for Them," and his next is "Competition" with Chic Sale and Ann Dvorak.

Jane F. Paul Cavanaugh was born in Chislehurst, Kent, England on Dec. 8, but does not tell the year, not that it matters. He graduated from Cambridge University a barrister, but before getting down to brass tacks, he wanted a bit of adventure. He has worked as a porter in a Canadian Railway depot; made hay while the sun shone in harvest time; worked with an engineering party in northern woods; was a member of the Canadian Northwest Royal Mounted Police; was in the World War
(Continued on page 94)

See Our New Red-Head!



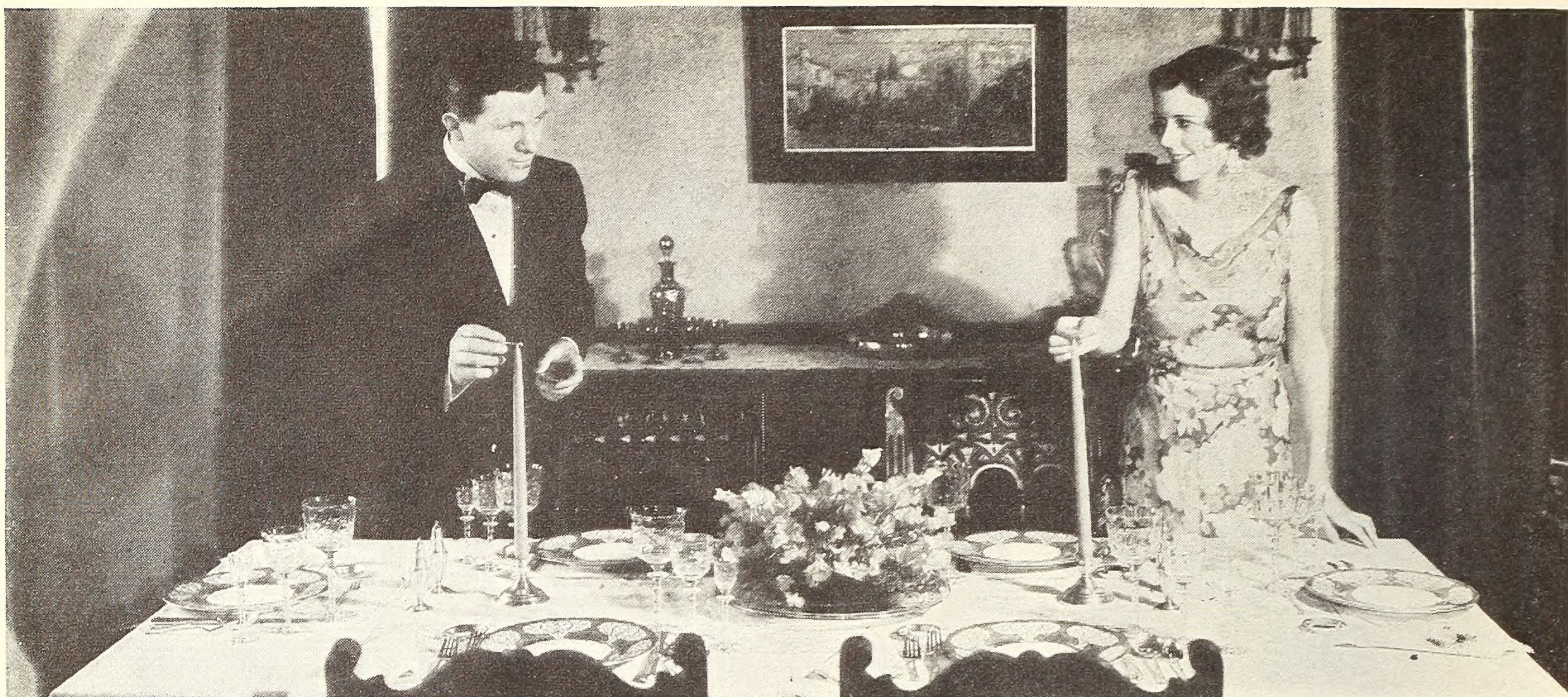
Wide World

HERE SHE IS!

This is a brand-new view of Jean Harlow as she looked at the Hollywood opening of "Grand Hotel." Your Platinum Blonde is a Red-Head now!



CAN you imagine Jean Harlow, the original Platinum Blonde, as a red-head? She has dyed her hair to play the much-talked-of heroine in the picturization of Katherine Brush's sensational novel; and we visualize Jean as she may look—red hair photographs brunette, you know. Do you like her hair this way, or do you prefer the coiffure in the smaller picture, above?



Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Erwin putting the finishing touches to a beautifully arranged dinner table for six—no more, no less! Note the tall candlesticks and the flowers—don't they add a note of romance?

A "June" Bride's First Dinner

JUNE! It isn't just the sixth month of the year—it's synonymous with flowers, romance, brides!

And speaking of brides—June Collyer hasn't been Mrs. Stuart Erwin very long. She isn't a June bride, yet she is a "June" bride—anyway, you get the idea! Although she's a Hollywood screen star she shares with all brides those thousand and one little problems of the novice at home-making, and among them that most momentous of all, the first dinner party.

A dinner party, no matter how small, is always a problem, June admits. According to Mrs. Erwin, Chicken Maryland is always an appealing number, no matter what the season. (Anyway, Stu is a chicken fiend!)

Of course the table should look as charming as possible, so June naturally insists on a centerpiece bowl of fresh flowers. And candlesticks add a note of dignity—or shall we say romance?—to a small dinner table. Here's a description of June's table which will be of value to the young hostess. The table is beautifully and smartly appointed with cloth of Italian linen, lace, and embroidery. The flat silverware is of Colonial pattern; the service plates are of green and cream; and the glassware is of white and amber crystal. Note the tall salt and pepper shakers. As to the rest, feast your eyes on the accompanying menu, which is June's idea of what should go to make a successful dinner for a small group. And a swell idea, say we!

June Collyer Erwin offers a perfect menu to the young hostess

By
Evelyn Ballarine

"HE" WILL ENJOY THIS DINNER!

Fruit Cocktail
Jellied Consommé
Chicken Maryland
New Parsley Potatoes
Asparagus with Hollandaise Sauce
Strawberry Ice and Petit Fours
Demi-tasse



Stuart and June waiting for their guests. The dinner is just as good as the table looks—and Mrs. Erwin is one of Hollywood's prettiest young hostesses.

Neil Hamilton's

Magic Corner

Good tricks—and you can do 'em! Here's the fifth and final lesson

By
Neil Hamilton



Ladies and gentlemen, it floats! This is Hamilton's "floating ball" trick: the ball is made of steel, but he raises it into the air by "compulsion," without any tangible means of support. What a stunt!

IN THE last chapter I described the effect of dropping a deck of cards face down, making any chosen card jump out of the deck *face up*. Now to explain the little "Gimmick"—that's what a magician calls the secret of any trick—by which this is made possible.

When you spread the cards and let the spectator choose one, let him return it on the top of half the deck extended to him; then place the other half over it. Make the "pass" as described in the last chapter, thereby bringing the chosen card to the top of the deck. You can easily cover this maneuver by a sudden movement or sweeping gesture of the hands.

Shuffle a couple of times, making sure that the top card always comes out on top. A moment's practice will show you that little trick.

Then hold the deck, face down, a couple of feet above table or floor. At the same time shove the top card aside, so that it projects about half an inch beyond the rest of

the deck. Your hand over the deck will cover that. (See illustration). Now—when you drop the deck, the top card, projecting as it does, will be caught by the air and turned over! Try it and see!

Now let us consider the important subject of palmistry—not as practiced by fortune tellers—but by magicians. One must know how to "palm" a card, just as one has to know how to make the "Pass," to perform the average card trick.

Palming a card is simpler than it sounds. Look at your hand. You will find that a card laid across it can be gripped by the first joints of the fingers at one end, and the base of thumb and heel of the hand at the other.

One can partly close the hand, bending the card a little, and the hand will look perfectly natural and empty. The trick is to get the card from the deck and into the hand.

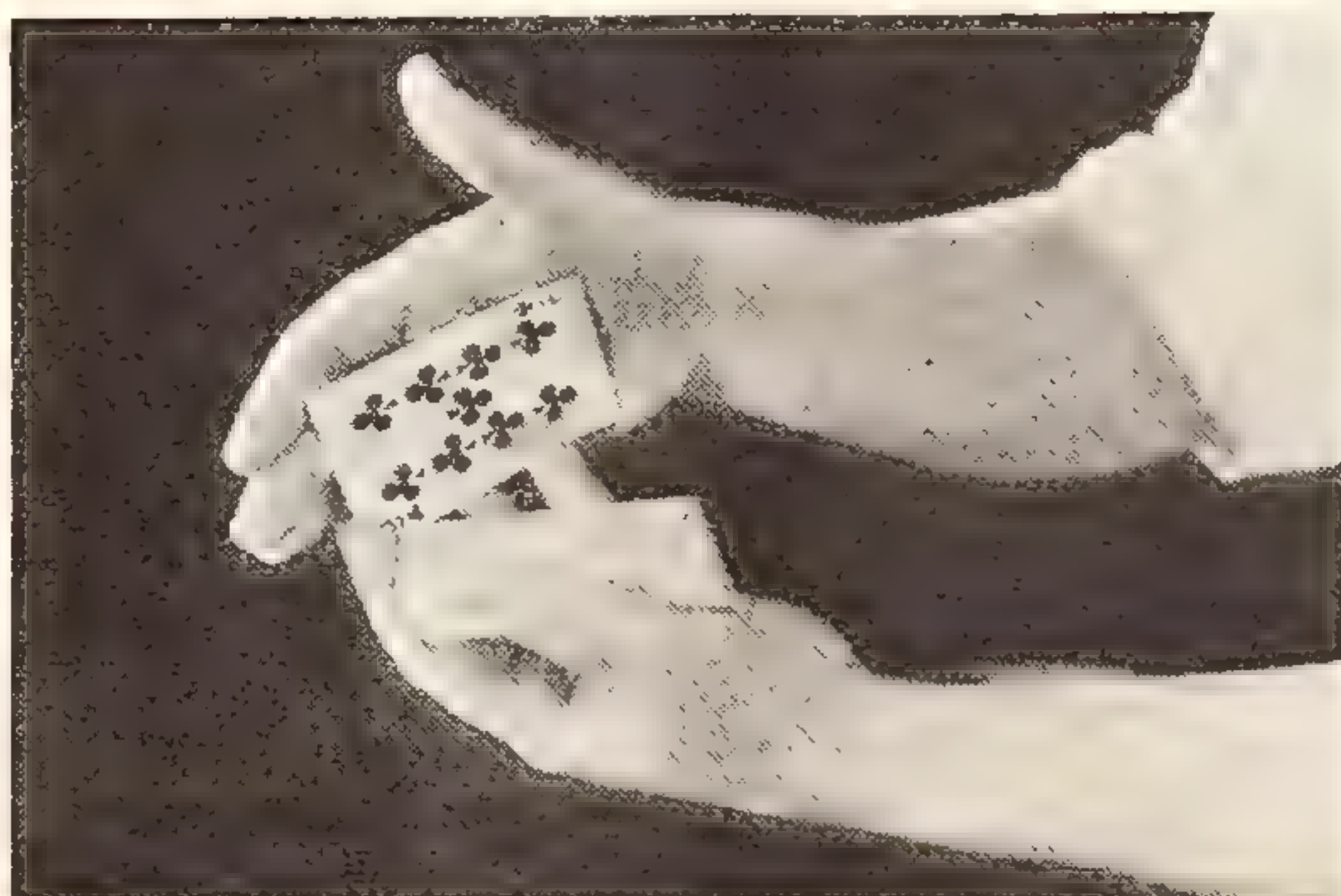
Have a card chosen. Get it to the top of the deck by means of the pass. Do the false shuffle if you want.

Then let the little finger of the hand holding the deck slip under the top card. Lay the other hand carelessly over the deck, and the little finger can shove the card neatly up into the palm where you can grip it. You can at once grab the deck with the fingers and thumb of the hand holding it, and extend it—palm held so the palmed card is hidden—to a spectator to be shuffled. If you study the illustrations I think the *modus operandi* will be clear.

(Continued on page 93)



No. 1 in the three stages of "palming" a card. Slip little finger under the top card.



No. 2. Raise card with little finger into waiting palm of other hand above it.



Raise hand, gripping card in palm, bending it slightly—then "get away" with card.

FOUR "BEST" PERFORMANCES!

GARBO



Greta as *Grusinskaya*—the most exquisite portrayal ever given by a girl on the screen. Yes—Garbo is truly great in "Grand Hotel."

*Ladies and Gentlemen,
Here is Acting!*

MUNI

In the title rôle of "Scarface" Paul Muni creates a character second to none in the annals of stage and screen acting. He refuses to make a cheap play for popularity—he is "Scarface," the brutal, childish, cowardly, gaudy gangster, unmoral, merciless. Muni is on the stage in New York right now, but he is going back to Hollywood soon, and we hope he stays in pictures. We have no one on the screen like him.



HITS!

Scatter the superlatives! Dust off the laurel

WHICH WINS *our* HONOR PAGE?

The battle is on! SCREENLAND'S Honor Page can be given to only one star. But this month we ask YOU to decide! We have narrowed the best performances of the month to four. Now we're embarrassed because we have but one Honor Page to give to our Hollywood! Here—Garbo, Muni, Raft, Dvorak—share the laurels among you until your public makes up its mind.

We can't—we admit it!

GEORGE RAFT

You who see "Scarface" will never forget the scene in which George Raft meets his death at the hands of the man whom he trusted. No heroics; no "ham" gestures; just—a look, and a quiet slumping to the floor. That scene will stay with you! And it lifts Raft right into the front rank of screen actors. He helped make "Scarface" the mighty picture it is. Now Paramount may star him in "Blood and Sand." He's new—vital—compelling!



ANN DVORAK

A charming girl, a clever actress—and more, much more than that! Everything Ann Dvorak does is *real*. She qualifies as a cutie—in fact, some think she resembles Billie Dove. But it is her acting that matters. She has some of Joan Crawford's intensity. She has depth and power and imagination. If she fulfills the promise of "Scarface" she is on the way to big things.



HITS!

wreaths! It's a month of hit performances!



Drawing by Victor De Pauw

The Great Decision

Chairman of a group of motion picture executives
to promising young actor:

"Mr. Ricardo, we've decided to have your ears
operated on!"

LOOK OUT!

Here Comes TARZAN!

HE BREEZED in—no hat, no coat—just six feet three inches of broad shoulders and muscle and tousled hair streaked yellow by the sun, and a careless grin featuring the whitest teeth I ever saw. He threw himself into a chair—I have the pieces right here—and kept on grinning. And somehow I said good-bye to Clark Gable and Jimmy Cagney and John Barrymore and jumped up on that elephant. Weissmuller is like that—real menace.

There he was. But the grin had faded. He swung one leg over the arm of the chair. He looked sulky. "Say," he said, "where can a guy go swimming in this town? Do I have to wait until they get that tank at the Capitol Theatre ready for my act? And it's only eight feet deep." He got up and paced the office restlessly. "Gosh—I want to go swimming!"

Instead he wandered over to a table where I had this month's pictures spread out. He picked one up. "Garbo—mmm!"

"How would you like to act with her in a picture?"

"Me Tarzan—you Garbo! Swell!"

He thumped his chest, then gave an imaginary Garbo a Tarzan push. It looked good. Leo, old lion, there's an idea.

Johnny came across a still of Charlie Farrell. "My pal!" He scattered pictures right and left. Then he saw some gorgeous portraits of Gwili André, Radio Pictures' new find. "Say, I used to know her. Yeah, she's pretty. Which one looks the most like her? This one, I guess—" and he picked up the art study of André that you'll find adorning our rotogravure gallery.

"What's this?" He held up a picture of Joan Blondell in a bathing suit.

"That's Blondell—"

"Swell!"

"Yes, isn't she?"

"I mean the pool—that's a fine pool. Oh, yes," absently, "she is."

Weissmuller in a suavely tailored gray suit with correct accessories is still Tarzan. He's cramped by four walls. He belongs outdoors. He makes Gable seem a drawing-room sheik and Cagney an Oxford under-graduate. Trying to get a close-up of him is like trying to pet a tiger. Oh, he liked making "Tarzan" all right.

"Cheeta? Say, she's a nice old chimp. We had a lot of fun. Remember that scene on the river bank? She kept pushing me in as fast as I'd come out. Wish I had Cheeta here for my act. I'll be on tour fourteen



ME TARZAN!

Yes, it's Johnny Weissmuller, climbing right into the picture. From a frail boy he became the fastest swimmer in the world. Unheralded in Hollywood, he leaped into film fame as "Tarzan." Now he's the idol of small boys everywhere—and girls of all ages. He's something new in screen stars. Save this page and read it again a year from now. Remember our prediction: Johnny is the big new bet of pictures. He's no actor—he's real!

weeks. Wish Stubby Kruger was along, but he stayed out there to go into pictures. Sure, I made that Tarzan yell myself."

He cracked a couple of windows proving it. And sure, he fought that lion—broke some

ribs, too—"Never mind," I said. "I believe you."

Somebody told him he looks like Gary Cooper. Johnny went red. "Why, Gary's a good-looking guy!"

His kid idol was Douglas Fairbanks the first. He still likes him. John Barrymore, next. A newspaper quoted him as preferring Lupe Velez among the gals. "Oh, I just said Lupe because I thought of her first," he said. "I like 'em all!"

He doesn't smoke. He won't eat fish—says he's no cannibal. He's in a panic at the thought of autographing pictures and programs. When he was known as the world's fastest swimmer he had plenty of attention, too—but he doesn't believe it.

One thing about all this "Tarzan" excitement pleases Weissmuller. The kids like it.

"That's what I want to make pictures for," he said slowly. "I used to read the Tarzan books myself. I—I want to please the kids!"

So I let him off. "I'll see you in the movies," I said.

He straightened his six feet three. He forgot all about moving pictures and portraits of beautiful women. At the door he turned around and grinned: "I'm going swimming!" he said.

Delight Evans



YOUR QUESTIONS:

Will she go to Sweden?
Will she make a picture
in Europe?
Will she work in Holly-
wood again?
Will she retire?

THE ANSWERS:

For a vacation.

It's a possibility.
Maybe one a year for
Metro.
NO!

What Does the Future Hold for Garbo?

THIS month Garbo makes the most important decision of her whole life!

Is she to go home to Sweden to live luxuriously and quietly "happy ever after" on the fortune she has accumulated in the movies?

Will she make the pictures she wants to make in Europe?

Or will she sign another Hollywood contract and continue her unparalleled triumphs as the most popular figure in the theatrical world today?

Hollywood is burning with an even more extraordinary curiosity than that evinced by the public in general. Garbo's thoughts have long been a mystery, but what she is planning to do now is the biggest puzzler of all.

Adrian, who has designed her screen costumes for years and is an intimate friend—as intimate friends of Garbo's go—says that sometimes she remarks, "Yes, I think I go home!" And the next day dismisses such a possibility with a shrug and two terse words, "Dot's

Garbo—money in the bank, ambitions realized, tired of fame, longing for freedom—this month makes her great decision

silly!" That's Garbo.

Yes—by the time you read this she will probably be on her way home to Sweden. But it may be only for a vacation. On the other hand, she may decide to make a picture or two in Europe. She has had many offers from Hollywood producers. Her salary demand has been quoted as \$14,000 a week. It may be that she will return to Hollywood and make one super-picture a year for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the company which sponsored her and helped make her the great star she is. One thing is certain: she will NOT retire from the screen. Garbo would like to make a picture when and as she wants to—a story she likes, when she likes. And Metro, of course, is the logical film company for her to sign with.

At this writing only two things can definitely be stated about her plans—for the reason that Garbo, herself, has only settled two things in her own mind. One: she will "go home" to Sweden in any event, even if only for a vacation this summer. Two: she is not planning permanent retirement. On her other plans—as to when and with what company she will make her next motion pictures—she is still wavering. She is a frank and sincere woman. Her refusal to discuss these matters give us a true insight into her real self.



In "*Flesh and the Devil*" days when Garbo got a real kick out of her work! With director Clarence Brown—and John Gilbert.

By
Ben Maddox

But which is her real self?

Decide her motives and you've solved The Great Garbo Mystery! But even Sherlock Holmes and Philo Vance combined would be stumped with this singular problem. The Egyptians had a word for their champion secret-keeper. They called their Garbo *the Sphinx*!

Does Garbo honestly dislike the minute scrutiny which movie fame has focussed upon her? Would it be human to be sincerely indifferent to the adulation of millions?

Either Garbo is truly an introvert, a woman who does not need others to be perfectly content, or she is once again exhibiting one of her master strokes of super-showmanship!

Since the lady does not choose to talk, perhaps *we* can solve the riddle of her perpetual silence. After all, doesn't the old proverb advise us to judge a person by his actions rather than by wordy intentions?

Here are various facts about Garbo which may help you to decide just what she is going to do when the farewell-or-stay moment comes.

If she is going home to her native country for good, why did she recently move to a different house? Had the San Vincente Boulevard residence in Santa Monica become too well-known to the public? Would she bother to search for a new hide-

Garbo with Erich von Stroheim in her new picture, "*As You Desire Me*." She plays a cabaret singer—a disillusioned woman of the world, "fed up" with her playwright lover, and life in general. Then she meets Melvyn Douglas—but that's another story, which you will want to see on the screen.





Garbo, 1926.

away in Brentwood Heights if she expected to be here only until the completion of "As You Desire Me"?

If she plans to stay in America, why has she never bought or so much as leased a house? Why does she insist upon renting from month to month? Is this consistent with her economical traits?

If she plans to retire, why doesn't she proclaim that "As You Desire Me" is her final appearance?

If she intends to stay, why has she never shown an inclination to take out citizenship papers?

If she hates publicity, why did she "hide" in Walter Winchell's hotel when she went vacationing? Do you suppose she had read and heard his intimate gossip about the movie stars and decided to give him something to spread far and wide about herself?

Or do you argue she didn't realize that visiting Broadway just before the release of "Mata Hari" and being extremely aloof and incommunicado would get her reams of publicity? If she refuses to be interviewed, why does she assiduously read every item printed about herself in the movie magazines?

If she secretly revels in the you-chase-me attitude, why is it that she has never concocted a fantastic past as all other exotic ladies of the screen have done? Why has she never made any attempt to mystify us? (Or has she?)

If she doesn't care a whoop about clothes off-screen, why does she pay Hollywood's most expensive tailor nice sums to make her those smart, tailored suits? If she doesn't love fine feathers, why did she buy that gorgeous mink coat on her New York trip and maneuver to wear it in the opening scene of "Grand Hotel"?

If she is going home, why would she risk her supremacy, consent to share honors with four other stars in this production? Why did she change her billing—drop



Greta, the girl, on the threshold of Hollywood success. She was very young, naïve, ambitious—working on her second American picture, "The Temptress," and not even starred. The world was yet to be conquered. Look at her natural, fresh face, her almost shy attitude. Not yet Garbo the Great, but just a girl trying to get along!



A study of Svengali and Trilby in Hollywood. At the left is the late Mauritz Stiller, Swedish director who discovered Garbo. Lon Chaney, made up for "The Road to Mandalay" — remember? — at the right.

the Greta—at this time? To make herself stand out as a distinctive personality, an individual best described by one brief name? Was this the gesture of a bored, fed-up actress or the clever bit of strategy of a smart showman?

If she is going to stay, why has she refused to accept the position in Hollywood society which her success would give her? By turning down invitations to meet distinguished guests at the swanky parties staged by Mary Pickford and Marion Davies, did she lose or gain



Garbo, the woman, most famous actress in the world, proud and poised, but oh, so tired! The door is open—to further fame, or the freedom she craves. Dare she go on, trying to break her own records? How she must long to say, "That was my life! Now I can live in the shadows." Have you realized what a decision she must make?

glamor? Hollywood is baffled by her.

If she is *tired of it all*, why has she shown more enthusiasm for her last three pictures—"Mata Hari," "Grand Hotel," and "As You Desire Me"—than for any previous work?

Those able to observe Garbo closely believe that during the filming of "Mata Hari" she began to change into a different person. Is this true?

We all know into what a strange and unfriendly atmosphere she was plunged when she first came to this coun-

try as Mauritz Stiller's protégé. Nobody gave her a second thought and her hit in "The Torrent" amazed everyone—including Garbo herself.

Naturally shy, not used to brilliant society nor lavish living, she asked for a comfortable room with a nice private family as her residence. She wore cotton underwear. She did not have good taste in clothes and, because she did not know how to wear them to advantage, was not interested in sartorial effects.

Her romance with John Gilbert brought her into contact with film-land's select. But, wise beyond her years, she foresaw that she could never be happy with the mercurial Gilbert. He took her to parties. Never having mixed with people, she did not understand the process of making friends. She had not gone to college nor had any previous opportunity to learn the graces of society. Ill at ease, she realized that she did not have the artificial polish of the average Hollywood girl. She couldn't wise-crack and be the life of the party type.

It was then she became dissatisfied with Hollywood and the idea of going home to Sweden grew upon her. When she first arrived, she had been anxious to make good and stay here. America was the "promised land," a place for an idealist to find fame and fortune.

After overwhelming success far beyond her eager expectations, she discovered how different the ways of Hollywood were from those of her own country, learned that she was supposed to parade in the traditional movie star manner. She resolved to make all the money she could and to quit at the height of her success.

You must remember that she spoke very few words of English when she came here. She didn't have to learn much for her silent pictures. And this language handicap was another barrier between her and those who wanted to be friendly with her.

The talkies stirred her on (*Continued on page 93*)



Garbo, 1932.



The dressing-table of Garbo at the studio, plain and unadorned. Note the lamps without shades, and the simple toilet accessories—strictly utilitarian. See the little Chinese doll perched on top? Garbo has a fancy for dolls and toy animals.

Some call it madness, but the Coast calls it nice!

IT'S Hollywood's Own Moral Code

"Conventions are merely a high fence between freedom of mind and confinement," says Lilyan Tashman. It was Lil who introduced the stockingless fad in America.

CONVENTIONS have no place in Hollywood, where the stars have created their own moral codes. Right and wrong are in the mind, the film-famous believe, and for that reason Hollywood condones acts that *you* might criticize. Before you pass judgment on the seeming social breaches of the stars, diagnose the point of view taken by members of the film colony and perhaps your verdict will not be so harsh.

For instance, it is common for wedded actors or actresses to be seen at public functions in the company of other than their legal partners. If this happens elsewhere than Hollywood, an immediate scandal follows, but in the film colony little heed is paid the unconventionality. It is recognized that studio working hours are

irregular; perhaps a husband or wife may work nights for weeks or even months. The working half of a marital union does not expect the other half to remain at home and twiddle thumbs. Therefore, most Hollywood husbands and wives are glad that the film colony's elastic disregard of conventions permits married persons to be seen publicly accompanied by family friends.

An instance of this occurred during the recent opera season, when a prominent actress appeared nightly in the



By James M. Fidler

company of a notorious Hollywood playboy. Her husband was engaged on a picture and the playboy was a family friend; also, the wife is very fond of the opera. Think of the profound faith these three expressed in each other—the wife feared no gossip, the husband was happy that she could attend the operas, and the playboy made no attempt to take advantage of his position, because he appreciated the faith reposed in him by his friends.

"Conventions are merely a high fence between freedom of mind and confinement," says Lilyan Tashman. "One reason Hollywood is such a marvelous dwelling place is that people are not regarded with suspicion because they fail to live exactly according to the prescriptions of Emily Post."

Miss Tashman, among other anti-conventionalisms, introduced the stockingless fad in America. Sedate women gasped when she made her first public appearance with limbs thus unadorned, but in a short time the fashion became world-wide, principally because it is economical and comfortable, even though it was once considered shocking.

In most municipalities, over-righteous persons look askance on girls who choose to live alone. When Sue Carol was a Chicago girl, she separated from her husband. She preferred living alone, but she realized such an act would bring down a storm of criticism on her head; therefore she returned to the household of her mother, which is seldom a totally happy move for a woman accustomed to operating her own home. When Miss Carol moved to Hollywood, she lived alone for three years and nobody gave the matter a second thought, because thousands of decent girls live alone in Hollywood. They arrive in



Garbo in the grip of drama! In "Grand Hotel" she plays the rôle of Grusinskaya, a dancer with great artistic but little moral sense.

Still a Southern gentleman, suh! Bobby Jones didn't "go Hollywood"—when he went West to make a series of shorts he refused all proffers of feminine companionship, and kept out of the rough.



the film colony from every corner of the world. All of them cannot find accommodations at the Y. W. C. A., the Girls Studio Club or in private homes; many must live alone. Hollywood understands, and girls who dwell alone and entertain in their one-room apartments meet with no criticism.

Every community has its recluse—the mystery woman who lives alone, generally on the outskirts of town. (Continued on page 81)



He's Afraid of Women

Spencer Tracy, one of the toughest of screen hombres, is alarmed by those aggressive girls

By
Colin Reynolds

Tracy comes into his own as the hard-boiled Sergeant Quirt of the talkie "What Price Glory?" But guess what that hand over his chin is concealing!

OH, BEWARE of a man with a dimple in his chin! That chin and that dimple, with the generous mobile mouth above them, are an important factor in the rising success of Spencer Tracy, whose second option on the five-year contract with Fox has just been duly viséd.

And it's going to count no end when we see him as *Sergt. Quirt* in "What Price Glory?"—Eddie Lowe's old rôle in the silent version of gorgeous memory. I saw the stills which won the decision for the revival of this best of all United States war stories. One understands right away that the dimple in the chin is the asset which will confound *Capt. Flagg* in those mutual love affairs in which the captain is forever the frustrated rival. They'll be beginning production on this picture about the time this story appears in print.

In the meantime, Spencer Tracy has made six pictures since he came to Hollywood a little over a year ago—winning great notices for his work in all of them and thus banishing the idea that he is a New York stage actor just being tried out in films.

Like Clark Gable, Spencer owes his break to "The Last Mile." Spencer played the rôle of the killer, *Mears*,



Spencer and his seven-year-old son. Note the characteristic Tracy eyes, ears and smile. The boy is a perfect pocket edition!

in New York for a year, and was given leave to accept a Hollywood offer. That was when he made "Up the River," the first picture to "kid" prison life.

Interestingly, Clark Gable was in New York at the time, out of work. Tracy suggested that he try for the part of *Mears* in "The Last Mile" on the road. A few weeks later, Gable was doing just that, in Los Angeles—and we know what the two-weeks' run there did for Gable. So that was a pretty lucky play for both of them.

Tracy's success was slower than Gable's in pictures. But his fan mail is not far short of Gable's now, and is from more men than women. Men particularly approved him as the cop hero in "Disorderly Conduct," and his work in "Quick Millions" won mention as among the ten best pictures of last year.

Quite different is his characterization of the nasty husband, with Doris Kenyon, in "Young America."

"That was a swell part," grinned Spencer, "I sure enjoyed that picture. Frank Borzage is a peach of a director."

But it's all right. Spencer is won to grace by the small adopted boy in the last reel—the self-same boy who aroused his lower nature in the first part of the story. But he sure knows how to be a disagreeable guy when the occasion demands it! (Continued on page 82)



The Constance Nymph!

They tried to make her a sweet little thing—but she's going to show 'em yet!

Up-and-Cummings! Connie has always drawn decorous rôles in her pictures, but she's her fun-loving self off the screen. And now she achieves her ambition with a comedy part with Harold Lloyd in "Movie Crazy."

By

Peggy Hart

BENEATH a correct ladylike exterior, Constance Cummings conceals a veritable imp of mischief.

You wouldn't have suspected that, would you, when you saw her as the nice girl in "The Criminal Code" with Walter Huston, with Ben Lyon in "Big Time," and all the rest of the rôles Columbia chose for her?

So it's a bit surprising when she declares in her nice well-bred manner, "Goodness, I'm longing to cut loose. I wish they'd let me be impudent once in a while."

Well, she has a chance to be a smart, crisp little comedienne in Harold Lloyd's new picture, "Movie Crazy."

"It's a grand part," beams Connie. "Mr. Lloyd chose me at first because it called for some sly make-up which disguises me part of the time. I'm a movie actress in it."

"Which should give you a good opportunity to put over some of your prankish satire," I surmised, because this young Cummings person loves making fun of anything and everything, and especially her own profession. That's her taste in reading, too—she loves the gay satirists.

We haven't been able to hang a single serious romance on Constance since she came to Hollywood a year ago, brought out by Samuel Goldwyn from the New York stage for a rôle opposite Ronald Colman. She was found to be "unsuitable" after the tests were made and it looked like another Hollywood heartbreak for a day or two. But Columbia snatched her up on a five-year contract, and saved the tears.

She did, however, make good friends with Ronald and sometimes plays tennis with him. But then she may also be seen in the company of Leslie McFadden, son of the congressman; of Mark Busby, young newspaper

man; of Benn Levy, author of plays, notably "Springtime for Henry"; of King Kennedy, young actor—dispensing her smiles impartially.

One might almost claim that Constance is a "man's woman"—because, you see, she has so few women friends and so very many men friends. But that probably is because brother, Cummings Halverstadt, is a reporter. You will have noticed how her tastes run to the literary boys!

And I regret to divulge that, while Columbia obviously regards her as the "nice girl," the young lady can shoot a sinful game of craps and lick these case-hardened reporters to their undoing!

There is positively no tosh about Connie, who is a most comfortably frank person. She admits blandly that she isn't interested in world politics or even the news of the day and frequently forgets even to glance at a newspaper.

She may be slim and ethereal-looking, but how that girl can eat! You should see her put away a steak with the boys. By which you will have guessed she is one of the lucky ones who don't have to diet. She just naturally loses weight while working on a picture and so can stuff to her nice little flat tummy's great content!

Right now she is working in "The Criminal Court" with Edmund Lowe. Eddie is on the Columbia lot now, since his *au revoirs* to Fox, but is still his jaunty self and was sporting a gardenia in his buttonhole when he looked in on Connie during our talk. His greeting was characteristic—a jolly hello, as to another fellow one is fond of. So you see, even Eddie isn't tempted to be flirtatious with this highly normal young lady. She is in danger of having too many (Continued on page 90)

Claudette Colbert is the star, Norman Foster the actor-husband, in this Hollywood duo. How about those separate domiciles?



Fame or no fame, the Frank Fays are "this way" about each other. Frank encourages Barbara—Barbara helps Frank. But will Stanwyck's soaring star eventually prove too much for her husband's peace of mind?

Must Careers Kill Love?

IT IS a compliment to the poise and discretion of Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, that news of their decision to seek a divorce should have proved such a shock to the film colony. Usually there are a thousand leaks in these matrimonial barks which warn the interested that another wrecked romance is imminent. Such news travels quickly in Hollywood!

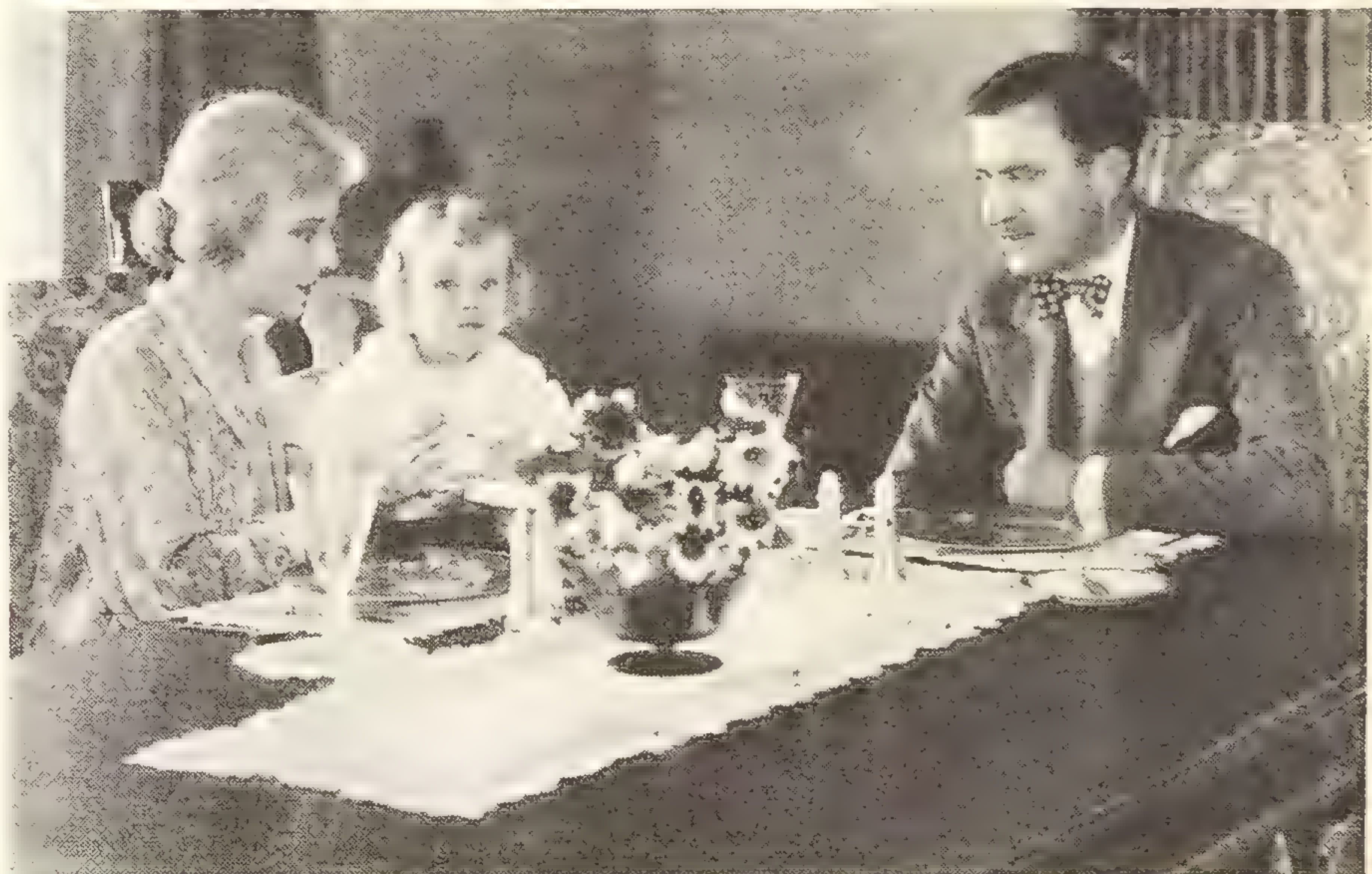
It is now generally conceded that Ann was responsible for the straightforward manner in which the news was divulged in identical letters written and delivered simultaneously to all the Los Angeles newspapers. Two letters in each envelope—one signed by Ann, the other by Harry, making the simple but devastating statement.

Thus did the public learn that Ann's great success in motion pictures overshadowed Harry's comparatively meager achievements so disconcertingly that the husband felt thwarted and belittled and so made married life intolerable for them. Ann's letter went on to explain that, apart from her, Harry could again make his own career—meaning his masculine prestige could be so restored, his ability and self-confidence so rehabilitated, that success would crown his efforts. It will now be interestingly up to Harry to prove this.

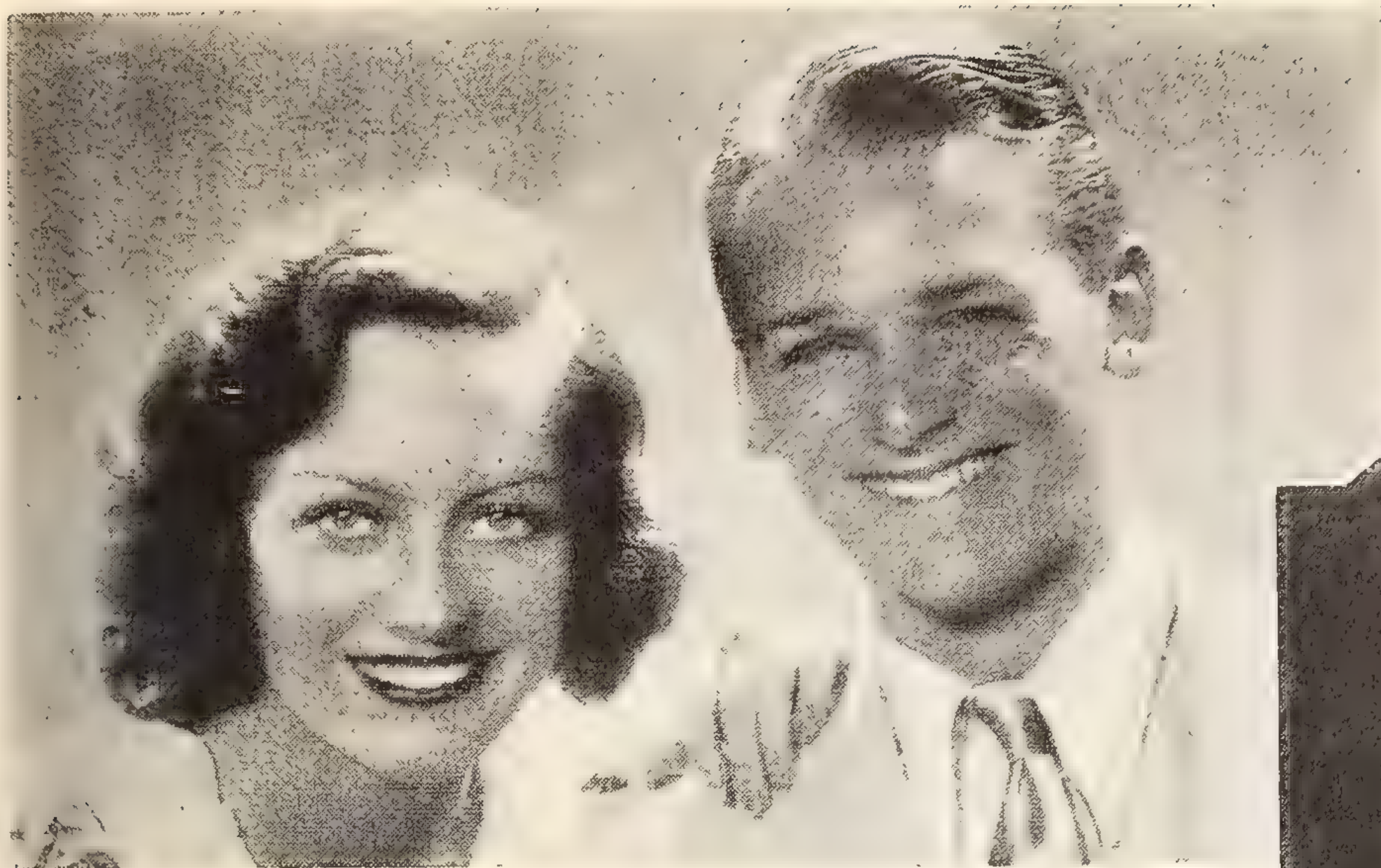
It has become pretty obvious that precious few men are able to function as second fiddle to successful wives. Tradition is against them. For many centuries men have been encouraged to regard themselves as the lords of creation, the

head of the family, top boss. Even, I mean, when they were not necessarily endowed with the superior qualities of character such an authority should naturally entail. Wives more or less meekly accepted the situation.

But an alarming thing called "woman's suffrage" intruded upon this halycon masculine paradise. Even before that, industry, commerce, the professions, the arts,



With Ann Harding so far outshining her husband on the screen, it's no wonder the Harry Bannisters became better known as the "Ann Hardings." Yes, that's little Jane, sitting up at table like a regular!



Joan and Doug, Jr. are a well-known pair of marital harmonizers. Joan has been the "big gun" of this team to date—but watch Doug scale that ladder!

What happens to Hollywood marriages when Fame casts its shadow between?

By
Alma Whitaker



Wide World

Come what may in the domestic fortunes of the Clark Gables, the career question isn't among their problems. Mrs. Gable is a non-professional, which leaves Clark in undisputed possession of the field.

had been reluctantly opening their doors to women. In view of the present situation in the drama, it is amusing to recall that not so very long ago, men played all women's rôles on the stage. And even within the memory of our own grandparents, it was regarded as rather disgraceful for a woman to go on the stage.

So we cannot expect these flouted males to take kindly

to the new order in a couple of generations. As Bernard Shaw once said, when asked what type of woman he preferred, "She must be clever enough to permit me to believe that I am cleverer."

One can smile with a little wistful sympathy for Ann, striving to prove to Harry that he was the more clever, in the face of such irrefutable testimony to the contrary—especially as witnessed in dollars and cents. And perhaps, too, for Harry, trying to believe it.

The money question is so emphatic. Women can be gracefully financially dependent on men, (although a lot of them strike against that), but it galls a man to be financially dependent on a woman in addition to being forever referred to as, say, "Ann Harding's husband." Every fibre of their masculinity, fostered through the ages, smarts resentfully under such a situation. And, although it may not be true, Hollywood has long since understood that Ann allowed Harry \$1000 a month. Even if untrue, one can understand how this pseudo-knowledge unconsciously affected people's attitude towards Harry.

Then, too, where the case is reversed, the wife can perform definite duties of home-keeping, of child's raising, of social entertainment, contributing ever to her successful husband's greater prestige. But it will be several more generations before a husband can bring himself to be the perfect housekeeper, the wise father, the charming host, (Continued on page 88)



Fortunate couple! Joan Bennett, actress, is eminent in one kind of career, while Gene Markey is high up in another. So the odds should favor accord between these Hollywood newly-weds. Markey is a successful Hollywood writer.



SCREENLAND presents a colorful close-up of a big man behind the movie scenes—Will H. Hays

By
Benjamin
De Casseres

"To establish and maintain the highest possible moral and artistic standard in motion picture production and to develop the educational as well as the entertainment value and general usefulness of motion pictures."
That's the aim of The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America.

Will Hays says: "When I think of the part motion pictures are playing in my own boy's future, I read again the standards which the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors have set as their aim. I think it would be hard to state a finer purpose."

Meet "The General"

HE IS always known as "The General" in the Big Top over at 28 West 44th St., where the "Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America" lives and moves and has its being in Will H. Hays.

The General is not only the day ledger of the Magic Screen but he is also its Conscience. It is a very human Conscience. Personally, I think, with Hamlet, that Conscience makes cowards of us all. And why not? If it doesn't, this world would be anarchic and chaotic.

"There are things you've just got to be scared of—all of us—to keep a whole skin," said the General in his talk with me.

I recalled to the General our first meeting. It was in the Astoria Studio of the Famous Players in 1924. We were making a picture depicting the history of the

Post Office Department. We were about to do the scene of the turning over of the Postmaster Generalship to Hubert Work, the new Postmaster General, by Mr. Hays, the retiring Postmaster General.

Mr. Hays, our "star," turned up on time. But we made him punch the time-clock. "Sure!" he said—and this big, laughing boy gave it a twist that nearly put it out of commission.

We told him we'd have to make him up—rouge him, etc.

"My face is yours," he said. "It isn't the handsomest in the world—but neither was Socrates' nor Woodrow Wilson's. And be careful of those ears!"

And so he kept kidding us and himself all through the daubing up and during the ceremonies with Mr. Work at the desk while the camera was grinding.

When he got three close-ups in five minutes he shouted at Tommy Meighan, who was looking on:

"Say, Tom—aren't you jealous?"

I gathered from all this that the Hon. Will H. Hays got a great big kick out of life. Even today when I see him—he is now 53—I always expect him to pull out his bag of marbles and say, "Let's play!"

The second time I met him was in the Writers' Club out in Hollywood. He made a speech to an assemblage of scenarists and title-writers. I have never forgotten one sentence in his address that is as apropos today as it was then:

"There are about fifteen million persons attending motion pictures every day in America. That is not as important as why *about forty millions do not attend them*. Now, it's up to you boys to find out why!"

And he pointed his finger right straight at Waldemar Young and myself.

"He practically says that you and I are responsible for the forty millions absentees," said Wally gloomily.

But I gallantly took the blame, for I consider Wally Young one of the top-notch scenario writers in the country.

So I rose up like a little man and said:

"Mr. Hays, I'm responsible for keeping forty million persons out of the picture houses."

Nobody in that audience laughed more heartily than Will H. Hays.

When I went to see him for SCREENLAND the other day the General was up to his ears in his yearly report. Frank J. Wilstach, who is the famous Old Sleuth of the Simile, towed me around in and out of doors until finally we got into the brainery of the General.

Mr. Wilstach, by the way, has a secretary who relates an anecdote that illustrates the good humor of the General and his ability to twist the raw edges off of an embarrassing situation.

The girl had never seen Mr. Hays, who had just returned from

a long trip to the coast. He came in to see Mr. Wilstach on his return, and was stopped at the door by the vigilant secretary, who asked him his business.

"Why," said Will, "my name is Hays. I work here, too!"

But getting back to the General in his brainery. He hasn't changed a bit since my last tussle with him. He is still Health Abounding, takes it on the chin with a joke—always the hail-fellow-well-met, ready to clink a glass with you (but nothing stronger than lemonade is in *his* glass).

He said he only had a few minutes. But when he gets started he can talk like a machine-gun.

I made my first pass at him:

"Will there ever be a time when the pictures will have the same freedom as the speaking stage?"

"Any violation of good taste should not be presented either on stage or screen," replied the General.

"That," I came back, "brings up the old question of what is good and what is bad taste?"

"Good taste," he said, "is something that *fits*. Bad taste is something that doesn't fit. If drinking or the use of certain vulgar words or any strong sex-scene is absolutely in keeping with the story, is part of the woof and warp of a story, it is not a (Continued on page 79)



"The General" is not only the day ledger of the Magic Screen but he is also its Conscience.



Mr. and Mrs. Will H. Hays, snapped by the camera on one of their frequent visits to California.



Hays enjoys his visits to the studios. Here he is with Ramon Novarro on the set of Ramon's new picture, "Huddle." Top row, left to right: Mrs. G. E. Griffith, Mrs. George McNichol, Mrs. Edwin T. Hubbell, Mrs. Will Hays. Bottom row: Mr. McNichol, Dr. Hubbell, the astronomer who is working with Einstein on a new light theory; Ramon Novarro, and Will Hays.



Hawaiian Love!

Do you thrill to the call of the South Seas? Long, lazy days on that beach at Waikiki; warm, perfumed nights of mystery? Forget your troubles and come along to this palm-fringed island of pleasure. Check your inhibitions and find your old impulsive self in an enchanted setting. "Bird of Paradise" beckons you!

HERE is romance run rampant!

Do you thrill at the very mention of the South Seas? At the idea of wonderful, tireless days spent in the surf, or lying on the smooth white beach watching the lazy waves break far out over the gleaming coral reefs? At the thought of warm, perfumed nights beneath a huge, tropical moon?

Would you like to steal away from the workaday world with its civilized troubles to a quiet, languorous land of flowers and sunshine and simplicity? Hie away to a palm-fringed island of pleasure where you'd find your perfect sweetheart in an enchanted setting?

Then you will be thrilled beyond any mere description with Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea in the most glamorous of all the South Sea love tales—"The Bird of Paradise."

The very title has long had a magic hold on our imaginations. Richard Walton Tully's play ran for years. There have been other tropical idylls, but in this—the greatest of them all—Hollywood captures the lure of Hawaii for the first time.

Small wonder that Dolores and Joel are still under the spell of the picture. Five weeks were spent on location, the exterior scenes being filmed right in the actual locales.

Illness and poor stories have hindered Dolores Del Rio since the talkies. As *Luana*, the exotic native girl who defies the tabu of her tribe for the love of the hand-

some white youth *Johnny*, she once again proves the singular charm and force of her unique personality. Scheduled by RKO as the most elaborate presentation on its 1932 schedule, "The Bird of Paradise" promises to restore Dolores to the front row of stars.

Joel (What-A-Physique!) McCrea is given the best opportunity of his promising career as the man in the case. Because *Johnny* is so much like the real Joel, this hero is extremely convincing!

Four men—the head cameraman, production manager, recording expert, and property man—preceded the technical crew of forty which accompanied Dolores, Joel, and director King Vidor to Honolulu. No other actors besides the two leads were taken on the trip. There are only a few white men in the picture aside from Joel, and the scenes in which they figure were made in Southern California.

An entire native village was "rented" to furnish the proper background for one sequence. Its inhabitants, pleasant, likeable people, were so anxious to please that in between the episodes in which they acted they entertained the company with a continuous round of music and dancing. King Vidor's dealings with them were easy. He just hired the chief, and that efficient gentleman furnished everything—the village, men, women and children, ceremonial dances, and even had pigs chased through the streets for atmosphere!

"It was a glorious vacation rather than work," says Dolores. "It took the crew so long to get the cameras

set up and everyone quieted down for the 'mikes' that we averaged only about three hours a day of actual shooting. We had lots of time to swim and enjoy the outdoor life. Believe me, Honolulu is the ideal play spot.

"Our 'Bird of Paradise' is not faithful to Tully's play. After the studio had bought the rights, they found that there was very little novelty left in the play. Produced years ago, it broke records in every large city and has been given by practically every stock company. Many movies have imitated its story.

"King Vidor, therefore, has written a new story to fit the title. He retains the spirit of the original and some of the big moments. The tremendous volcano eruption and *Luana's* plunge into the burning crater to appease the native gods is still the spectacular climax.

"I think it is a great mistake literally to transfer a well-known stage play to the screen. We discover this in converting 'The Dove' into 'Girl of the Rio.' The story was hackneyed. Using the stage dialogue made the picture just talk, talk, talk!

"I've been unfortunate in my last few appearances. Either the story or the director was not the right one. But now I think we have the correct combination."

Joel is likewise enthusiastic about King Vidor's direction.

"He doesn't have a cut-and-dried way of doing his scenes," Joel explains. "He asks you what you would do under the circumstances. The actors are allowed to react in the way that's most natural to

How a tale of tropical passion was filmed under sultry skies

By Ben Maddox

White youth and brown maiden! Johnny and Luana find love so deep and burning that no tribal tabus can come between them. See the rapture in their faces—under the tropical spell of the Pacific islands acting demanded little effort. The picture breathes romance!



The ancient rites of the ritual dance! Dolores Del Rio plays Luana, the native girl, most famous of all tropical heroines, in this romance of old and new Hawaii. Del Rio has the part of her career. "It wasn't working," she says. "It was a glorious vacation."





Joel had to learn to climb coconut trees. He is proud that he had no double. He never fell—and this proficiency inspired the director, King Vidor, to write in a scene where Joel had to fall!

them. And as a result he gets a humaneness into his pictures that many directors fail to inject.

"Vidor also does a lot with camera angles. He doesn't want a lot of talk. He made us pantomime whenever possible. Notice this in the love scenes. We talk very little, expressing our thoughts on our faces."

This directorial technique is just the opposite of the Von Sternberg brand. Those of us who enjoy some animation in our actors will hail the Vidor method.

"There were always hundreds of people watching us work," Dolores told me. "The news seemed to spread like magic. The crowds delayed us because

Are we "going tropical?" Remem- admits he likes to live the natural, was happier in

someone was sure to make a noise in the midst of a scene. An automobile horn would honk, dogs barked! A group would get excited and start talking out loud. The most sensational noise came when a baby fell off the top of a car parked nearby!"

Dolores and Joel are perfectly cast. The olive-skinned beauty of the Mexican star has never been more pronounced. A few years ago she couldn't have portrayed the vivacious native girl with half the vitality and zest she has put into the rôle. Then Dolores was a serious young lady who was not very happy.

"I don't take things seriously now," she assured me. "My weeks in the islands showed me how happy those natives are. They live the simple life. No wonder we are discontented when we demand so many things!"

Although she has always been well-to-do and lived luxuriously in cities, Dolores has an innate desire to get close to nature. She says that now, back in Hollywood, she is happy just to lie in the sun beside her swimming pool and dream that she is back in Hawaii.

"Joel had such a marvelous time there. He was the idol of the beach boys because he was such a fine swimmer and girls kept his 'phone ringing steadily!"

Forbidden happiness! The natives don't kiss, so Johnny's kiss is a sensation.



ber "Tarzan." Now Joel McCrea lazy life. Dolores Del Rio says she Hawaii. Why?

I knew how he loved the outdoors. Whenever Joel isn't working in the studio he's at the beach in Santa Monica. His is the best stellar tan in Hollywood.

"From the moment we landed and I was welcomed by sixteen gardenia leis (with twenty-four gardenias in each) being thrown around my neck, I was sold on the place," Joel admits. "The mayor invited us to tea in his own home and we saw everything of interest in the old royal palace. They are great movie fans over there. George O'Brien and Dorothy Mackaill are very popular, due to the good impression made on many vacation trips to the islands.

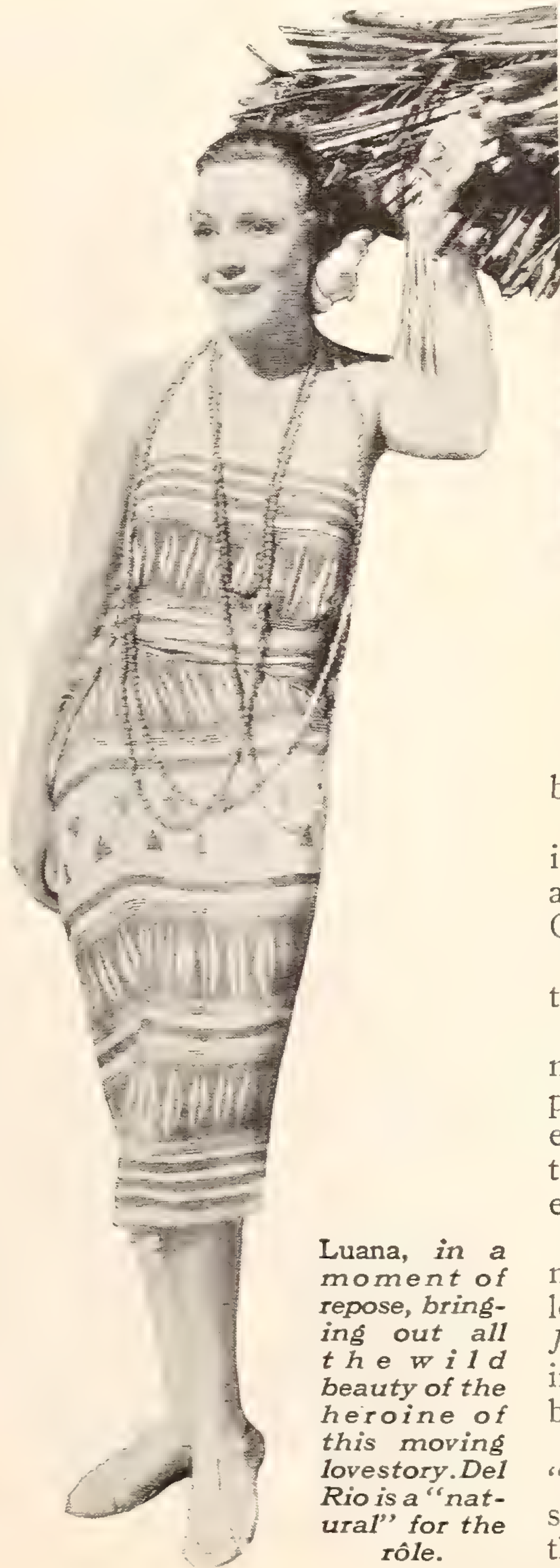
"The native girls," Joel observes—he was keen enough to note this!—"are beautiful, especially between the ages of eleven and eighteen. At that latter age they look half-a-dozen years older. The natives wear regular American sport clothes mostly, the grass skirts coming out for dancing or native religious celebrations.

"Tropical flowers and fruits grow so abundantly that it amazed us. We bought three dozen bananas for five cents, a dozen gardenias for a dollar!"

In the picture Joel is called upon to do quite a few stunts, and he is proud that he didn't have a double for a single one. He had to learn how to climb a cocoanut tree. If you think that's so easy, well—try it yourself. The durned things are slippery and there's nothing to hang on to but the greased column itself. Joel never fell, and this proficiency inspired King Vidor to write in a scene in which Joel *had* to fall!

A high-light of the story is Joel's under-water fight with a three-hundred-pound sea turtle. Vidor had a double do it first, but Joel looked at the rushes and shook his head. It didn't look authentic. He finally persuaded Vidor to let him do the stunt himself.

Joel has played opposite a number of our screen charmers,



Luana, in a moment of repose, bringing out all the wild beauty of the heroine of this moving lovestory. Del Rio is a "natural" for the rôle.



McCrea went right back to Nature in "Bird of Paradise," like Weissmuller in "Tarzan." No doubles for him, he enjoyed it all too much! Joel is an athlete in Hollywood, but in Hawaii he really found himself.

but he thinks Dolores just about tops the lot of them.

"She has a beautiful face and figure, lovely hair, and is so full of vitality. I'm the slow-moving type myself and," naïvely expressed, "I like my heroines lively. Otherwise I'd have to supply the pep!"

He thinks she is the emotional type of actress, rather than one who relies upon technique.

"I was surprised at the ambition she evidenced," he muses. "You would have thought this was her first picture, judging from the keen interest she showed in every scene. She never grumbled or displayed any temper. A grand sport!" And, he adds unofficially, every star is not that way!

In the story Dolores at the beginning speaks only her native language. It was not at all difficult for her to learn Hawaiian. The rapidity with which *Luana* and *Johnny* (who, of course, understands nothing she is saying at their first meeting) fall in love and leap the vocal barrier is one of the delightful episodes.

"The natives don't kiss, you know," Joel explains. "So when I kiss Dolores the first time she appears stunned. A 'new sensation,' *Luana* quite evidently likes the strange expression of (Continued on page 90)



Sally—she's changed!

*When Sally
married Hoot,
Hollywood gossiped:
"How long can
she hold him?"*

WHEN Sally Eilers married Edward "Hoot" Gibson, the common gossip along Hollywood boulevard was: *How long can she hold him?*

Today, the same gossip has taken a queer turn; the question has become: *How long can he hold her?*

Fate has twisted their positions topsy-turvy during the past two years. At the time of their marriage, Gibson was a popular Western star; she was practically unknown. His salary was in excess of six thousand dollars a week; it is doubtful if she received two hundred dollars for a similar period.

Today, the name Gibson has become almost a stranger to the bigger motion picture theatres, but Sally Eilers is regarded as one of the most promising young stars. She is riding the crest of a wave of popularity as a result of her sensational performances in "Bad Girl," "Over the Hill," and "Dance Team."

Before their marriage, Hoot was not only a much-written-about film hero; he was regarded as one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors. Wealthy, at ease among women, and handsome, he was much sought after for film social affairs. Further, because he had been twice wed and as often divorced, people smiled knowingly and whispered, "What chance has unsophisticated young Sally to hold him?"

Today Hollywood worships at Sally's shrine, which is the way of Hollywood with persons who are successful. Scores of young swains are eager for her smiles, and wealthy men from far corners of the world seek her company. As the Eilers fame grows and the Gibson popularity wanes, a dazed Hollywood wonders audibly: "What chance has he to hold her now?"

Because this story has to do with Sally, rather than

*When Hoot
was a popular
Western star,
and Sally was
just his lead-
ing lady.*



*Now the gossip
has changed—the
new question is:*

**"How long can
he hold her?"**

What is Hollywood
success doing to those
two nice people, Sally
Eilers and Hoot Gibson?

By
James Marion



*And now Sally is the popular star, and James Dunn
is her leading man. What difference will the change
make in the Gibson marriage?*



Hoot—he stayed the same!

with Hoot, let us plunge immediately into the changes that have taken place in her since the day of her marriage two years ago. Then she was the most irresponsible, scatter-brained girl it has ever been my experience to know. If she had a serious thought in her head, it was so surrounded with giddy ideas that it never reached the surface. She had a mind only for play, romance, dancing and smart cracks. She would rather have made a witty retort than play the feminine lead opposite John Gilbert (and two years ago, the feminine lead opposite Gilbert was one of Hollywood's greatest honors). She had been given magnificent opportunities at several studios, but her consistent inattention to duties disgusted one studio official after another until it appeared that Sally would sink into the vast oblivion into which go the unsuccessful tens of thousands who seek film fame.

No one questions Sally Eilers' ability; in "The Good-bye Kiss" she demonstrated personality, individual beauty and splendid histrionic talents. That was why producers were eager to give her opportunities, despite her failure to take business seriously, but as the fun-maddened girl refused to settle down, one after another lost faith and Sally found it increasingly difficult to obtain jobs.

So much for Sally of 1929, before she met Hoot Gibson. It is film history that she finally fell to the last stand of screen acting—leading rôles in Westerns. In the course of these parts, she was engaged for a Gibson picture. Tired of sophistication, worried with business and marital cares brought on by a recent divorce, Hoot liked the giddy antics of his new leading lady. They became friends and she appeared in other Gibson Westerns. A writer rumored romance; Hoot and Sally answered with an announcement of their engagement.

The wedding took place at (Continued on page 79)



Here's a camera study of Frances Dee, showing what her eyes can do when the contrasting influence of the chin is subdued. Frances' eyes are sweet and blue and bright—but her chin is what started her on the road to success.

Of Dee I Sing!

Eyes vs. chin! Which shows the real Frances?

By Julie Lang

FRANCES DEE'S eyes and chin are mismates! Now hold your missiles, will you, while I agree that she is simply inexcusably pretty, but her eyes and chin just do not match.

Take a long defining look at any picture of the very screenable Miss Dee and you will discover that she has round blue eyes, that spell youth, credulity, and heaps of happy illusions. Look at her chin, and you will be startled to find that it is moulded along those grimly determined lines found in successful female executives, politicians and educators.

Frances, let it be known, is quite smart enough to know when to use her eyes and when to use her chin!

One of her famous "chinny" moments saved her from the fate of the unheard and practically unseen studio stock player. It happened this way. Frances had won one of those short-term contracts with Paramount after an extra part in "Follow Thru." She was elated. That big, big break had come for her, and she indexed herself a success.

Her mistake she discovered some weeks later. After bits in several productions not the tiniest scent of an important part came her way. She read the writing on the wall, which from left to

right spelled out "no option take-up at the end of contract-time."

Now, instead of sulking, complaining and retiring in defeat, Frances, jaw set for action, arrived daily at the studio commissary for lunch. She consumed her viands with a nonchalance that fooled anyone who might guess that she was having option nightmares. And one lunch hour right in the middle of her melted-cheese-on-whole-wheat-toast-sandwich, Maurice Chevalier's secretary stood beside her with the great Frenchman at his elbow. The secretary, who already knew Miss Dee, achieved an introduction that started history (*Continued on page 84*)



The Dee chin in action! Frances never gave an inch to the man-eating Bancroft in this scene from "Rich Man's Folly."



MALIBEAUTIES OF 1932!

Healthy and merry, pretty and peppy,
Joan Blondell is just the ideal girl to
introduce you to our summer bevy
of talkie beauties on the sands of
Malibu Beach!

Sun, Surf, and Sand!



Malibu Beach Follies, with an all-star cast! Anita Page is giving you a good look at her new bathing suit, while Peggy Shannon, clinging to Jimmy Dunn's hand, runs up to show you hers. And over there at the right is Arline Judge, emerging from a dip in the ocean. Yes, that's June Clyde wrapped in cellophane—not to "keep her fresh," but to protect her from sunburn. And last but not least beautiful is Leila Hyams.

Summer at Malibu!





JOHNNY
and
JACKIE!





hamp swimmer imparts some
his secrets to a champ boy
or. Johnny "Tarzan" Weiss-
ler took Jackie Cooper in
and to show him what a fel-
ly has to do to become the
world's swimming champion.



The diving question was thor-
oughly gone into, also—and a
good time was had by both!
See how Jackie proves to his
playmate that he can be a big,
strapping man, too!

William Grimes



CLARA COMES BACK!

The fans win. Ever since Clara Bow retired from the screen about a year ago her public has clamored strenuously for her return. Now we hear she's going to star in a new picture. Good luck, Clara!

OLYMPIC GIRL!

This is "what becomes of Sally" when the warm weather sets in! Note the sash in the popular Olympiad colors. Don't miss the intimate story about Sally Eilers on Page 32 of this issue.



SPORTS
MODELS
—1932



Red, white and blonde! Marian Marsh's trunks are red and the top of her bathing suit is white trimmed with red. Note the tricky V-shaped backline.



Leila Hyams wears a one-piece suit of blue and white jersey. Blue stitching around the neck and arms and a white bow around the waist make this a smart swim suit.



Joan Blondell in a flesh colored bathing suit with the new square neck. It's daring—so don't go for it unless you have a figure à la Blondell. This isn't just a pose for Joan—she was at one time swimming champion of Santa Monica beach.

STARS
IN THE
SWIM!



Something grand in a bathing suit—Kathryn Crawford! The suit is of red and white. Kathryn wears red and white sandals to complete the color scheme.



Sally Eilers has an evening gown like this so she had a bathing suit designed like it. And that's an idea, girls!



Loretta Young wants an even tan—even as you and I—so she lowers the straps of her chic two-piece red and white bathing suit and lets Old Sol turn on the heat.



JOHN BARRYMORE. His latest is "State's Attorney."



MADGE EVANS, who has just signed a nice new contract.

Hurrell



GWILI ANDRE

She is tall and slim and blonde and beautiful, Radio Pictures' new find. Watch for Gwili in "The Roar of the Dragon," with Richard Dix.

**MAURICE
CHEVALIER**

That smile! You'll enjoy the Chevalier charm in his current screen romance, "Love Me Tonight," with the beautiful Jeanette MacDonald.

COME ON, SUMMER!

Pajamas still hold the spotlight. Joan Crawford's fit snugly and flare at the bottom. The daring diagonal red and white stripes are a striking contrast to the dark red shade of the suit.



Adrienne Doré in a new beach creation. A wide-brimmed hat of white terry cloth and a robe of the same material printed in black, with wide dolman sleeves



A stunning summer costume. Gloria Stuart's white knitted dress features the bolero jacket over a tuck-in blouse. The skirt is pleated in front. A white hat with a quill, white shoes, white doeskin gloves and a white kidskin bag complete the outfit.



A little dash of Scotch-terrier. Silhouetted figures of Scotties are a novel trimming on summer sports costumes, and Joan Marsh carries out the idea on her dress, hat, and bag. They're detachable and can be used on as many ensembles as you like.



Sally Eilers in a two-piece beige tennis frock. The jacket is double-breasted and trimmed with brass buttons. Sally goes in for sox -as so many of the Hollywood girls do.



Hollywood girls give the rest of the world fashion ideas for charm and coolth!

Sports pajamas of red and white are featured by Adrienne Doré. Her sandals are red and white, too. It's a "sandals" year, you know!



A Roman-striped scarf is the only touch of color on Ruth Hall's summer ensemble. Her coat is of a lightweight nubby wool weave, and trimmed with white fox. Ruth wears one of the smart rolled caps, and her oxfords are white in a lattice-work design.



Look what happened to your shawl, grandma! It's very 1932 to sport paisley. Joan Marsh is wearing the new "bibbed"-topped pajamas. And her sun umbrella is a colorful paisley print.



Elmer Fryer

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

-This enchanting scene isn't taken from any motion picture—it was produced by Mother Nature herself, in collaboration with the Pacific Ocean and Ruth Hall.



*Trenker and Tala Birell
in a tense moment.
Read what he thinks
of America!*

Alpine Adventurer

"Hollywood? Iss
Paradise!" says Luis
Trenker, the latest
dramatic import

By Gary Grant

LUIS TRENKER is one of the most colorful actors who ever came to Hollywood from Europe, but—Interviewing Luis Trenker is something of a feat. The sensational Austrian sportsman-actor has so many things to say about his first visit to America and Hollywood and so few English words with which to say them.

He has vivid mental reactions to everything he sees, and his eager face, bronzed by the sun and wind of his beloved Alpine crags, lights up as he lets loose a barrage of half-English, half-German, which he supplements with vigorous pantomime.

What does Mr. Trenker think of Hollywood?

"Ach! I haf read many book about Hollywood, und I know iss nice town, but not so big place! Hollywood iss alles waechst! I tink when I look with the window, dass iss city—huh? Haus—houses, oranges, happy people and I like the great air und alles sport. Yah—Hollywood iss alles waechst!"

Well, since Hollywood had Mr. Trenker's enthusiastic okay, what about America—any outstanding impressions, anything that struck him as being strange or different?

"Yah—sie health und optimism by sie people. Kultur iss everywhere. Automobile, alles mit automobile—und people out of what?—Paradise! You see, in next hundred yahre the center of sie world mit Amerikaner, yah, I tell you. Und New York—das iss magic—better more und bigger than sie Pyramids!"

Yes, Mr. Trenker, New York has a few good-sized buildings—pretty tall, too, eh?

Trenker's dark eyes flashed as he unfolded his dream. It is to produce a motion picture comparing the modern towers of Manhattan with the rearing peaks of his Tyrol. He described his experiments in New York photograph-

ing the skyscrapers from all possible angles. He is excited about it, and it was hard to deflect his attention from it to another question which wanted answering.

Is there any American figure whom you particularly admire?

"Sie idol of Deutschland und Europe iss young Amerikaner—brave, courageous, mit sports und explorer und aviator. So me, I think Lindbergh big man. But that iss not new—alles world think that."

Being a sportsman, Mr. Trenker, what do you think of America's chances in the approaching Olympic Games in Los Angeles?

Olympic Games stir Trenker's enthusiasm. He is a champion ski-runner and jumper, and one of the greatest regrets of his life is that he was forced to miss the recent Olympic Winter Games at Lake Placid, New York, in order to film his first American picture, "The Doomed Battalion," with Tala Birell. But America's chances?

"America will win. Why? Sie men iss more big, und healsy. Europe mit one good man und America mit twenty good man—you see? Sie standard iss more high from Amerikaners. More chance und they win!"

What about the vaunted German photography? Is European camera technique really much superior to that of Hollywood? Is sound recording more perfect in Continental studios?

"Nein!" He was emphatic. "That iss a mistake. It iss not so. There are great artists mit sie kamera in Deutschland—yah, but more greater here, und sound is better, clearer. Maybe because of equipment—mixers, sound trucks, microphones—alles! Und lights. I haf learned much in Hollywood."

Is making pictures your (Continued on page 93)

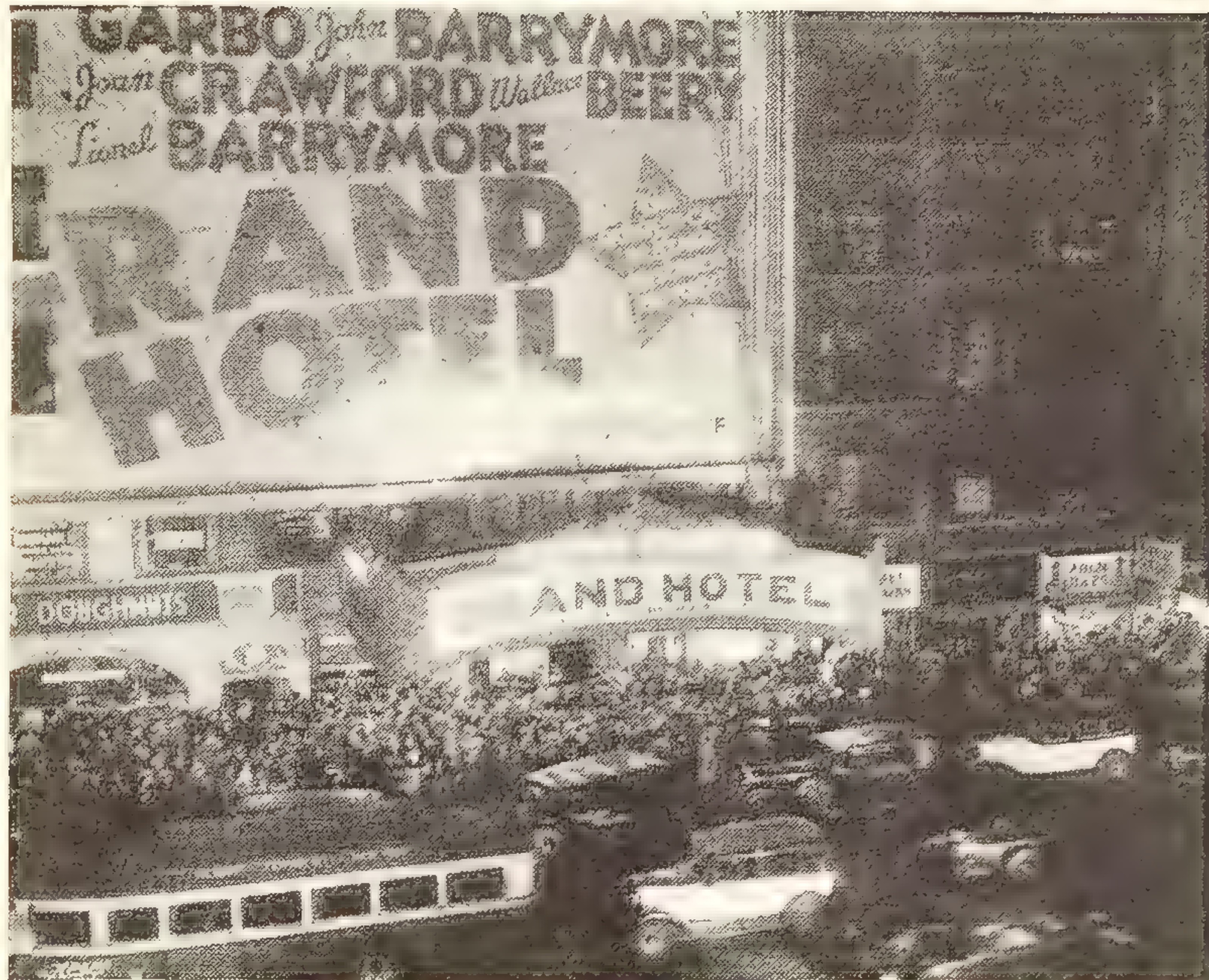
Reviews of the

By

Delight Swans

Grand Hotel

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



The world premiere of "Grand Hotel" at the Astor Theatre on Broadway, New York. Lights—crowds—cheers!

GREAT:

"Grand Hotel"

—the All-Star Smash

"Scarface"

—Dramatic Dynamite



Warren William's performance makes "The Mouthpiece" a picture worth seeing, and "The Mouthpiece" makes him a real star.

The Mouthpiece

Warners



Here's corking entertainment! It's an adult, fast-moving picture, which will put another actor on the movie map—Warren William. This big man from Broadway manages in this new film to erase from the spectators' minds any suspicion that he is merely a carbon copy of John Barrymore. William's profile is Barrymoreish, but that isn't his fault, and he makes you forget any similarities once and for all when he plays the dashing criminal lawyer who is the central figure of this rousing drama. The counsellor-at-law is a combination *bon vivant* of Broadway boulevard and a playboy of the criminal courts who, having sent an innocent man to the chair, becomes, remorsefully, an attorney for the defense of criminals. He's spectacularly interesting—until Sidney Fox, diminutive love interest, enters his life and "reforms" him. I like Miss Fox, but she doesn't help this picture. Aline MacMahon is exceptionally good.



You won't be disappointed! Here's one picture that lives up to its advance ballyhoo. It's a fascinating film, which you will want to see again and again—at least once for every star! The opening night in New York was a panic—mounted police on the sidewalk, flashlights, cameras, Noel Coward shaking hands with Otto Kahn, Viki Baum beaming, news-cameramen choking up the aisles—and a picture that kept up the excitement. The story of "Grand Hotel" is the story of people you and I might know: a little stenographer; a business man; a kindly aristocrat; a clerk. And then there's one glamorous figure who is remote and unfamiliar and altogether marvelous—a dancer named *Grusinskaya*, played by Greta Garbo. She is exquisite; her scenes are the high spots of "Grand Hotel." John Barrymore as the *Baron* who loves her is practically perfect. Lionel Barrymore brings *Kringelein* the clerk to amazing life. Joan Crawford and Wallace Beery submerge their own personalities in their rôles. Nothing more to say except—"See it."



"The Wet Parade" is the most controversial picture of the month. Dorothy Jordan, Neil Hamilton, and Wallace Ford.

The Wet Parade

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Here's the most controversial picture of the month. I can't honestly class it as "entertainment" in the usual sense of the word—except in a few inspired scenes presenting Jimmy Durante. ("Schnozzle" saves the show as far as I'm concerned.) But you won't want to miss "The Wet Parade" because everybody will be talking about it, and you'll want to pipe up with your opinion. Based on a novel by Upton Sinclair, this melodrama socks pre-Volstead saloon days and prohibition speakeasies with equal fervor. It scourges the evil of drinking—and then sighs over prohibition. As propaganda it proved nothing to me except, possibly, that a hangover is a hangover no matter what your politics—and that is not exactly news. However, there are some stirring scenes, some fine acting, and—"Schnozzle" Durante as a dry agent, winning acting honors not only by a nose, but by a scene of sincere pathos.

Best Pictures



A Month of Hit
Pictures!
A Month of Great
Performances!
Don't Miss these
Screenplays

Scarface United Artists



What a picture! See it—if you're of age, able-bodied, and strong-minded. Otherwise—don't! For it's a shocker. You'll be stunned and thrilled. You'll be torn to pieces. You may hate it for its horror, its brutality—but you'll never forget it. Yes, it's that important. Tremendous drama, with more punch than ever before achieved on the screen. A gangster film—the last and the best, for which the first were made! Some states have banned it. But catch it if you can. Paul Muni plays a public enemy as no other actor ever has. No model for small boys, but a horrible example, he slashes his way to gangland glory, until, cornered at last, he dies of a dose of his own medicine—the machine gun. Superbly directed, supremely acted. Ann Dvorak rises to real heights as the sister of *Scarface*. Karen Morley is excellent, also Osgood Perkins. Muni comes mighty close to genuine magnificence. And you'll come away raving about George Raft, one of the greatest of all screen finds, who bears an uncanny resemblance to Valentino.



"Scarface" is sensational! Paul Muni stars, with Karen Morley and Osgood Perkins among the splendid players.

SEE:

"The Mouthpiece"
"The Wet Parade"
"The Miracle Man"
"Scandal for Sale"

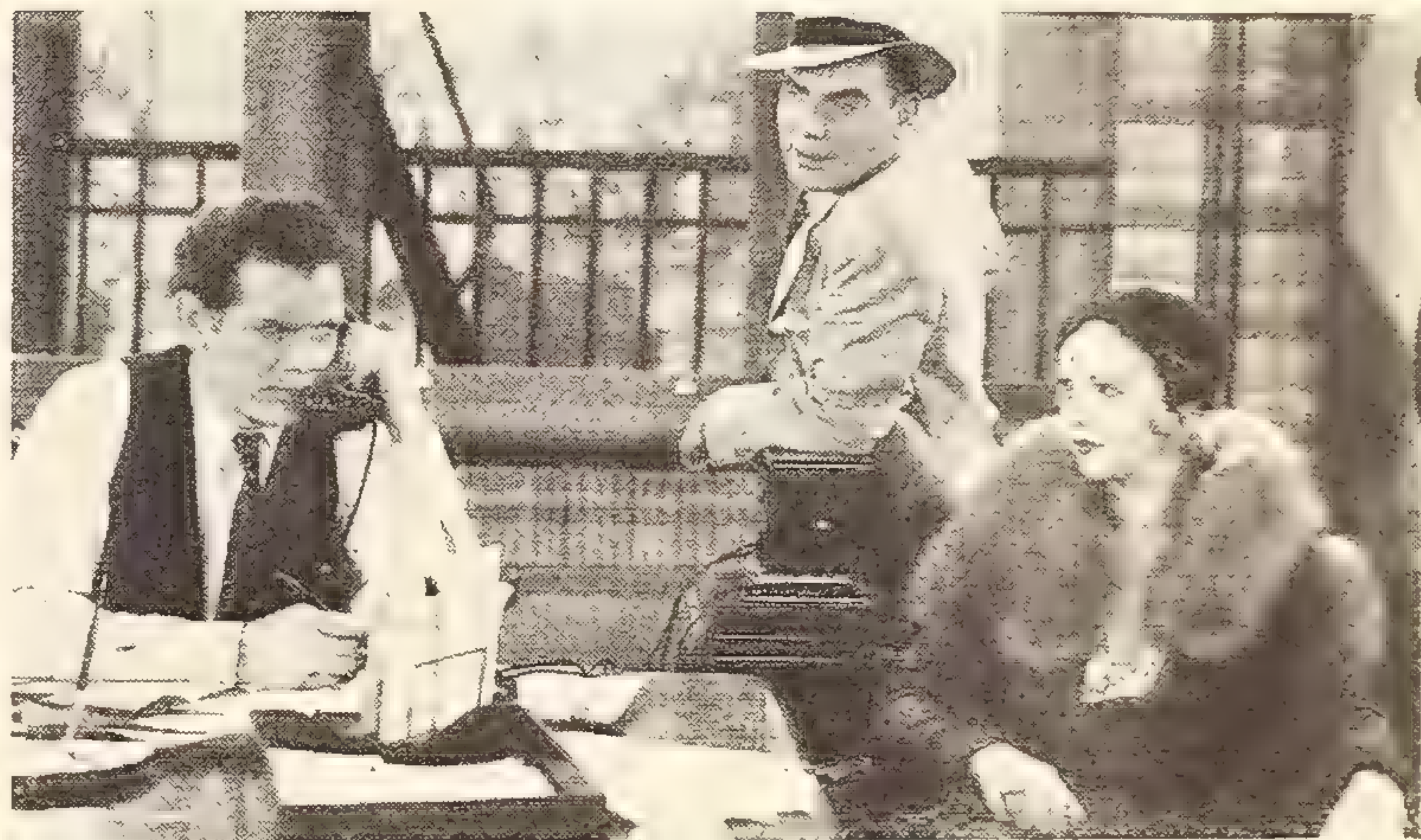


Chester Morris, Sylvia Sidney, and Boris Karloff, three members of the interesting cast of "The Miracle Man."

The Miracle Man Paramount



A good picture. Crack from those who saw the original version: "It always was." Yes, and remember there's a new generation growing up and going to the movies that never heard of that old silent picture in which Lon Chaney, Betty Compson, and Thomas Meighan won fame. The story is still inspiring, if you want to be inspired. The story is old-fashioned, if you're a determined "modern." But this new dialogued version has a splendid cast—no Chaney, it's true, to play the cripple, but it seems to me that Chester Morris is admirable in Meighan's old rôle, and that Sylvia Sidney brings brilliance to the Compson part. For the benefit of those who can't—or won't!—recall the tried-and-true plot, it's all about a band of crooks who decided to use a fine old faith-healer in their "racket," only to find themselves reformed in spite of themselves. Yes, it has its moments, and many of you will find yourselves touched.



"Scandal for Sale" is brisk newspaper drama, with Charles Bickford and Pat O'Brien scoring. Claudia Dell, right.

Scandal for Sale Universal



The best newspaper drama since "The Front Page." That's how good I think it is. Of course, I was never "an old newspaper man myself," so I can only tell you that the portrayals of Charlie Bickford, as managing editor, and Pat O'Brien, as star reporter, seem real and plausible to me. These two are among my favorite actors and I may be prejudiced. But if that's Hollywood, then give me Hollywood! Bickford plays a tabloid editor who sacrifices everything to his ambition of "a circulation of a million and a half": his wife, his son, his pal. A trans-Atlantic flight to boost circulation ends fatally. Bickford is a broken man—well, if you can't imagine Bickford broken just call him bent. There's a scene in which he hears of the tragic finish of the stunt flight, and picks up his hat and coat and leaves his office, which needs no dialogue or gestures to express defeat and despair. Bickford is fine in this film. O'Brien is just as good.

READ ~ The Love Secrets of Kay Francis!



By
Grace Simpson

Kenneth MacKenna. He gives orders in the studio. At home he takes 'em—sometimes! At the left, an exclusive picture of the MacKennas in front of their quaint English house, which contains two separate apartments for Mister and Missus!

A DREAMY moon and gorgeous roses. (Both beautifully artificial.) A shady nook, over-run with clinging vines. (Hastily put up.) Birds swaying overhead. (Stuffed and suspended by wires.) A flower-scented cottage. (Only two walls of it, for that's all that shows.) And still, love flourishes. (Because the script demands it.)

But when the set is dismantled and carefully stored away in the prop room—what then? Does the love stirred up for cold celluloid continue on its merry way in real life? Well, it has been known to do so.

Take, for instance, the Kay Francis-Kenneth MacKenna romance. A torrid Hollywood studio set sponsored that, you know, and almost before a soul realized

it, the happy pair and a minister plus a church had gotten together with the result that two were quickly made into one! The silken web of love ensnared this up-and-coming young couple completely, and now, after these many months of married life, they insist they are still very much "that way" about each other.

It was in New York, a number of years ago, that Kay first met her present affinity. He was producing some plays and she was fast becoming popular with stage fans. It was but natural that they should eventually meet. From the very first they were strongly attracted to one another and a firm friendship developed. Love didn't come just then—however, it was always hovering in the background.

Years sped by and Kay had arrived. Invited to play the siren rôle in "Gentlemen of the Press," she played it in her own little way with astonishing effect. Hollywood producers were amazed at her new-type performance. "The girl's great!" they chirped. "We need her in Hollywood!" So Glitter-town beckoned and Kay

Kay talks frankly, for the first time,

Kay's Creed: ---

"Separate apartments!

"If he takes a vacation, take one, too.

"Give him what he wants to eat, and all he wants to eat!

"Don't let any rumors start. I'd rather lose out on a picture than be separated from Kenneth for any length of time."



Kay! There at the right you'll see her looking on while her husband directs Elissa Landi in a scene. When MacKenna was first made a director Kay was so thrilled she left her own work and went over to his studio and spent the day with him.



came and was immediately signed up at a nice fat salary with Paramount.

In due time, came "The Virtuous Sin" and Walter Huston and Kay were elected to head the cast. A colorful hero—to be Kay's lover—had to be found and Paramount officials cast their eyes upon Kenneth MacKenna, now a Fox film actor (and doing quite nicely, thank you!). A deal was put through whereby he was loaned for that one production. During its making, Kay and Kenneth discovered all over again what really charming people they both were and each became decidedly smitten with the other. The ensuing affair was one of the whirlwind variety and soon—very soon—all the newspapers burst forth with the announcement that "Kay Francis Becomes Bride of Kenneth MacKenna, and the happy couple will depart on a yachting trip as soon as they can obtain leave of absence from the studios."

Immediately, blasé Hollywood sat up and took notice. These two young folks had put something over on her—for hardly a person in the colony had the least idea that they were going to get married—in fact, very few even knew they were in love.

"How did you win your man? What was your technique?" we asked Kay, one day recently.

"Oh, I don't know—I acted at first mostly indifferent, I guess. Of course, I knew that Kenneth liked me. Every day he would leave messages or call me up on the phone and all kinds of flowers would find their way to my house. Yes, it was obvious that he liked me!

"And I liked him, too—right from the beginning. But I didn't want to parade my real feelings, so I pretended I was indifferent to him. You know, mystery and indifference was the basis of Cleopatra's allure," she went on, laughing in that deep, throaty manner that is so captivating. "She never let men fully understand her. She always made herself appear rather unattainable, at the same time giving men the basis for a faint hope that she might be won. Even when she welcomed a man's advances, she never let him be absolutely sure of her, but instead, kept him worrying a bit. Her method was to give him just a little suffering and then a little joy!"

"And so," we ejaculated, "you thought you'd be Cleo the second!"

"Exactly," smiled Kay, good-naturedly, "but my little ruse wasn't altogether successful—I couldn't keep it up, and Kenneth, I think, realized (Continued on page 89)

of her romance with Kenneth MacKenna



ISN'T HE GRANT!

Sure! First name Carey. He was born in England, is six feet one inch tall, weighs 172 pounds and has black, wavy hair and dark brown eyes. Hails from the Broadway stage. He played with Jeanette MacDonald in "Boom Boom," and with Fay Wray in "Nikki." His first picture was "This Is the Night"—result: a Paramount contract.

DISCOVERIES



of the
MONTH

RED-HEADED WOMAN!

She was born in Denver, Colorado. She is five feet two inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has red hair and green eyes. She played in "Strictly Dishonorable" and in the Broadway production of "After All." You'll see her in the screen production of "After All." She's under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her name is Margaret Perry.

Strained Interlude!

What would happen if we could hear the actors' own thoughts? Just imagine—or better still, listen in on this imaginary studio scene, with a purely fictitious cast

By
Mortimer Franklin

DIRECTOR: Is everybody here? All right, now let's get this thing organized. Let's see—Miss Boopadoop, you're sitting on the divan in this living-room set, and Mr. Hoopla, here, comes to keep a date with you. Then, while you're making love, Miss Nitwitt, his wife, busts in. Has everybody memorized their lines? (Thinking: *Memorized! Ha, ha! What with, the dumb clucks?*)

HORACE HOOPLA: Yes, Mr. Blivitz. (Thinking: *More than you could do, too, you moron.*)

BELLA BOOPADOOP: Yes, Mr. Blivitz. (Thinking: *And what a punk part they handed me!*)

NITA NITWITT: Yes, Mr. Blivitz. (Thinking: *Gee, how'll I ever remember all those words?*)

DIRECTOR: All right, then, let's get going. I'm sure we're all going to work together smoothly. (Yeah, like a bunch of strange bulldogs, you sulky saps.)

(Actors take their places. Gong rings for silence. Director motions to begin.)

BELLA: Darling! Oh, I'm so glad you came. Kiss me, dear. (Make it a quick one; it's bad enough having to look at you!)

HORACE: Come to me, my own! In my arms! (In your hat!)

(He takes her in his arms and kisses her.)

BELLA: My wonder man! Don't ever leave me again! (Ouch! Get off my feet, you dumb egg!)

HORACE: With you in my arms, sweet, I've got the world beaten to a frazzle. (You're the biggest frazzle of 'em all, sister.)

(Mr. Blivitz signals for a cut.)

MR. BLIVITZ (sweetly): That's very good, folks, but how about getting a little more feeling, a little more heart, into it? (A fine pair of somnambulists you turned out to be!)



Thinking

The "Mike" is listening, the camera is grinding, while this gripping dramatic scene. But if each only knew what
BELLA: My wonder man! Don't ever leave me again!
HORACE: With you in my arms, sweet, I've got the frazzle of 'em all, sister.) In this movie burlesque



with Sound!

Bella Boopadoop and Horace Hoopla speak their lines in the other is thinking!
 (Thinking: *Ouch! Get off my feet, you dumb egg!*
 world beaten to a frazzle. (Thinking: *You're the biggest*
 you will find the souls of the actors laid bare at last!

So the characters in films have begun thinking right out loud, have they? Well, here's where SCREENLAND goes them one better, and gives its readers the opportunity of listening in on the private thoughts of a group of actors who are the product of our author's imagination. Watch them making a scene for "Wobbling Wives," a super-epic which, fortunately, will never be written!

BELLA: Yes, Mr. Blivitz. But doesn't the script say something about "languidly?" (*What, me pull a Lupe with this ham?*)

BLIVITZ: All right, all right. (*Another squawk outa you, tough momma, and it's right back to the soda fountain.*) We'll try it again later. Go ahead.

(Gong rings. Bella and Horace resume clinch. Nita Nitwitt makes her entrance.)

BELLA: Look out, sweetheart! Your wife! (*Yeah, and just look at her! If she's an actress I'm Sara Bernhardt.*)

NITA: Oho! Now I've caught you at last! So that's how you've been playing cards at the club, eh? (*Gee, ain't Horace nice! He's got ears just like Gable. Hope he takes me out tonight.*)

HORACE: Listen, you tomato. I'll go where I like and do what I like, see? (*Gosh, she's pretty when she acts mad. Wonder if she's really gonna divorce that sap she married?*)

NITA: Oh, yeah?

HORACE: Yeah.

NITA: Yeah?

HORACE: Yeah.

NITA: Yeah?

HORACE: Yeah. (*Shakespeare musta written this one.*)

NITA: Well, you're coming home with me, do you understand? Right now, too, you double-crossing sugar-papa. (*He's cute, all right. Hope he isn't falling for her.*)

HORACE: Go on, scram!

(He gives her a punch in the jaw that sends her reeling.)

NITA: Oh-h-h! You beast! (*Darling! I love you!*)

HORACE: Now beat it. (*Gee, poor little kid, hope I didn't hurt her. Boy, won't Cagney turn green when he sees this!*)

BELLA (prancing around, chewing up the scenery). Ha, ha! Oh, ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! (*Thinks she can steal the scene from me, does she? I'll show her.*)

NITA: (*Heh, heh! A piece of toast, a fried egg, and you!*)

(Mr. Blivitz signals for a cut. They all gather around him.)

BLIVITZ (to assistant director): Looka here, Wunch, whyn't you take that with the camera nearer, huh? All right, (*Continued on page 91*)

Babes

Dickie Moore likes doctors' offices, tall tales, and girls who can build forts

By
Betty
Boone

"The cops are good fun, but I want to be a doctor," Dickie tells Spencer Tracy. They make a great team in "Disorderly Conduct."

THERE aren't many eligible bachelors in Hollywood. So, when I found one of them patiently waiting for me in the "interview" office at a studio I decided it was a plain case of "Hollywood girl gets break."

Dickie Moore, young—he's six—handsome, and probably the most popular star on his home lot, sat typing a letter to a girl named Lilith. Only he spelled it as he pronounced it, "Lilis." His typing was not of the best, and he kept interrupting himself to ask, "How do you spell this—and that?"

Presently we both tired of the laborious task, and it seemed like a good idea to interview him, now I had him caught. I had no particular angle, it's true, but Dickie himself solved that. He wanted to talk about love.

There are two little girls who live next door to him, I gathered. Their names are Ella and Eleanor. One of them is just his age, and the other, Eleanor, is three and a half years older, or nine and a half in all.

Long ago Dickie made up his mind to marry Ella. She is, it seems, the prettiest, for there is some little drawback concerning Eleanor's teeth, though what it is Dickie isn't quite sure. But now, teeth or no teeth, personal pulchritude be dashed, Dickie is going to marry Eleanor.

Not that this young star is fickle—far from it. His choice of the lady of his heart is based on practical considerations most unusual, especially in one of such tender and susceptible years.

Eleanor, he assured me, is sensible. He likes sensible girls. Moreover, he likes big girls. And Eleanor can build forts.

An elaborate specimen of Eleanor's handiwork stands in Dickie's back yard. Built on an incline, with a very serviceable knowledge of anatomy as well as engineering, it must be entered in a prone position, after which one may not quite, but almost, stand up. Once inside, it forms an admirable stronghold from which the enemy may be bombarded with complete safety.

Dickie's knowledge of military strategy, it appeared, is quite on a par with Eleanor's engineering. A goodly share of the young man's conversation, alternated with his views on love, was taken (Continued on page 80)

Dickie, six-year-old man of the world, is the most popular star on his home lot. Do you wonder?



in the Hollywoods!

David Durand collects toy pistols and black eyes, and worries about his career

By Weldon Melick

DAVID DURAND is nothing that he is. No, that's not quite right. What I really mean is that he's everything he isn't. Or rather, he's both and neither at the same time. I hope I make myself clear!

He's an honest liar, a brilliant nit-wit, a sophisticated infant, an angelic devil, a sympathetic sadist, and a stubborn jellyfish all rolled into one—or *two*, I should say, for he's *Jekyll-Hyde* as a little boy. He's an actor off the screen and a "natural" child on. His personality is as fickle as a chameleon's complexion—he has more conflicting traits than a knock-kneed centipede.

If you don't know him well, you're apt to think he's the ideal American offspring (which he isn't) and the next moment be convinced that he's a spoiled brat (which he also isn't). If you size him up as dumb at two o'clock, you'll be ready to admit he's a genius before the clock strikes three. And you'll be wrong both times. At ten o'clock, you'll be a nervous wreck trying to figure him out. Psychiatrists who thought they

David Durand plays a smart-alecky pest, a wistful waif, or a cultured scion of wealth with equal ease. But off the screen—Ouch!



could may now be found in Ward 607, gnawing on the upholstered walls.

Because he's an impossible combination of everything and its opposite in the flesh, there is no limit to David's adaptability on the screen. He flits from one characterization to a totally dissimilar one as easily as he misspells simple words. Thanks to this versatility, he's about the only picture child left who hasn't become typed. Casting directors know that he is equally convincing as a smart-aleck pest ("Bad Sister") or a wistful French waif ("Innocents of Paris"), a frail, cultured scion of wealth ("Rich Man's Folly") or the robust son of a gangster ("Ladies Love Brutes"), a perfect little gentleman ("Song of Love"), or a dirty, rowdy Russian hoodlum ("The Spy").

He has never played two rôles alike, yet in real life he is different from any and all of his screen portrayals. Critics universally praise him for his naturalness, not realizing that if he really were what they call "natural" he could do justice to only one type of rôle.

Most successful children of the screen are indeed "natural," for they are wisely never cast in parts foreign to their own natures. But David, needless to say, doesn't belong in this category. He's an *actor* in the fullest sense of the term—it's one in a million who appears so thoroughly at home in *any* rôle that he fools the critics into thinking he isn't acting at all.

His mother is the only critic David gives two hoots for. He is in seventh heaven when he succeeds in pleasing her. And rightly so, for her praise is rare as radium—reserved for such occasions as his performance shows the divine spark.

I shall incur the wrath of three score and ten mothers when I say (Continued on page 80)



A caricature of the actor in a relaxed moment, by Melick, who wrote this story.

An earlier photograph, taken in his youth. Hawaii, David?



The Real

"I knew I was going to be an actor," says Freddie. "The fact that I didn't have the faintest idea how I was going to be an actor troubled me not at all!"

Life Story of

Freddie March.

You've read "life stories" of stars before. But this is something special. March "tells all" in his own words—and every word is good reading. You'll like this!

*Reported by
Margaret Reid*

1920! I thought of it less as the beginning of that decade than as the year that Banking lost Bickel to Broadway. All my nice, conventional desires for big business had vanished as completely as if they had been extracted along with my appendix. I was Reborn, I told myself—and felt, in the process, so *special* that I had few qualms about the theatre's ability to recognize that here was something rather remarkable.

I knew I was going to be an actor. The fact that I didn't have the faintest idea *how* I was going to be an actor troubled me not at all. I knew there was something about registering with agents, something about photographs. So I had some cheap pictures made—shirt open at the throat, two fingers contemplatively against the temple. You know the kind. Seeing them, I thought "Why, I really look just like an actor already!" and was very pleased. I hope it was the reaction to the years spent in commercial pursuits for which I was, without knowing it, quite unsuited. But I'm afraid it was nothing more subtle than a desire to look like those performers who affect long hair and flowing ties lest there should be any mistake about their profession.

Anyway, delighted with my photographs, I looked in the telephone directory for addresses of agents and, with high heart, began peddling myself. I left copies of my pictures, complete with slightly flattering information about myself written on the back, on as many desks as would tolerate them. In the privacy of my Brooklyn room, I intoned passages of the plays I had read during my convalescence. I felt, because I had read somewhere

that that was how actors should feel, that I had a Message. I was very excited.

And then I got my first job. One of the agents with whom I had registered finally moved me off the bench in his office by sending me, with several dozen others, to the Paramount Studios for extra work. It was a jolt. I was having quite a spell of Shakespeare at the time and my hopes had been centered on Shakespearean drama as the ultimate in theatre. This fooling around in the low commerce of movies was distasteful to me. But I went along anyway, assuring myself that this was merely one of the exigencies of art.

The picture was "Paying The Piper," starring Dorothy Dickson and directed by George Fitzmaurice—I told Fitz about it the other day. I was one of the mob and not very happy about it. Until the pay checks were passed out and I discovered that I had made seven dollars and a half! That was a horse of an entirely different hue and the crasser half of my dual nature responded in delight. Seven and a half a day—that made forty-five dollars a week—one hundred and eighty dollars a month! Movies were not so low after all. The future loomed ahead in a rosy glow of prosperity.

My next job came about a month later!

Starving in the cause of Art would have had a fairly satisfactory flavor. But starving in the cause of a purely money-making proposition was complete frustration. I figured obscurely in mob scenes in "The Devil" with George Arliss, "The Great Adventure" with Lionel Barrymore, "The Education of Elizabeth" with Billie Burke and several other pictures which I don't recall. But it was in the Billie Burke (Continued on page 82)



"Merrily We Go to Hell!" sigh Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March. That's the provocative name of the new film which co-stars Fred and Sylvia. It's a sweet scene, that in the circle, but it doesn't mean anything in our hero's private life. Now just glance at the picture to the left.

Yes, a cross-section of Mr. March's real love life. The lady is Florence Eldridge. In the life story on this page he says: "I met her in Denver, a romantic spot. But I'd have been romantic about her in Keokuk. I still am, even in Hollywood." Sorry, young ladies, but Mr. March is absolutely sincere. However, he can be induced to send his autographed photograph upon request.



Beauty and the Beach

Salute to Summer!
Let's be beautiful!

By
Margery Wilson

POSED BY
JOAN MARSH, M-G-M



PROMISE not to marry me!" is the name of a popular novel. But the girls won't need to say that if they don't look well on the beach this summer. It won't be necessary!

However, good taste as well as good form attract the wary male.

The problem this year is to be demure and feminine with less on than you ever had before. Can you do it? You can if you can forget your body. And you can forget your body if you have shaped it up with exercise and are wearing a becoming bathing suit, that, however brief, does leave *something* to the imagination!

The fashionable gesture toward modesty has various interpretations. It can probably be traced to the renewed interest in an aesthetic attitude toward the body. Every school teaches "rhythmics." Classic feeling is revived in dress and hair arrangement. So grace and beauty on the beach are a necessary part of being swanky this summer.

If you cultivate the proper manner you can be almost unclothed without seeming "naked." Ramon Novarro was the first to prove this to Hollywood. Remember "The Pagan"? Loretta Young, Joan Crawford, Sally Eilers all have lovely figures, but even in the scantiest bathing suits they never make you think of "flesh." So we are forced to admit that sex appeal is not necessarily a matter of sensual appeal.

So whether you are going to Monte Carlo where "each suite owns a balcony for sun-bathing" or just out to the "old swimmin' hole" your swank is *in* you rather than *on* you, a degree of modesty guarantees your amphibian chic.

There is no use being cynical about all this. These are the facts in the case. It may give us a mental lurch to realize what we have to live up to, but maybe it will be worth it. Let's try it and see!

The California beaches will probably present an odd mixture of costumes this summer. Are you going to rush out there for the Olympic games and take in Hollywood at the same glance? What in the world will you wear? You will have three types to choose from. Will you select the drapery Greek things in honor of the Olympics? Will you choose the Spanish bolero and big hat that look so adorable with beach pyjamas—or will you wear the trim little stars and stripes that celebrate George Washington this year, besides warning the "reds" that there are plenty of patriots left?

In any case, get a mental picture of yourself and revel in the fun of making it "come real." We women all dramatize ourselves—and why shouldn't we? I wouldn't give a snap of my finger for a woman so lacking in

CHARM FOR SUMMER!

Help yourself to loveliness. Margery Wilson, our Beauty Editor, will guide you. Bring your personal problems to her. She will answer your questions. If you wish a personal reply, please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address Miss Margery Wilson, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.

imagination that she can't fit herself into some ideal vision.

When the sun, from the bluest of skies, coaxes us to come out on the white sands to play, let's go! Then, it seems that every breaker has rushed in to invite you out to swim—and slides back into the ocean just to show you the way. Here high fun tingles in your veins and throbs you younger every day you answer its call!

But wait a minute! Come here!

How are you protecting your skin?

Please don't undo in a few hours all the good beautifying you've been doing for months and months. Do something to preserve that alluring pink-and-whiteness that is so adorable with the flowered chiffon dress you're going to wear for tea and dancing later. You don't want to be red and peeling while wearing dainty chiffon that clings and flows and ripples in rhythm with the dancing of vacation hearts—and I might add—feet!

You don't want sympathy from "The Man." You want admiration and plenty of it. It will pay you to take an extra five minutes when you are dressing—or is it undressing?—for a swim and spread a sun-filtering makeup base over your skin before you powder.

Constance Bennett wears an oily concoction that prevents burning and evens the tiny tan it does allow. Spread your choice of lotion, oil or cream over your face, your neck, your shoulders—and some obliging soul will always be willing to spread it on your back for you. Especially if your back is a pretty one, like Joan Crawford's, for instance. And does she know it! And does she guard it!

The aristocratic shoulders of Kay Francis, Joan Bennett and Norma Shearer all have achieved their exquisite beauty through care, on and off the beach. The value of a smooth skin is recognized in the thousand dollar ciphers on the Hollywood pay-checks.

For reducing and hardening up the lines of a flabby body, there is nothing grander than swimming, leaping and playing around a beach.

So, if you can't start out with just the figure you'd like to have, go on out on the beach and get it as fast as you can! Let the sun and air give you the vigor that stores up in your nerves like (*Continued on page 88*)



Good taste as well as good form attract the wary male. Loretta Young knows it, and her backless bathing suit is smart without sacrificing true modesty. Grace and beauty play their part in her sun-bathing.

Pat and Patricia

Turning the tables
on the screen's star
reporter! Here's
an exposé of Pat
O'Brien's private
life

By
Peter Long

You've heard of Pat and Mike. Now meet Pat and Patricia — a grand team, too. And read about them in this exclusive story—you'll enjoy it.

THERE was a moon. A radiant California moon. The jolly old man in the moon was full—I mean the moon was full—anyhow he winked at the O'Briens!

In the mellow light softly flooding the seashore, Pat and Patricia snuggled comfortably together—under one warm steamer rug—in one beach swing—on the sands of Malibu. Only one discordant note jarred upon the romantic scene. It was a third party.

As the party of the third part I hated to do it, but it's the only time one can catch the O'Briens together these days—Malibu nights under the California moon. Pat is Irish, of course, and very sentimental. Ever since Eloise went completely O'Brien by changing her name to Patricia she's that way too. Being Irish myself I knew I'd find them there. That's why I paid no attention to the lights in the O'Brien beach house being out. I followed the wink of the old man in the moon out onto the sands.

"Sure, we keep the lights out," said Pat with a twinkle in his eye, "so as to get some rest. The Malibu party

**He
Likes:
The desert
Baseball
Broccoli
Cigars
Blue
Kids**

hounds think we're not at home and go on their way."

"Ho, what a fib!" protested Patricia. "Pat is the most sentimental lad in the whole world. He's crazy about the moon."

"And you, darlin'," interrupted Pat.

"You see," continued Patricia, after a suitable pause somewhat embarrassing to the third party, "Pat doesn't like the beach. At least, he never did. He likes the desert and the mountains. I love the ocean and the beach."

"Sure," retorted Pat, "that's why we have a beach house."

If you could have seen the lovely Eloise—I mean Patricia—in the seashore surroundings, you wouldn't blame Pat for

letting her have her own way. She's a very pretty colleen. Her lustrous brown hair and sparkling brown eyes blend in so beautifully with her soft olive skin. She has finely chiseled features, this gal who goes by the name of O'Brien, and she has a figure that would make Flo Ziegfeld and Mack Sennett moan with envy. Her olive skin has become nut-brown in the California sun, the beach is her proper setting, so how could the sentimental Pat deny her anything?

Not even his name! As a rule, actors are very jealous about their names, even with their wives. On the stage

we have had a Mr. and Mrs. occasionally, and once in the old silent movie days—but a Pat and Patricia is original.

Pat and Patricia O'Brien! Sounds euphonious, romantic—and swell. How did they hit upon the idea?

"Eloise Taylor—my stage name—is too much like Estelle's," confided the young wife.

"Besides, Eloise is no name for an O'Brien," snorted Pat.

"I've always liked Pat, so why not Patricia?" continued Eloise, "and I asked Pat if he'd stand for it and he said he'd stand for anything from me, so how could I refuse the name then?"

In Hollywood the O'Briens may be Mr. and Mrs. Pat, but now that the Mrs. has resumed her acting career, she is to be addressed as Patricia. And unlike most thespians Pat isn't jealous. He loves it.

"Which reminds me!" growled Pat. "This month you pay our publicity man and the clipping bureau. Ever since you changed your name the story has been printed by every newspaper in the world. You wanted to become a working girl, so from now on, darlin', it's fifty-fifty!"

Sure Pat was kidding the little woman, but it struck me—knowing Pat as I do—that he has been a fifty-fifty guy all his life. Sentimental he is, as Patricia says, but a proper Irishman should be. But I know of no one in any walk of life who is as loyal and devoted to his pals as Pat O'Brien of the Milwaukee O'Briens. Particularly the pals who aren't doing so well. And in turn there is no more popular actor in movie town than Pat.

He's a darned good actor, too. Wasn't he selected by the New York play critics for two of the ten best performances of the 1930 stage season? Sure he was. The snappy racetrack bookmaker in "The Up and Up" and the idealistic Russian communist in Boli-tho's "Overture." Since his memorable picture début as the reporter in "The Front Page," Pat has been front page in Hollywood ever since. He and Charlie Bickford are the most sought after free-lance actors

She Likes: The ocean Bridge Spinach Cigarettes Green Kids

That exciting sequence in "Scandal for Sale" when Pat, as the Comet's star reporter, radios his paper from mid-ocean. Hans von Twardowski is the pilot.



What happens when the O'Briens argue over the way to spend an evening at home. Pat wants to settle down with a good book. Patricia wants to listen to the radio. And so they listen to the radio.

in pictures. Although Pat has become famous as the star newspaper man of the screen, of late he has been getting away from type. After he and Bickford did "Scandal for Sale," Pat played opposite Wynne Gibson in "The Strange Case of Clara Dean" for Paramount, and with Walter Huston and Kay Johnson in "Faith," for Columbia. Believe it or not, Pat is a villain in the Paramount opus. He's an actor of parts, is the (Continued on page 84)





Hot Off *the* Ether!

By
Louis Reid

The private lives of your radio favorites! Read the second of our straight-from-the-studio series

Morton Downey made his début in a cowboy suit, singing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." Now he's the big "Camel Quarter Hour" man.

ONE of the most sensational successes ever recorded in broadcasting history is that of the Mills Brothers, the sepien quartet that came out of Ohio a few short months ago to storm the palatial gates of New York's radio rajahs.

Their triumph was as sudden as it was unique. They had been given an audition at the Columbia studios, had aroused the enthusiasm of program officials. Yet the latter were none too sanguine of their reception on regular radio schedules. Such an uncertain audience is the armchair audience! What is expected to set off a general huzzah-ing often proves a dud.

Opened "Cold"—Proved Red Hot

So the Mills Brothers were listed on the broadcasting schedules without any advance ballyhoo. Not a line of print, other than the bare program listing, heralded their network début. They went on the air "cold."

But they hadn't been on the air more than ten minutes before those around the studios realized that here was the hottest outfit that had come to radio in many Carolina moons. The telephone switchboard was flooded with calls from listen-

ers, requesting their history, the kind of instruments they used, how they managed to make themselves sound like an orchestra, when further broadcasts would be given.

For the Mills Brothers introduced something new in quartet warbling. They could—and did—simulate with their voices such musical instruments as the tuba, clarinet, saxophone and trombone. The response in the far reaches of the land, throughout the show world was immediate and stupendous.

They clicked—clicked to such an extent that four broadcasts were scheduled the following week, and theatre entrepreneurs stampeded to them with check books and dotted lines. They are now regulation headliners, holding the place of honor on Procter & Gamble's "Crisco Hour."

The four youths—they really are brothers, separated by only four years—were bewildered at first by their big hit in the big city. They were kept so busy, you see, playing every Broadway house between their broadcasts, presenting variety shows, rushing after their evening performances to a Harlem night club to headline an elaborate floor show.

The Pride of Harlem

Today is another story. Today they carry themselves with the air of seasoned veterans of show business. They are the pride of Harlem, vocally and sartorially. They own a car driven by a liveried chauffeur. They live in one of Harlem's most luxurious apartment houses. Their wardrobe is impressive in a section of the town that knows what impressiveness in wardrobe means. Each has more than a dozen suits of clothes, (Cont. on page 86).



Enough appeal for two programs! Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit divide their time between the Bond Bread hour and the Blackstone Cigar offering.

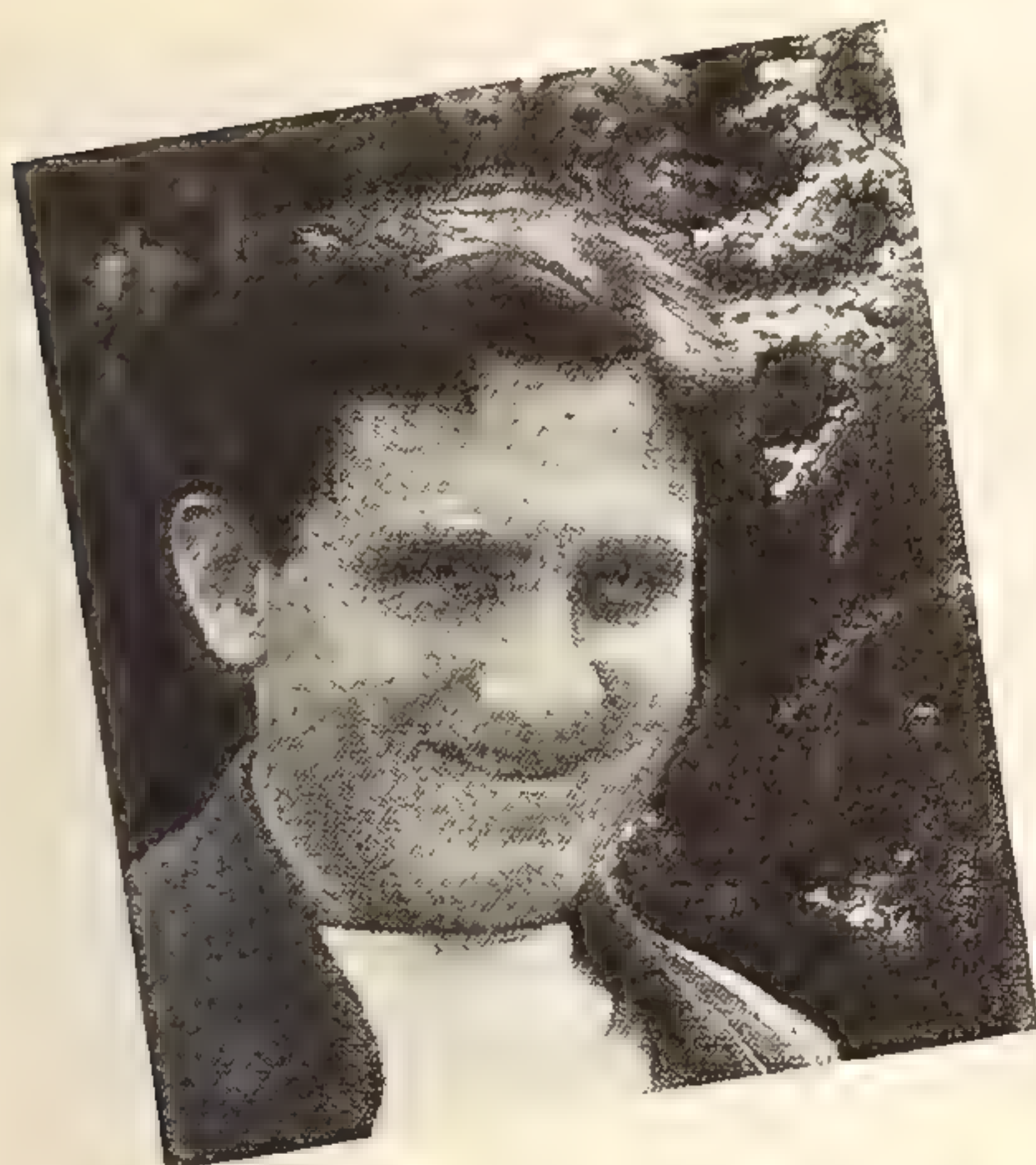
Lawrence Tibbett's golden baritone makes the Firestone Tire program one of the most sought-out among regular air features.

And here, right, is the big song-and-baton man, Ben Bernie. His wisecracking talents bring pep to the Blue Ribbon Malt hour each Friday night.



SPENCER TRACY

Adam stands the gaff;
Romeo with a wicked left.



CHARLES
BICKFORD

Strong man crush-
ing raw marshmal-
lows; political rally
in Friars' Club.



LEO
CARRILLO

Bambino gone
Broadway; Musso-
lini in a stock com-
pany.

JANET GAYNOR
Grenadine, sap buckets
and maple sugar; under-
study of Mary Pickford's
ghost.



BITTER PILLS!

Take 'em like little soldiers. Good
for ailing egos

Rolled with one hand by
Malcolm Oettinger



JIMMY DURANTE

Cyrano caressing a cus-
tard pie; hymn to Hot-
cha!

JOAN BENNETT

Beauty in a vacuum;
innocence and lipstick.



SYLVIA SIDNEY

Mona Lisa, Russian ver-
sion; *Marche Funebre*
in moonlight.

LIONEL BARRYMORE

The gesture returns;
Edwin Booth in a cafe-
teria.



GENEVIEVE
TOBIN

Thoid Avenoo
through a lorg-
nette; Pardon my
Glove; shamrocks
and sham.

DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS, Jr.

Acting in six easy
lessons.



BARBARA STANWYCK

Virtue in a shower-bath
without curtains.



JAMES CAGNEY

Pan kayos Cupid in one
round; A D T boy makes
good.

Critical Comment



WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

This is a real job for Jackie Cooper. He jumps from the rough and ready kid he usually portrays to the part of *Limpy*, a cripple with an inferiority complex—and he's swell. The film is somewhat draggy but Jackie and Chic Sale make up for that. A fist fight between Cooper and Andy Shuford is the high spot of the film. Jackie wins the battle with Andy and with himself.



THE RICH ARE ALWAYS WITH US

First National

Ruth Chatterton has acquired a new sparkle. She gives a fine performance as the richest woman in New York who leaves an unfaithful husband and falls in love with a novelist-war correspondent, played by the new screen rave, George Brent. Watch their love scenes—very hot! It's La Chatterton's best one for a long time. You'll like Bette Davis and Adrienne Doré.



DESTRY RIDES AGAIN

Universal

Hooray! Tony rides again, and Tom Mix is with us once more. Let's go, gang! Tom is wrongly accused of murder by his enemies and sent to prison. He receives a pardon from the Governor and then things begin to happen fast and furiously. Tom tracks down the villains and wins the girl, Claudia Dell. Your old pal Tony looks swell—he's still the king of movie horses.



NIGHT COURT

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

An expose of the magistrate courts. Walter Huston plays a judge who doesn't want his private life matched with any one's. Anita Page is framed and sent to prison because she was suspected of having information which might prove dangerous to his so-called Honor, the Judge. Phillips Holmes, as Anita's taxi-driver husband, gives an excellent account of himself.



LOVE-STARVED

RKO-Pathé

Helen Twelvetrees suffers and suffers and suffers—to say nothing of the audience. She meets Eric Linden on a "blind date"—marries him and then finds out he's a four-flusher and a two-timer. Imagine! Helen makes the most of a rather sappy rôle. Linden is fine as the smart-alec who comes to his senses almost too late. Arline Judge is the menace.



DEVIL'S LOTTERY

Fox

Gather the Sweepstakes winners, now put them all together and what have you? Tragedy, grief, excitement, and romance! A publisher invites the four winners, Elissa Landi, Beryl Mercer, Alexander Kirkland and Ralph Morgan, to his home for a weekend so that he can watch their reaction to this sudden wealth. It's an interesting idea, well done. Elissa Landi is lovely.

on Current Films



SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION

RKO-Radio

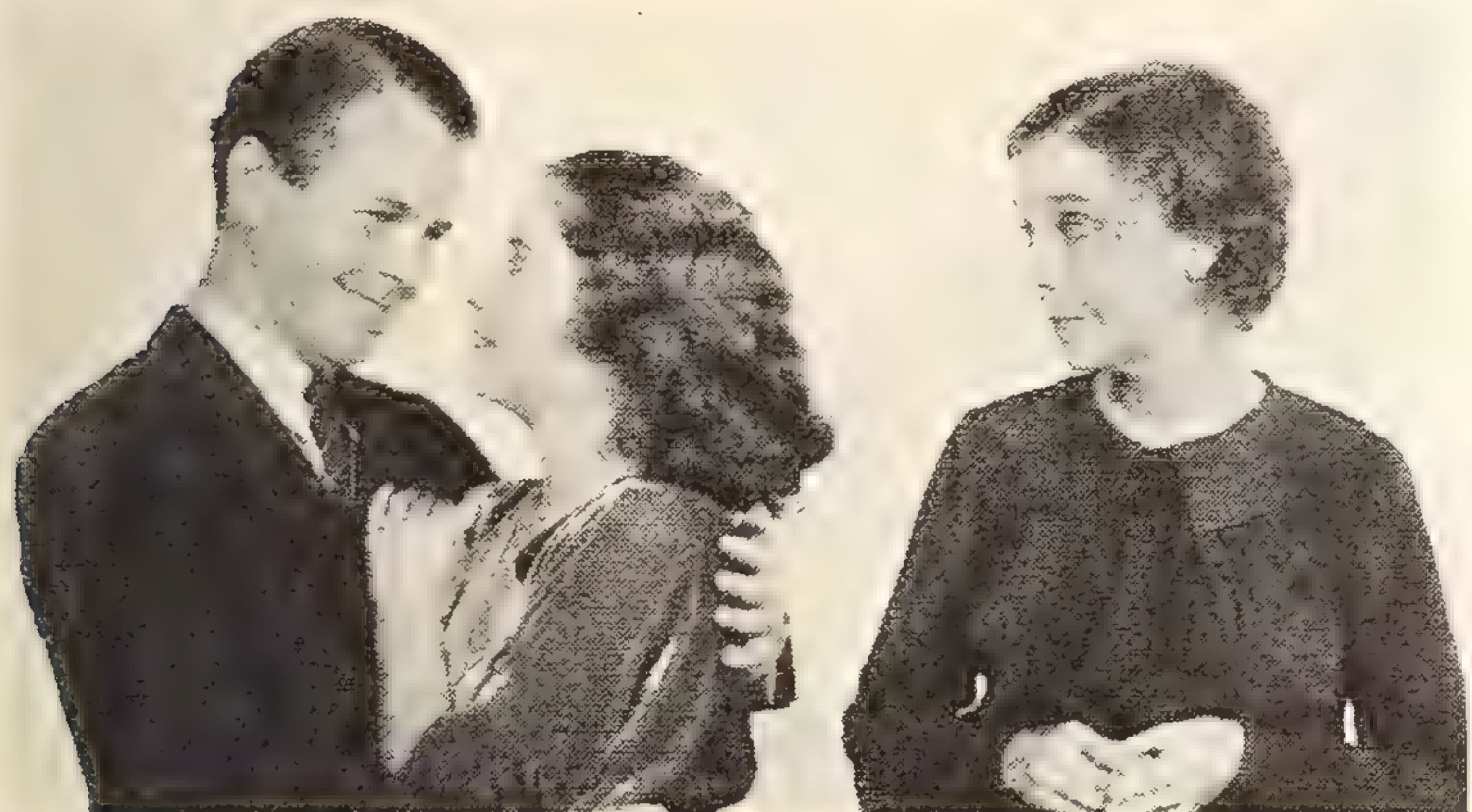
Go ahead and talk about your operations! There's an epidemic of medical films. Ricardo Cortez, the son of a sentimental Hebrew family, becomes a famous surgeon, thanks to the sacrificing of momma and poppa (Anna Appel and Gregory Ratoff). The film can proudly boast of the most tense and realistic operation scene ever filmed. Fine work by the entire cast.



BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Well, the plot is weak, too—but the sparkling performances make this a light, gay trifle that will amuse you if you don't expect too much. The Robert Montgomery admirers will sigh and swoon, but his critics will gnash their teeth—he's that whimsical. He pursues Nora Gregor, Heather Thatcher pursues him. And we'll pursue Fred Kerr to his next picture.



SHOPWORN

Columbia

Barbara Stanwyck's excellent acting makes you forget the shopworn plot. It's another of those "mother love" themes. Barbara and Regis Toomey are all set to marry when mama breaks up the romance and sends Regis to Europe to forget. Barbara takes the line of least resistance. Later they meet—they're still in love, and mama still opposes. But love triumphs.



THIS IS THE NIGHT

Paramount

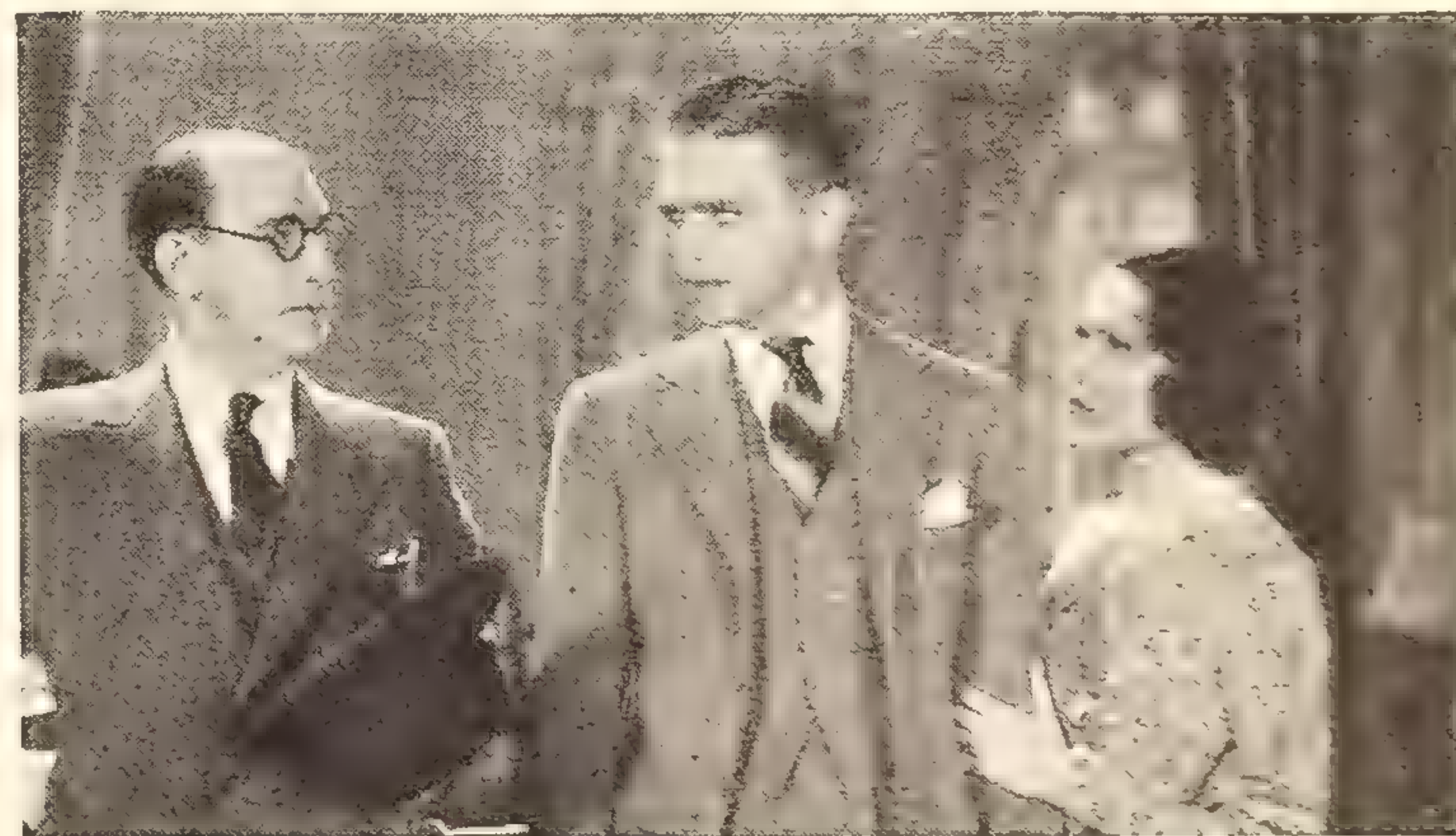
A gay, risque musical movie with a number of Lubitsch touches supplied by director Frank Tuttle. The theme is light and bright. Roland Young, a naughty bachelor, gets himself a "prop" wife, to sidetrack Cary Grant's suspicions after Roland has been flirting with Cary's wife, Thelma Todd. Of course you can depend upon Lily to "get her man." Roland is priceless.



MAN WANTED

Warner Brothers

Kay Francis plays a charming lady editor married to a millionaire play-boy who spends his time playing polo and rushing Claire Dodd. Kay hires David Manners as her secretary when her female secretary quits. She takes her husband's philandering too casually—but then so would you if David was your secretary and wanted to marry you. A happy ending.



IT'S TOUGH TO BE FAMOUS

First National

Here's a corking idea and some fun! Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., becomes a hero in spite of himself. But that was just the beginning—he became the idol of the nation and his every move creates a furor. This idolatry almost wrecked his marriage with Mary Brian. This film kids publicity and hero-worship. And young Doug is grand—Mary Brian is charming.



A.C.M.E.

More star trouble? Complications have arisen between Dietrich and her director, Josef von Sternberg, on one side, and the studio on the other. Inability to agree on story treatment caused the deadlock.

THE Mickey Mouses, take it from Texas Guinan, are seriously contemplating a divorce. It seems that Mickey Mouse turned out to be a rat! So it's Reno for Minnie now!

There is a possibility that the Hollywood screen may lose both Garbo and Dietrich. M-G-M confirms the news that Garbo's contract will not be renewed at the \$14,000 a week she demands, and so far the lady herself shows no signs of weakening.

In the meantime her manager has been dickering with the newly formed Screen Guild. The general feeling, however, is that Garbo may be permitted to make good on her oft-uttered threat to go back to Sweden.

While the withdrawal of Garbo would mean an undoubted loss to the American screen, the effect on the life of the Hollywood film colony would be but slight. The Swedish star has, as you know, been at no great pains to build up friendships here, has figured not at all in the social lives of the other picture people, and has refrained from contributing to the Motion Picture Relief Fund or other efforts to soften the lot of the less fortunate members of her profession.

The case of Dietrich is quite different. Here the argument with Paramount is strictly upon quantity and quality of pictures and the directorial rights of Von Sternberg.

It seems—or so a story goes—that Von Sternberg himself prepared the next story for Dietrich and the studio disapproved it. They then had one prepared themselves and Von Sternberg and Dietrich disapproved

Want to know what the film famous are doing?

Here's

that. Both sides issued ultimata. At this writing Paramount seems determined to sue Josef and Marlene, and to prevent them from accepting offers which they have been receiving from other studios. Tallulah Bankhead has been chosen to fill the rôle vacated by Dietrich.

News! Clara Bow has signed a contract with Fox, for \$125,000 the picture, the company having an option on a series. The deal was consummated by Sam Rork, who at first intended to exploit Clara in an independent production.

The first picture will be "Call Her Savage," by Tiffany Thayer, with Rork as supervisor. Work commences in July. Clara is to have a voice in selecting the leading man.

It is just a year since Clara retired from the screen and Paramount, with whom she had worked for five years. Just a year since remorseless



NEW— DIFFERENT!

Anna Sten brought a new kind of beauty to Hollywood from Russia. Will she win a place in the talkies' "five year plan"?

Oo-oo, Look!



A.C.M.E.

Clark Gable, Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. made an attractive trio at one of the recent Hollywood openings. The fans just wouldn't let Clark be!

See for yourself—in our intimate news and gossip

Hollywood!

publicity drove her to a nervous breakdown. Just a year in which to recover her health, take unto herself Rex Beach for a husband, and just a year for all manner of wounds to heal. Back in her Beverly Hills home with her husband, Clara has lately been having a whale of a time playing at housekeeping and, of all things, writing poetry.

Clara looks a good deal like a jolly tom-boy these days. She still favors pajamas in bright colors—and her hair is suitably red again. She says she never felt right as a mere blonde.

Much attention is being centered on those rumors of an impending legal break between the Clark Gables. In fact, the gossip has reached the stage of speculating on the amount of the temporary, pre-divorce settlement. One school of gossips puts it at \$800 a month; another camp sticks resolutely by \$1800. Will the rumors soon pass into the

Garbo Likes Them!



Mary Wigman, famous European dancer, dropped in to visit the M-G-M studios, and Jean Hersholt acted as host. Both are friends of Garbo's.



"On the rocks?" Not at all—in just another minute Rochelle Hudson will be right in the swim! And that swimming suit is strictly of the moment!

realm of accomplished fact? Your guess is as good as a lot of others we've heard.

Florenz Ziegfeld, the world's champion pulchritude-picker, wired Margaret Perry a plea to enlist in his New York stage show. Maybe Margaret isn't feeling good about that! P. S. She's staying in Hollywood.

I Say!

Heather Thatcher, imported by Metro from the London stage, captivated Hollywood with her charm and her monocle.

A pre-view of Joan Crawford in "Letty Lynton" shows Joan in a highly favorable light. What with "Grand Hotel,"

"Letty," and the impending "Rain," it looks like a Crawford year.

John McCormack, the Irish tenor warbler whose popularity encircles the globe, gave the lowdown on the situation between him and Hollywood. "I'm not going to make any more films," McCormack is reported as saying. "I haven't got it, so I guess they don't want me in the films!"

At this writing Charlie Bickford hasn't put his pen to that Universal contract. The salary was suitable to Charles, but other factors were less so. And getting what he wants, you know, is an old Bickford custom.

Janet Gaynor's little spat with the Fox Studio seemed to hinge upon the fact that Janet did not want to be "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," but did wish to be something much more sophisticated. Janet, you see, has blossomed out with a Norma Shearer effect and prefers to leave the little country girl stuff behind her. However, there is a *soupeçon* of a hint that Janet may be a wee bit jealous of Sally Eilers and her success with Jimmy Dunn. So there was a certain triumph about

Let's Gossip about the Stars!

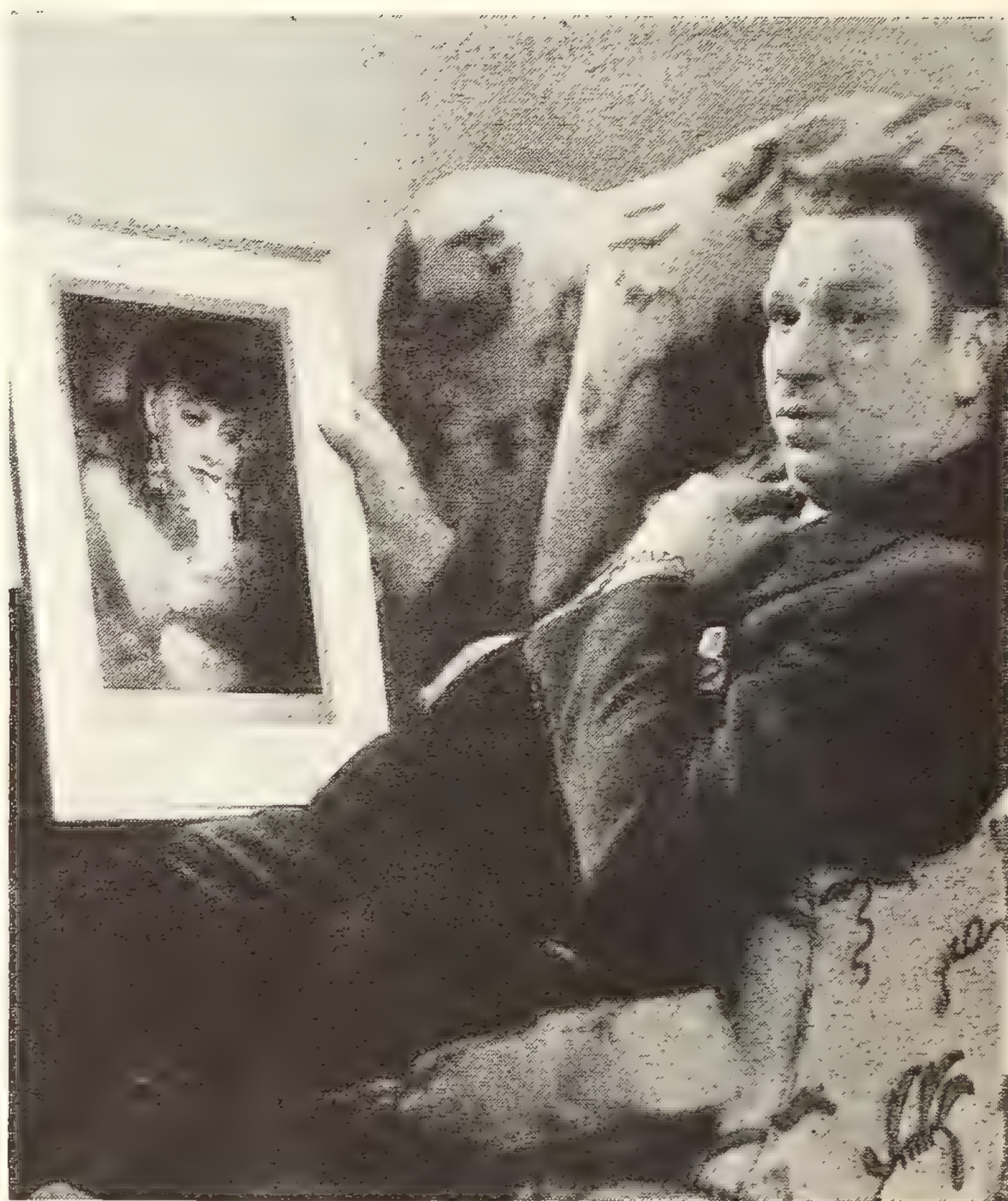
securing Sally's rôle in "The First Year" with Charlie Farrell, since it necessitated Sally's being supplanted. At all events, after popping Marian Nixon into "Rebecca" with Ralph Bellamy, Fox decided to indulge the new sophisticated Janet.

Another young lady who has grown up is Colleen Moore. The bobbed girlish Colleen of yore has departed forever. Directly after her marriage to Albert P. Scott, the New York broker, she did the stage play "A Church Mouse" in San Francisco and Los Angeles. Her friends scarcely recognized her

JAMES WILL!



Will James (right) will be glad to see his life story, "Lone Cowboy," filmed. That's Randolph Scott, leading man, with him.



WALLY CAN'T DECIDE—

NOT-SO-STRANGE INTERLUDE!

Wally Beery tries to choose his favorite co-star in the you blame him for not being able to decide between allure—Joan's fiery loveliness—no, Garbo—no, Craw-



In fact, it looks perfectly natural! Gable assumes one of his favorite postures, resting between scenes for "Strange Interlude."

with her hair waved and well off her forehead, her smart ear-rings, her jewels, and a distinctly woman-of-the-world tilt to her chin. In fact, Colleen looks positively Parisian these days—and it's very becoming.

Mary Astor is "lullaby-shopping." The blessed event is due about August, and in the meantime she and her

WHOA!



Wide World

Genevieve Tobin is visiting the famous Arabian horse ranch near Pomona, Calif., owned by W. K. Kellogg, the big cereal man from Battle Creek.

Read the Latest Lowdown Here!



CAN YOU BLAME HIM?

"Grand Hotel" constellation—and what a task! Can these photos of Garbo and Crawford? Garbo's subtle ford—Oh, well, why not pick 'em both, Wally?

husband, Dr. Franklin Thorpe, will sail the southern seas and then await the arrival of the stork in Honolulu. Mary, as you remember, was the widow of Kenneth Hawks, director, who met his death in an air crash in 1930. She married Dr. Thorpe in Arizona in June, 1930.

Gloria Swanson has named her new baby Michele Bridget, as a compliment to her husband Michael Farmer.

WHOOOPS!



Here's a barrel of fun in the guise of Miss Mona Rico. She's part of the excitement in "Thunder Below," the big Bankhead-Bickford collaboration.

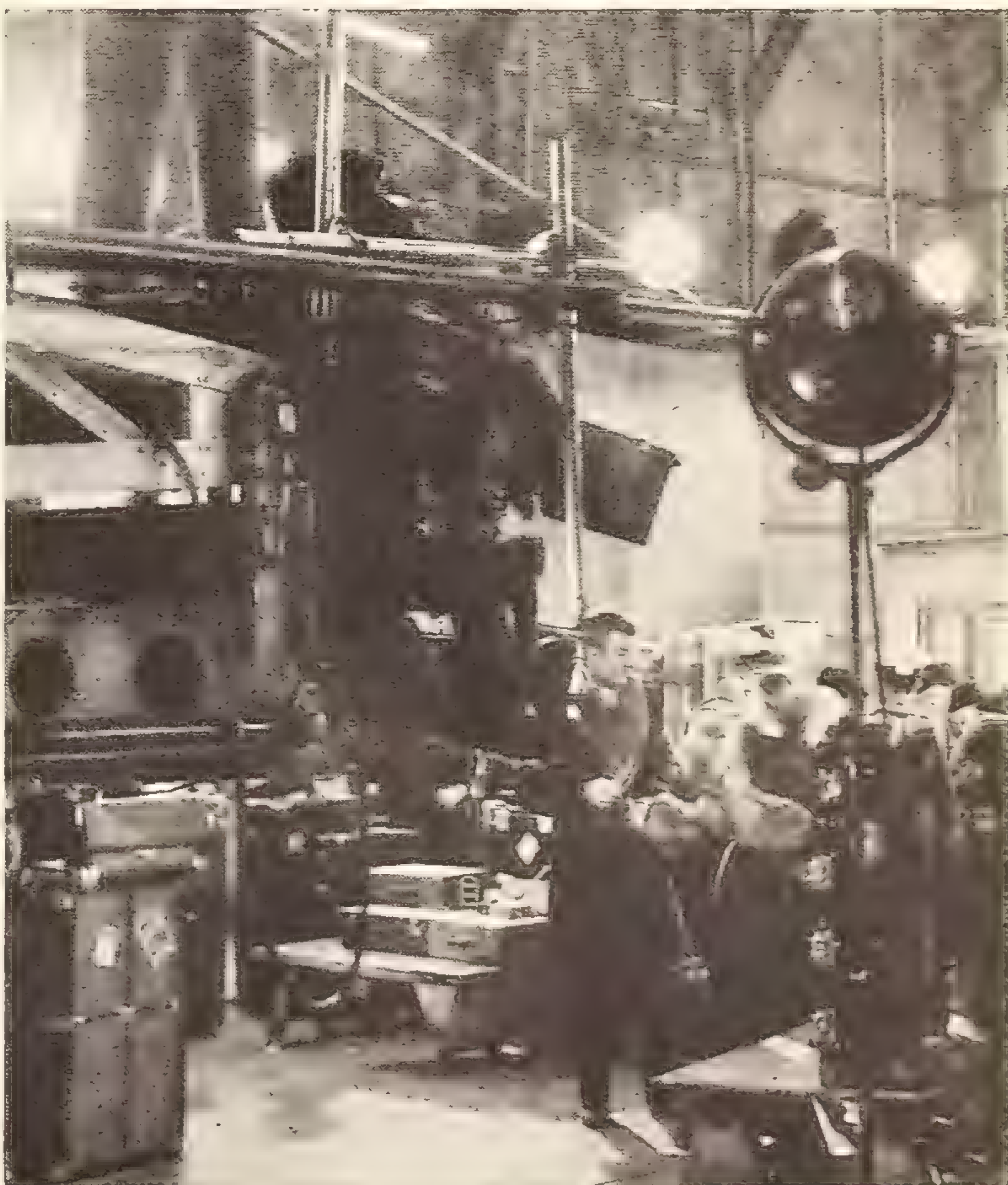
It pays to be "different" in Hollywood. Sometime before Christmas a tall, blonde English girl appeared at a Mayfair dance as a guest in the Tom Mix party, wearing a dashing monocle. Everyone paused to note and enquire. It transpired she really was a well-known London actress, so, although it took a month or two, she presently secured a part in "But the Flesh is Weak," with M-G-M. Her name is Heather Thatcher and she vows she really does need that monocle for one weak eye. Well, it proved a very good stunt in any case, and our hat's off

FIGHTING MAD!



This gives you a pretty good idea of the way Jim Cagney has been feeling lately. The reason? Oh, just one of those studio spats.

WELCOME HIM BACK!



Nils Asther makes a come-back in "Letty Lynton," in which he will be seen in support of Joan Crawford. Here's a studio "shot" showing them making a scene.



to Heather Thatcher.

None of the auto-graph hunters has ever captured Greta Garbo's signature. There is a young bank clerk in Hollywood who boasts of having obtained signatures of 600 famous people in a couple of years. He haunted every possible place Greta was liable to be. Then one glad night he caught her outside the theatre where Al Jolson

was playing. Greta snubbed him, sad to relate!

Greta, by the way, is said never to bother to open a local letter. Which may account for the fact that she has not so far joined that one-half of one-per-cent contribution which everyone employed in the industry gives, and gives gladly, to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. Studios report that everyone earning over \$50 a week hops in with their offerings gladly—except about four of the highest paid stars in the business. On her present \$7500 a week, Greta would have been donating \$37.50 a week for the past six months, since the call became so desperate.

Ruth Chatterton not only contributes her percentage but often sends extra checks to help out on special cases,

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE—

Looking Through the

HI, SALLY!



Wide World

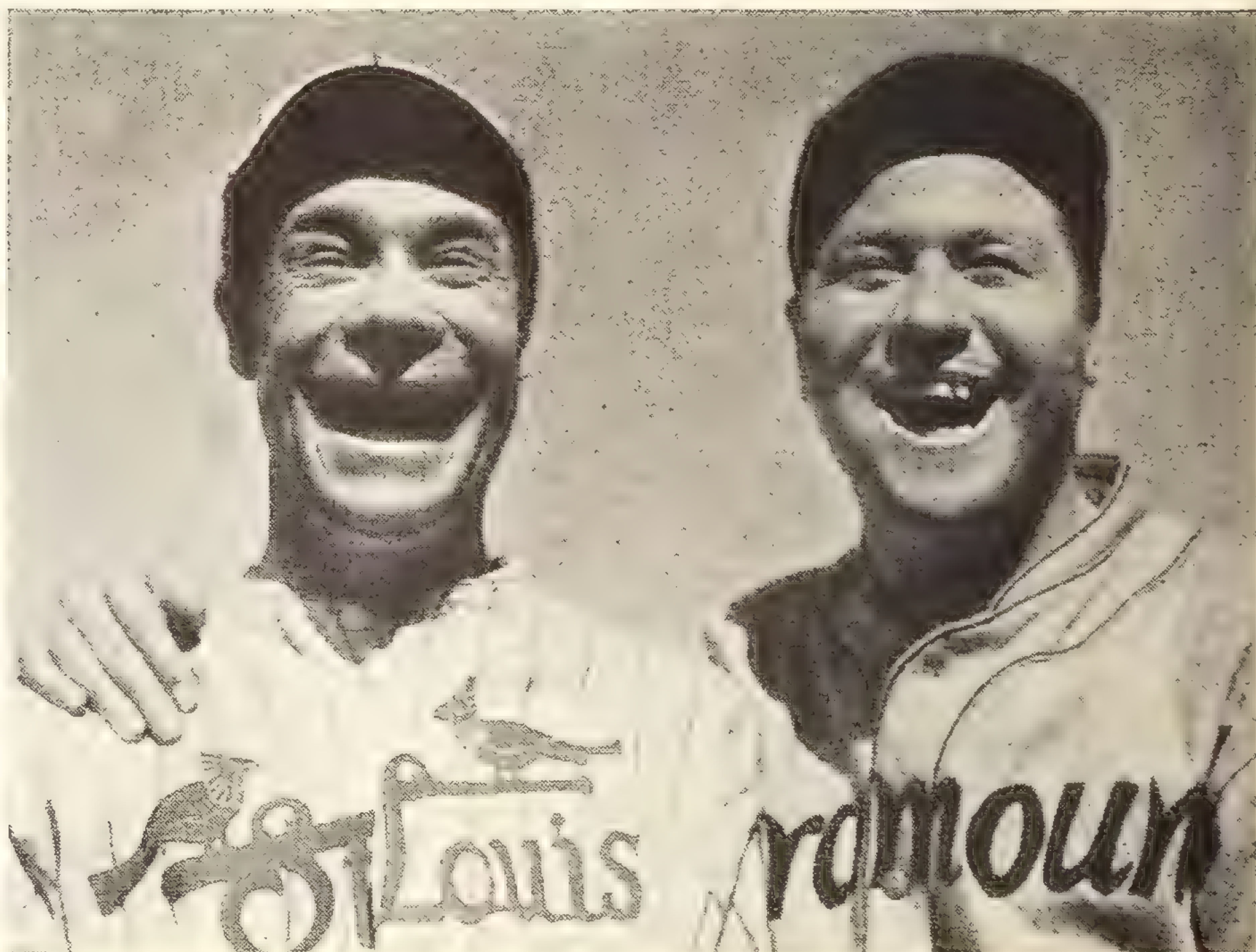
The little O'Neil girl, most famous sister in Hollywood, poses for the camera boys on her return from Europe.

and gives dozens of lovely dresses by which unemployed actresses are furbished up to help get jobs. Dietrich is a liberal contributor, too.

GETTING "BATTER AND BATTER"



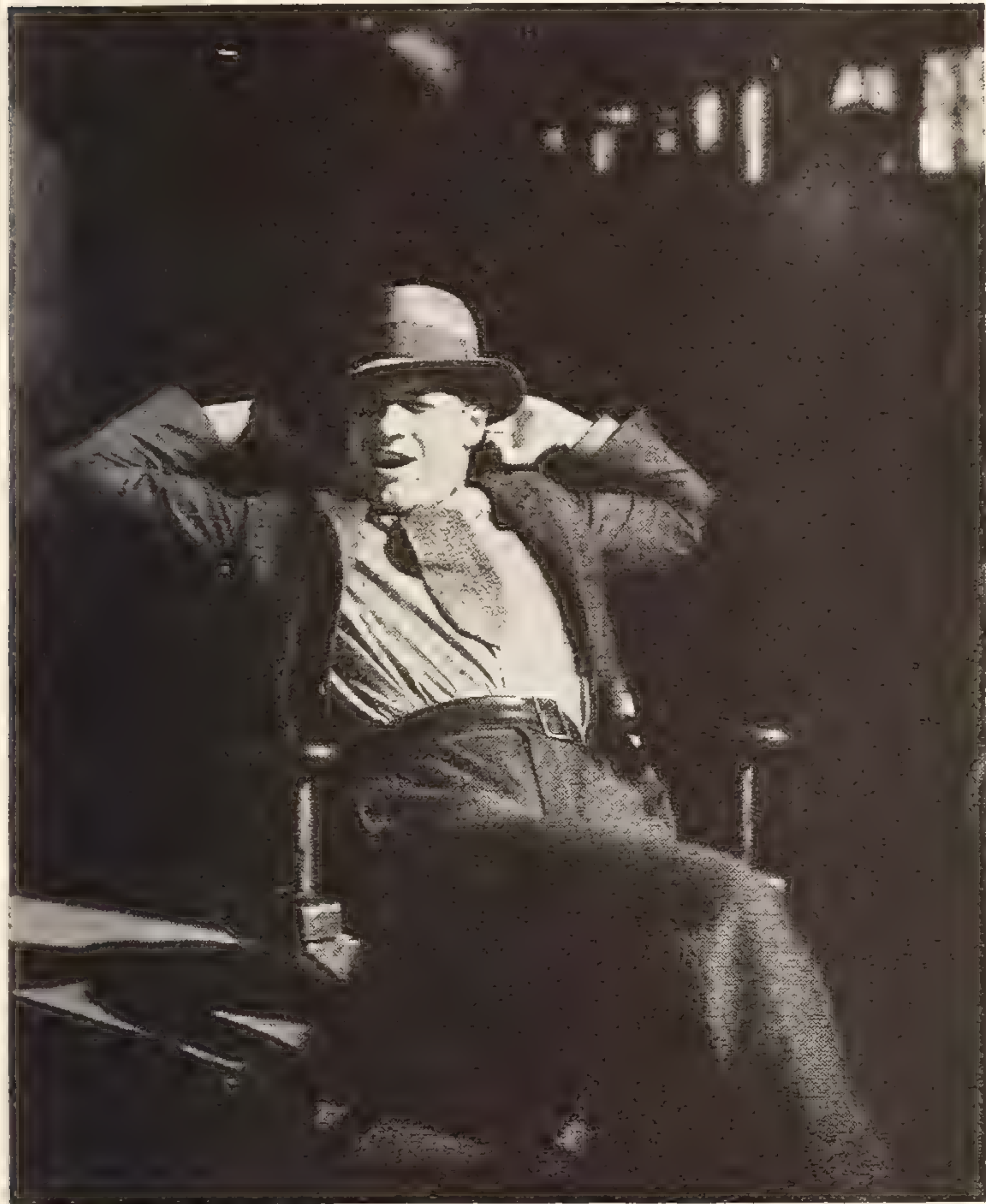
How do you like Anita Page in this demure, "Come-into-the-garden-Maude" character? Oh, well, "demure de merrier."



Joe and Jack are a couple of athletes in their spare time. Oakie is captain of the Paramount baseball team, while Joe E. Brown plays with various semi-professional clubs.

Hollywood Keyhole

HO-HUM!



Richard Arlen—or "All-in"? Dick must have been working hard on that last picture of his.

This Motion Picture Relief Fund is taking care of around 900 families all the time. A women's committee was formed, made up of the wives of producers, directors, actors, writers, which works faithfully all the time

TWO FAMOUS PLAYERS



Helen Wills, America's world-beating tennis star, called on George Arliss, who's a bit of a star himself, on the set of Arliss' next picture. Helen wouldn't go badly in films herself.

and such girls as Mary Pickford, Sidney Fox, Lois Wilson, Hedda Hopper, Louise Dresser, and Lucile Gleason give every minute they can spare from their work to investigate, visit, and generally godmother the sad ones—and hound the studios for jobs, jobs, jobs for their charges.

Tallulah Bankhead was sparring verbally with Clark Gable recently, when Clark thought of a devastating come-back.

"Have you ever been on the London stage?" he asked Tallulah naïvely, and for once the dear girl was too flummoxed to reply.

Jimmy Dunn is uncommunicative, but it seems June Knight, Ziegfeld Follies girl, has confessed that Jimmy telephones or writes to her every day!

When Doug, Jr. and Joan gave their Napoleon Bonaparte dinner-dance at the Cocoanut Grove, it was a gala affair. Everyone who was anyone was there, garbed in the costumes of the period.

There is as much excitement about the impending return of Leslie Howard to Hollywood as if Garbo had really gone home to Sweden and then been coaxed back. Now watch the girls compete for this fellow in their pictures. Ann Harding gets him first in "Animal Kingdom," New York stage play, in which he has scored.

D'S KNEES!



These pretty limbs must be a couple of those "main stems" you've been hearing about. Her name is Doris McMahon.



Most of the screen stars use Max Factor's cosmetics. Here's lovely Norma Shearer applying maestro Max's make-up. Factor has just what you need for any occasion in the cosmetic line.

The Truth about Cosmetics

Letting you in on new beauty secrets

By
Mary Lee

I'VE been to the grandest party! And learned something new for you! I wish you could have been with me. The next best thing is to tell you about it. The address was 714 Fifth Avenue, New York. That's the Coty Building, you know—the one I told you has windows of Lalique glass! I'll never get over that.

The party, however, was the opening of the gorgeous, new Salon of Marie Earle. It is simply too beautiful, with all the delicacy and suave finish you naturally expect of anything that bears the name, Marie Earle. The dainty, inviting furniture is Louis Sixteenth. The treatment rooms are symphonies of several tones of peach accented by touches of black. Roses in glass bowls emphasized the importance of living beauty.

Here I learned about the new Marie Earle "Eye-Treatment," which includes the face. But true to its name it is concentrated on improving the quality of the tissues around the eyes. No new treatment is given at the Marie Earle Salons unless it has first been tried for a year, experimentally. So the "Eye-Treatment" comes to us, born full-fledged like Minerva, ready for action. It truly is marvellous. Pungent, fragrant herbs, oils and unguents applied skillfully by icy-cool fingers soothe away the tired lines while they stroke and pat you into delicious relaxation. The delicate skin about the eyes is nourished and tightened by the gently

effective method that is employed. This is gladly explained to you in detail if you wish to buy the products and use them at home. Personally, I never expect to be without them.

The herbs come in little bags that you dip in hot water before laying them over your eyes. The "Eye-Cream" is the answer to our prayer for a cream delicate enough to be absorbed by fine tissue. A grand vacation would be a series of treatments at the nearest Marie Earle Salon. If you can't do this, then take them at home. If you can't buy the things at your favorite store, (they're pretty new, now), just write to the New York Salon and they will fill your order, I'm sure. You'll love it!

In this kind of weather all of us are wishing for something to keep us dainty! Then let me suggest that you drop your fancy soaps for the time and guarantee your sweet cleanliness by using Lifebuoy soap this summer. You can depend upon it. When your pores are throwing off poisons in perspiration, Lifebuoy soap will neutralize, deodorize, and wash them away. You can't afford not to be sure in hot weather. So don't be without a cake of Lifebuoy. Take it with you to the mountains—it lathers perfectly in cold water. Try it in your cold shower. It works just as effectively to make you clean and sweet no matter what the temperature of the water.

Then, if you will use a little Odorono, in the new container with the sponge stopper for convenient application, you will know that you can go for hours without fear of under-arm perspiration. Spare your pretty, summer dresses. Insure their loveliness and freshness with Odorono. You'll have so much more fun this summer if you don't have to worry about these things.

Goodness, we certainly are getting right down to practical matters this month! But (*Continued on page 94*)



Here's an idea—adapt the Woodbury way of face care for the summer. Read what Mary Lee says about it.

Meet "The General"

Continued from page 27

violation of good taste to have it there, either on stage or screen. But if it is put in merely to shock or create a sensation, and has nothing to do with the theme of the story, then it is bad taste. You see, bad taste is merely something that is out of place. Good taste is something that fits in its place. There are no hard-and-fast rules in screen taste. Each picture must be judged separately."

Which I thought pretty fine criticism—in fact, one of the best I'd ever heard.

I shoot again:

"How far does criticism affect the success of pictures?"

"If a picture is good, a critic cannot kill it. As Henry Irving said, a critic may retard the success of a good production, (and this applies also to the screen), but cannot kill it.

"On the whole, I think the newspaper critics hit it very close on every picture. We need good, sound criticism, for this criticism, as a general thing, follows the public taste. The critic becomes automatically the reflection of the majority. Whether he knows it or not, he, like all of us, is governed a good deal by audience-reaction."

And I thought this a pretty shrewd exposition of the critic and the audience.

But the General was started. He laid aside his yearly report as he shot things at me. He knows a lost art in talking—the delightful art of rambling.

Here's what I wrote down as fast as it came out of the mouth of Will Hays in answer to various questions:

"Not only have I learned, but I learn continually from the folks in my birthplace, Sullivan, Indiana. How much, indeed, are opinions influenced, principles shaped, activities directed by early forces. My work in national politics, as Postmaster General, and with the motion picture industry has kept me away from home much of the

time, but I can trace every single one of my fundamental opinions and the resultant activities directly back to the folks in Sullivan.

"The story that went around in the newspapers that my chauffeur was a stenographer and that in driving about the country I would relieve him at the wheel while he took dictation was only a yarn; but the story is not a yarn about my dictating to stenographers while eating, while shaving, while motoring, while doing almost everything else.

"The way to get work done is to keep at it. I decline to accept criticism for my incessant use of the telephone. I learned to use the telephone in Sullivan. We don't have as many trains in Sullivan as they do in some other places, nor as continuous telegraph service; but the telephone works there, and I make no apology for the pseudonym of 'Telephone Bill!'

"I got my most definite literary stimulus from my father, who continually managed to inculcate in me an interest in good books. On a recent visit home I found put away in a safety deposit box a ledger which shows he presented it to me on my eleventh birthday, and in which he had written the request that I should note the name of every book I read and with a brief review tell the impression it made on me. I faithfully kept up that record until I was through college. As I looked over it the other day, re-reading the boyish scrawls on the earlier pages I found in an elaborate discussion of 'Scottish Chiefs' the beginning of a taste, literary or otherwise—but anyway for reading—that has endured.

"I glimpse no end to the development of pictures. The talking picture may even revolutionize the stage and the drama of the world. Vividness, focus, and the sense of reality have made every patron of the pictures—hundreds of millions throughout

the world—different. Everyone now romanticizes, dramatizes himself or herself in picture terms, sometimes unconsciously, sometimes deliberately.

"From the films your boy and my boy may be learning more than they learn from books or from schools. The impressions they are receiving may be deeper and more lasting than those from any other source. All pictures cannot be made for children, but there are certain standards of common decency that have nothing to do with age or geography, and those will be found and maintained.

"When I think of the part motion pictures are playing in my boy's future, I read again the standards which the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America have set as their aim: *'To establish and maintain the highest possible moral and artistic standard in motion picture production and to develop the educational as well as the entertainment value and general usefulness of motion pictures.'* I think it would be hard to state a finer, more worthwhile purpose.

"The influence of the motion picture on our national life is limitless—its influence on our taste, its influence on our conduct, its influence on our aspirations, its influence on our youth, its consequent immeasurable influence on our future."

"What, General, are your principal recreations?" I rushed in.

"First of all, I love my work. Like Jack London, my work and play are often one. Love your work and keep young. Well, I like detective and mystery stories, and good romances, too.

"Then, there's horseback riding. Lately I bought two horses from Fred Stone, one for myself and one for my boy—but, see here, do you know I was only going to give you ten minutes?"

I fled, leaving the Hon. Will H. Hays deep in figgers.

Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson

Continued from page 33

his Saugus, California, ranch. It delighted Sally's heart, for many of the socially great of the film colony were present, thanks to Gibson's position, and she found herself ascending again to prominence. As Mrs. Gibson, she was presented with opportunities that had been lost to her as Sally Eilers. Now let her tell you of the events that wrought such remarkable changes in her attitude and mind:

"Before my marriage, I never thought for myself," Sally says. "I never had great responsibilities. I lived with my parents, and though we were never wealthy, I did not want for things. Motion pictures were simply a game. I wanted to be a star, but not because it meant a career and accomplishment; my only thoughts were that stars were worshipped by the world, had more money than they could possibly spend, and were the envy of millions of other women. I want to have my school chums say, 'Gee, Sally Eilers is a motion picture star.'

"Soon after I married Hooter"—she has her own nickname for Gibson—"he turned over to me the responsibility of caring for the family finances. I signed a check for fifteen thousand dollars and it struck me like a cold towel. I suddenly realized that a fifteen thousand dollar check was two

hundred times greater than any I had ever written before. It was as much money as some men make in ten years of hard work. I abruptly awakened to the seriousness of my position as Mr. Gibson's wife. I realized I had my work cut out for me; that I had something to do besides play. *I had responsibilities.*

"Not long after our marriage, I accompanied Hooter to New York, where he contracted to make personal appearances. I had always wanted to go to New York. I had dreamed of the good times to be had there. But as Mrs. Gibson, whose husband was working until nearly midnight in the theatres, those good times were missing. I had to sit alone at night and wait for him to come home. I could not go out with any young man who telephoned, as I had done before my marriage. I complained to Hooter, and we had our first family tiff. During the quarrel, which seemed very serious at the moment but was not, really, he said, 'If you don't like it here, why don't you go home?' I suppose every husband has at one time or another told every wife to go home, but the invitation was like another dash of cold water. Home? What home? Could I give up all I had to return to the improbabilities of being Miss Eilers again? I suddenly realized that I was en-

tirely dependent on my husband and I did not like it. Most modern women are that way; they want independence.

"I guess Fate intervened, because next morning I received a telegram to return to Hollywood for a part in a new picture. I accepted, kissed Hooter goodbye—we had made up our little quarrel—and returned to the studios. But how different things were! I found I wanted to accomplish something. I wanted success, not for silly reasons but for the independence it meant. I plunged into my work with a seriousness that must have surprised studio officials."

Word of the change in Sally's work spread like wildfire. Fox officials, who had previously given her chances but dropped her when she refused to be serious, recalled her for another opportunity. Then came "Bad Girl" and Sally's name reached the electric lights. Public and critics alike hailed her as a new discovery. "Over the Hill" and "Dance Team" followed in rapid succession, and in one short year she sprang from oblivion to cinematic heights. She was given a new contract. *She became a star.* Old school chums began to envy her, but Sally got no thrill out of their envy. Men flocked about her, eager for her smiles, but their idolization failed to excite her. Only one thing swelled Sally's head

and caused tiny chills to chase up and down her spine. *She was independent.*

With her independence came a new companionship between Hoot and Sally. Simultaneously there was born a new respect for her on the part of Gibson. All of his life he had been accustomed to women who depended upon him. *He* had always been the successful one. Now he was confronted with a new situation; *Hoot was the husband of a woman who was more famous and successful than he!*

So we have them today—the glamorous Sally of "Dance Team" and the handsome, surprised cowboy who is not yet accustomed to playing second fiddle. Hoot will never be "Mr. Eilers," which is the fate of so many husbands of film stars, because he is too individual for that. Besides, none will forget that he *was* a great star, and that he probably earned more money than Sally will ever earn, primarily because the day of fabulous salaries is passing. No, he will always be Mr. Gibson—but she will

also be Miss Eilers, if you please!

As for how long they will remain married, that is as problematical as the matrimonial affairs of any young couple who are separately independent. In this day when wives earn salaries as large as their husbands, and when divorces are not scandalous, women do not permit men to ride roughshod over them, as wives fifty years ago were forced to do. As a matter of record, Sally and Hoot were enjoying—is that the word?—a family quarrel at the moment I interviewed her. Hoot was "in the dog house," and what husband does not know what that means?

"We had a dinner engagement last evening," Sally explained. "Hooter failed to arrive, nor did he telephone either me or our hosts. I was angry and embarrassed. It later developed that he was unavoidably detained, but he should have been thoughtful enough to telephone. I was worried, as well as embarrassed. It was not fair of him to act as he did. So I have put him

on probation. He must be very, very good for an entire week. If he isn't—well, if two people can not be happy together, it is best they part, I think."

In other words, Sally has turned the tables on Hoot. In New York he had said, "If you don't like it here, why don't you go home?" Sally used different words, but she might easily have said, "If you can't be fairer to me, you can go home."

Hoot returned in the midst of our interview. He found Sally sitting on the floor, playing with "*Hooter*," a tiny Scotch terrier that recently joined the Gibson-Eilers household. He bent over and kissed her, and her face lighted up. I made a mental reservation:

Hoot may be in the dog house, but he loves Sally. And she likes her independence, but she *loves* him. Sally will hold Hoot, and he will hold her, just as long as they want each other, for they are both in love and that, after all, is something, even these days!

Dickie Moore

Continued from page 60

up with what he calls "the plans." Lilith, I had feared, might be Eleanor's rival, but such is not the case. She is a leader of the enemy, and the letter addressed to her proved to be a neat case of deception, conceived by a master mind.

"Well, Lilith, if you will not beat the fort today" it read—Dickie has not yet learned the intricacies of capital letters and spacing. A frank statement, surely, and kind, too, when one considered that it might save the enemy the work of marshalling their forces. But no—the Moore Army would be there after all—and thanks to the carefully planned ruse, would be able to fire a few sacks full of water onto the dresses of Lilith and her allies before the surprised army could rally.

Why was Lilith the enemy? Well, Dickie replied calmly, Lilith tells lies. (The fact that his letter might also be taken in the light of a mild fib bothered him not at all. That was "just fooling her.")

Lilith is also inclined to play nicely with Dickie and his gang when she has no one else to play with, and then shake them like so much dust when she has a chance to play with "the bigger kids." With Dickie, that's sheer treason. Where he's concerned, it's a case of all, or nothing.

So Dickie Moore is engaged, tentatively

and very happily, to a true love who builds forts. He will marry her—that is, if his mother consents. But if she insists, all right, he will marry Ella after all.

Dickie feels the need of marriage, because he has it figured out that by the time he is twenty-five, his mother will be about fifty. As for his interviewer—he guesses she'll be about a hundred and eight! Small consolation, that, when he assured me that that's really the only reason that he won't marry me instead of either Eleanor or Ella.

Dickie's wife is to be supported in the style to which she would like to be accustomed, with all the money he intends to make as a doctor. Some time ago the young star decided that doctoring, and not acting, would be his aim in life when he grows all up, the decision being based upon the doubtful reason that "doctors' offices always smell so nice." Fears that he might have changed his mind since the recent removal of his tonsils have been dispelled. He will still be a doctor, only he won't ever be a nurse. He still likes the hospital smells.

Dickie wound up our interview gracefully with an original story.

There was once upon a time, he said, a fireman whose little boy was going to have

a birthday. So the fireman decided to send him a present—a pair of boots. And to do so, he climbed up the telegraph pole, and hung them on the telegraph wires, after which he went home to bed. But in the middle of the night, a Scotchman saw the boots, wanted them for his own, and with fell design climbed the pole himself, stole the boots, and put his own worn ones in their place.

Ah, evil night! The fireman slumbered on, and next morning when he awoke, went out to see if the boots had been delivered. And his somewhat natural conclusion was, when he saw the old ones, that his little boy had gotten the new ones and had sent his old ones to be repaired!

Puzzled, I found the *raison d'être* of this tragedy only after some careful psychoanalysis of the subject's mind. You can wire flowers, he explained eventually, why not boots?

Eleanor, I have to admit, is a very lucky girl. Her husband, perhaps, will turn out to be not a doctor, but a writer of stories, although if his present popularity keeps up when he is big, he will have to go on being an actor forever and ever. But anyhow, from my wheel chair at the great age of a hundred and eight, I shall throw rice at their wedding. I have the invitation!

David Durand

Continued from page 61

that young Durand's emotional shading and voice control surpass those of any other picture child. But you couldn't expect much less, considering the rigorous training he has received since his very cradle days, on top of possessing what is termed "a perfect microphone voice." Known as "Little Boy Blue," he was a radio star for four years, starting when he was three, and was an accomplished master of ceremonies at the age of five, serving in that capacity on one occasion before a crowd of 18,000 people.

David "panicked them" during a recent personal appearance at a big Los Angeles theatre in connection with the showing of "Rich Man's Folly." He told how the company went on location to Boston for authentic shipyard scenes. "My mother and I were the only child and mother ever allowed in the Quincy shipyards during working hours," he stated momentarily, and paused to watch the people fall out of

their seats from sheer amazement. They didn't. He tried to impress upon them the tremendous significance of what he was saying.

"It's so dangerous, they even made mother go back and sit in the car. . . ." Still no response. He struggled on. "You see they didn't want to be responsible for what might happen if she stayed in there with all the iron-workers."

Then the audience *did* fall out of the seats!

Aside from his fiendish mania for innocently making the most embarrassing remarks, David has absolutely faultless manners, and never fails to make a magnificent impression in public. But he has the prudence to use a different code of behavior on the school playground. Put him with other children and he goes berserk. He screams till his voice is hoarse—plays until the rest of the ruffians have dropped from exhaustion, and almost invariably

comes home battle-scarred but happy, oblivious to his black eyes, scraped shins, and purple-blotched legs. His chief delight is to provoke a friendly rock fight or other barbaric contest with some roughneck who has to stoop down to annihilate him.

An ecstasy second only to the imbecility of picking on tougher kids is afforded by eating enough ice-cream to make him violently ill.

Of course his David and Goliath complex and Frigidaire stomach wouldn't be such serious problems if the family larder could be stocked by some means not dependent on David's physical well-being. Under ordinary circumstances, he might be allowed to run wild and would eventually learn, if he didn't get killed in the process, that the odds against licking a boy twice his size are considerable. But unfortunately, since his father is dead and his mother's health is fragile, a black eye or indigestion at the wrong time *would* have a deleterious

effect on the budget. Yet he fights on! In the final scenes taken for "Ladies Love Brutes," he was supposed to have a black eye. They didn't need make-up. Heaven knows how, but on the evening before those shots were to be taken, he escaped his mother's vigilance and acquired a genuine shiner.

Why is David a consummate actor while in front of the camera and devoid of professional sagacity at other times? When Nature, in an exigent moment, endows a ten-year old with the ability to shoulder a breadwinner's load, one might reasonably expect her to quicken his sense of responsibility as a protection for the precious gift. But Nature threw the gems at David without bothering to wrap them up. He hasn't even a *normal* supply of "horse sense." He has had to be watched constantly to keep him from jeopardizing his career and personal safety.

His mother found him nearly strangled once after he had been dramatizing a hanging for his own enjoyment (?). He managed a tête-à-tête with a speeding auto several weeks ago and was knocked "galley west." It didn't kill him—he's too tough for that. And in all fairness, it must be admitted that it just happened to be entirely the driver's fault.

David never once mentioned the physical pain. His stoicism ran true to form—it is nothing short of miraculous. But he did upset tradition, again proving his contradictory make-up by a singularly adult mental reaction to the accident. It is the first sign he has ever given that his picture work means something to him. Perhaps after all, responsibility is sprouting! And if it is, there will be no stopping the kid.

This is what he did, according to witnesses. His mother wasn't there. The impact with the asphalt tore out one of his teeth by the roots, among less permanent injuries. With blood trickling from his face, he got up and began to look for it, moaning, "Oh, my tooth—I heard it 'clink'

on the pavement—my career is ruined! Please somebody hunt for my tooth—I can't work without it! My career—*my career!*"

The crowd which had gathered by that time had never heard a ten-year old boy talk about his career being ruined, and wondered what part of his anatomy it was. The ambulance came and he had to be put in by force, pleading vainly with the attendants not to go until they had found his tooth. They told him to forget it—that he wouldn't have so many to brush. Pathetically, he replied that he was in a business where people had to have teeth. His inadequate explanation that "You never saw a hero yet with his tooth out," led them to think he was out of his head, so they shoved him inside and sped away.

Above the siren and the roar of the motor there issued such a terrifying scream from their customer that they stopped the ambulance to see if they could alleviate what they thought must be his death agony. David stopped screaming at once, and knocked them silly with this reproach, "You were going too fast. You'll kill somebody taking me to the hospital."

He insisted on supervising the driving from that juncture and actually made them let him out so he could go up and sit with the driver, where he held down the speed almost to within legal limits. But they ignored his further pleas to go back and look for his tooth. The dentist who later made him a false tooth for picture purposes said that if David's own tooth had been recovered and replaced by an expert within twenty-four hours, it would have grown back in normally.

Swathed in bandages, the "patient" went out of the house for some fresh air the next day, and believe it or not, he came back a few minutes later *with a black eye*. He says he was walking under a tree and a branch swatted him in the face. Which alibi isn't up to his usual standard.

Antithesizing his inexplicable predilection for self-inflicted catastrophes is David's

tenderness for *other* dumb creatures. You had better not let him see you teasing a cat, if you don't want a milk bottle wrapped around your neck. When somewhat younger, he saw a horse on the receiving end of a riding whip, and let loose a flood of tears because he thought the rider was abusing the animal.

There was a scene in "Rich Man's Folly" where he had to carry some rabbits by the ears. Just as everything was in readiness to take the shot, and the order was given to pick them up, the rabbits slipped through his fingers and got away. This happened four or five times. The director became exasperated. "For Heaven's sake, David," he exploded, "grab those rabbits by the ears and hang on to them. Paramount is paying us to make a picture—not to catch rabbits."

But David wasn't thinking in terms of overhead. "Those rabbits have feeling, I believe," he defended. "How would *you* like to be carried around by your ears, Mr. Cromwell?"

David gets more and better parts than any other youngster in the free-lance field. It is somewhat of an accident that he is still free-lancing, as he has twice been offered long-term contracts by major companies. His mother turned the first one down, hoping for a better offer from another studio. It did materialize, but was cancelled before it went into effect, when the company made the belated discovery that there were no child rôles in any of its scheduled productions. So David, thus far, is still free-lancing.

But bad breaks will never stop Durand from getting a stranglehold on Old Man Success, if he has actually developed a "career fixation," as the recent accident would seem to indicate. David will have two black eyes, some more teeth knocked out, and maybe a long grey beard—but you'll never tear him loose till he's sitting on top. *I know how that kid loves to fight!*

Hollywood's Own Moral Code

Continued from page 21

She is a hermitess and a social problem, and regardless of how little is known of her morals, she is considered a questionable character against whom mothers warn their daughters. Hollywood has its village recluse in the person of Greta Garbo. Instead of being regarded with suspicion, she is a subject of awe. Any Hollywood mother would be proud if her daughter could associate with Garbo, for a girl who knows Greta becomes a social leader as a consequence.

One of Hollywood's queerest customs is that of introducing wives by their screen names, rather than their family cognomens. Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks and Mrs. Irving Thalberg, for example, are rarely introduced so, even if their husbands are beside them at the moment. Habitually, they are introduced as Miss Mary Pickford and Miss Norma Shearer. The wives prefer it and husbands do not object.

Generally the marriage of a man of limited means to a woman of wealth effects unpleasant comment from those who choose to believe he wed her for her money. In Hollywood, poor men marry rich women and no scurrilous remarks follow. This is because women like Gloria Swanson, Constance Bennett, Janet Gaynor and Marlene Dietrich earn tremendous salaries, far beyond the incomes of even the most successful business men. Must these stars remain unwed because they love men whose incomes are ridiculously less? The Hollywood answer is "No."

It is not uncommon for women to pay

the checks in cafés and restaurants in Hollywood. Gentlemen elsewhere would be embarrassed by such public show, but it must not be forgotten that business women are as numerous as business men in Hollywood. Feminine stars conduct most of their conferences across luncheon tables, and they do not expect to have gentlemen whom they have called into conference pay the expenses, when the meeting is for the benefit of the stars.

Easy familiarity between men and women in the studios has caused visitors to gasp and hurry home to gossip. Actors and actresses walk arm in arm, or with their arms over each other's shoulders, and they make unsparing use of such endearing terms as *darling*, *honey* and *dear*. No intimacy is meant; the informality is merely a citation of the equality of sex in Hollywood. Women may demand respect but they do not ask deference. Studio women, accustomed to working among men, do not consider themselves personally insulted if men swear in their presence.

A woman criticized Norma Shearer because the star spoke to a man she did not know. Said this woman: "I sat in a restaurant booth adjoining that of three young men, and I overheard one of them laughingly insinuate that although he did not know Miss Shearer, he would wager she would speak to him. A bet was made and the young man stepped over to Miss Shearer's table and greeted her. Not only did she answer, but she also offered her hand."

The woman told her story with malicious

emphasis. What she failed to appreciate is that the stars meet scores of persons every day. They cannot remember all these acquaintances. Miss Shearer happens to be as democratic as she is charming; no doubt she believed she had met the young man whose salutation she returned. After all, the man who took advantage of her—and the woman who made gossip of the incident—were at fault. Because there seems to be a fascination in speaking to famous persons, strangers greet the stars constantly. As a rule, the stars return the greetings, because they can never be certain they have not been introduced to the speakers, and accusations of conceit usually follow if the star fails to acknowledge the greeting of a person he has met.

Joan Crawford shocked visitors to Hollywood when she appeared on the street in a backless dress. Despite the comfort and attractiveness of the garb, it brought considerable criticism down on Joan's head. Her reply to her critics is interesting:

"I wear backless evening gowns and backless swimming suits," she said, "why not backless street dresses? The fault with such a costume lies not in the dress, but in people's minds."

When Robert T. Jones, famous golf player, was in Hollywood for the purpose of starring in a series of pictures, he was fêted widely. As a rule, his hosts offered to provide feminine company, since Jones' wife did not accompany him to California. He politely refused all such invitations. In Atlanta, center of the convention-bound

South, such things are not done. In Hollywood, they are done with no immoral intent. The promised feminine companions would have been charming, *decent* young girls, invited only for the purpose of easing the loneliness brought on by Jones' long separation from his wife and children. A Hollywood husband, far from home and loved one, would have accepted such invitations eagerly—and forgotten them the next day. The Southern visitor to Hollywood, hedged by Southern conventions, was grateful for the invitations but turned them down; he did not care to break the rules.

Clara Bow, when she was the center of a storm of gossip summed up Hollywood's own moral code in a few words when she said: "Humans know what is right and wrong. I do not pretend to direct other people's lives; I do not understand why

they attempt to govern mine. I live my life as best I see it, and in my mind I have done nothing wrong. If busybodies choose to gossip because I do not abide by conventions established by the same ancestors who invented corsets and bustles, they cause themselves more annoyance than they cause me."

Miss Bow's expressed attitude is prevalent in Hollywood where, because of the strange demands of the studios, women walk the streets alone at midnight, dine alone in small cafés at odd hours after dark, and do other unconventional things the rest of the world cannot understand. Despite the informality, there are surprisingly few scandals in the film colony. Due to the world prominence of the stars, slight mishaps command newspaper front pages, consequently the film city has at times

appeared to be a hive of immorality. The truth is, the stars are careful to avoid scandals, lest they jeopardize their million dollar contracts. If careful study is given the matter, it will be learned that for a city of approximately two hundred thousand souls, the percentage of scandals is surprisingly small.

The very lack of conventions has done away with wrong-doing, because it has evolved a moral code strictly Hollywood's own. Do you think the average young-man-about-town in the average city, granted the privilege of being alone with a most attractive young married lady every night for a period of weeks, would refrain from attempting at least a kiss? You do not. Well, *that* is what conventions have done for other cities! Hollywood's moral code commands respect.

He's Afraid of Women

Continued from page 22

In which connection it is interesting to note that Tracy has a seven-year-old son of his own. The lucky man also has the most superior type of wife for a picture actor. She was Louise Treadwell, a clever stage actress.

"Lots better than I, in fact," beams Spencer. "But she gave it all up to devote herself to my career in Hollywood and, what's far more precious, she doesn't regard herself as a sacrificial martyr either. She is writing a play now."

And he takes his boy to the circus, just like a regular papa.

It was a visit to the circus lately which inspired Tracy to meditate on rising feminism.

"Years ago I saw a man at a circus with seventeen tigers and some lions. I was awed at his courage and heroism and for ages he was my boyhood hero. But a couple of days ago I saw a woman doing the same act, but with several more Bengal tigers. Phew, is there anything women can't do nowadays? It's going to be a heck of a world for boys of the next generation," said Spencer.

However, the gentleman himself is thor-

oughly masculine. As we talked he wore the bathrobe of the prize-fight trainer to Jimmy Dunn in "Society Girl." Not a speck of make-up—he prefers the type of rôle in which grease-paint is unnecessary.

He stands about five feet eleven inches tall, has very broad shoulders, blue merry eyes, and a comfortable, easy, conversational manner. But beneath that bath-robe he was all strapped up with adhesive tape—you see, the bad boy has taken a passionate fancy to polo and was struck in the ribs with a mallet, getting a couple of 'em well cracked. But he was afraid the studio would forbid him to play polo any more if they knew, so he was managing to act and smile for all the world as though every movement did not occasion real pain.

"Yes, and look at polo," Spencer pointed out. "There are half a dozen women playing polo on our field, far better than I do. One of them is a grandmother. We cannot even patronize the women at what was once regarded as an exclusively he-man game. Ugh!"

He is an out-door fellow, so much so that directly he came to Hollywood he threw away his hat and always goes bare-

headed now. But that wasn't because it had grown too small for him. Spencer Tracy can stand off and laugh at himself; not much danger of the swelled head for his kind. He has promised that if he feels anything of the kind coming on, he'll just go and play polo with some of those smart women, and that will effect a prompt cure. He says the girls can even lick him at golf, make higher dives—and smoke more cigarettes. In fact, he has pretty well decided to chew tobacco if it keeps up!

However, lady stars still compete for his services as leading man—and believe me, the girls like 'em masculine, as a lusty contrast to their own femininity. Thus we hear that girls like Joan Bennett, Ann Dvorák, Sally Eilers, and Doris Kenyon have all signified their desire to have Spencer in their pictures, if you please.

He will, however, soon be out of that class and starred on his own account—for one special attribute of a coveted leading man is that he will never, never be quite so good as to steal a lady star's scene. And the critics have insisted on dilating upon Tracy's work in most of the pictures he has appeared in to date.

The Real Life Story of Fredric March

Continued from page 63

opus that I ran on luck. Featured in the cast was Donald Cameron, a fine actor who is now with Eva Le Gallienne's company. We had met in the army and renewed acquaintance on the set. Cameron knew the theatre backwards, listened sympathetically to my plans and hopes, gave me invaluable advice and sufficient encouragement to revive my flagging spirits. He suggested I pick up as much spare money as possible around pictures and also gave me my first definite ideas of how to go about attacking the theatre.

It was somewhere in this interval that I met D. W. Griffith, a biographical event notable for its futility. I saw him at a theatre and rushed him—diffidence was not one of my weaknesses. I introduced myself, using mutual friends in Kentucky as a weapon, and hardly gave the poor man time to answer before I called his attention to my supposed resemblance to Richard Barthelmess and asked if he wouldn't like to make a test of me as a possibility for Barthelmess' double and stand-in. And a great calm stole over Griffith. "Here," he obviously thought, "is just another of those things." Politely and briefly he suggested I call his assistant at Mamaroneck about it. I suppose I did, but nothing ever came of it.

By this time, someone—I think it was Don Cameron—had tipped me off to the profitability of posing for commercial artists. Any means of keeping a little cash in pocket was not to be overlooked, since I wanted to work out my radical experiment alone, *sans* any help from my bewildered and doubtful family. So I switched from decorating the far backgrounds of movies to immortalizing cravats, shoes, shaving-cream and the like. I was fortunate in getting jobs—posing for Dean Cornwall, Howard Chandler Christy, Charles Dana Gibson, Neysa McMein, Leon Gordon and others.

Don't let anyone tell you that posing for artists is a sissy job. I think my interlude of modelling was as good for me as those strenuous working-out exercises I heard about and was too lazy to take. Muscular control is necessary if you hope to get through one morning without falling off the stand. Standing straight and taut for two and three hours does a lot for co-ordination of the nervous system. What I'm getting at is it's darned hard work and doesn't deserve the stigma that is on it.

While I was lending my Art to the spectacular efficacy of this hair- tonic and that collar-button, I met Riza Royce, later Josef von Sternberg's wife, who told me

that Belasco was preparing a new production and hiring a number of supers. Snatching time off, I rushed to the Belasco Theatre. There were three hundred hopefuls waiting. Finally the order was given and we filed past Mr. Belasco. Out of the three hundred he selected fifty. I was not one of them.

Which again goes to show that the breaks I did get followed on chance rather than on applied effort.

For it was while I was posing for Leon Gordon that my first important opportunity came, and came inadvertently. Gordon had asked me to stop by a theatre and get him some seats for "Lady Of The Lamp." On my way from the box-office, I saw the agent who had sent me on that first job to Paramount. Since it never seemed to bother me to jump at people I hardly knew, I accosted him breezily and asked if he had anything for me yet. He was startled, he grunted belligerently and then paused, looking at me speculatively.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "maybe I have. Run over to the Belasco Theatre. They're casting and they need a couple of men for bits. You might do for one of them."

With wings on my feet, I sped to the Belasco. And, since success is mostly a

matter of being in the right place at the right time, I thus barged into my first real break. Rehearsals had already started and they needed someone right away—for the very small part of Victor Hugo in "Deburau." No experience was very necessary and I looked near enough their idea of Hugo to get by. So I was hired, at thirty dollars a week!

Thirty a week—steady, with none of the uncertainties and lapses of movie work—in a genuine Broadway production—in a *Belasco* production! The clouds in the sky were no higher than my soaring spirits.

It was there, in the mechanics of that production, that my nebulous ideas and dreams took on form, were articulated. My silly, adolescent excitements gave way to a more intelligent interest. I ceased to dramatize myself and the actors I tried to ape. I began to look upon the theatre objectively rather than subjectively—saw it as a vast, endlessly interesting medium. Saw myself no longer as a gift from heaven but as a very raw novice with a devil of a lot to learn. And high time, too.

"Deburau" and my modest function in it was the finest training camp I could possibly have fallen into. They were very kind to me. At the first rehearsal of the supers, the director announced that those who wished would be welcome to watch the principals' rehearsals. Being green, I thought it was the thing to do and showed up punctually next day. I was the only super in the audience and the rest of the company, accustomed to indifference of extras, were surprised and interested in my interest. The stage manager talked to me and I must have communicated my enthusiasm and earnestness to him. For, after that, I was also made third assistant stage manager and given two other bits to play besides Hugo. Later, I was made understudy.

I worked with terrific energy and absorption, I felt I was going to school—but a fascinating school where I learned about what was nearest my heart, loving every minute of it. In the daytime, I was still posing, or, on other occasions, doing extra work in movies. At night, I was first to arrive at the theatre and last to leave—a dynamo of activity, on duty to see that all props were in the right place, rushing into my Hugo make-up, then downstairs and up again as an old man with one line to speak, fervently memorizing the entire script between whiles. Victor Hugo had no lines, but I foraged in the Public Library, going through every record of Hugo I could find for material for my "characterization."

I think that was one of the happiest periods of my life. It was climaxed on the night when one of the principals was taken to the hospital for an emergency operation and I was shot into his place. The exquisite terror and grandiloquence of that moment when I left the dark protection of the wings and stepped into the glare of the footlights, alone on the stage with an entire audience looking to me for entertainment! I was still green enough not to be floored and *Belasco* was satisfied with my work. That was glory. No amount of electric lighting of my name since then has approximated the pure gratification of that event.

Progression, after that, followed the usual paths. Except in those few cases of sky-rocketing, the careers of actors do not vary a great deal in pattern and general outline.

For two years, I shared an apartment with Don Cameron, Harry Vermilye and James Wood Morrison—three friends I'm

grateful for. On their advice, I invested some of my savings in lessons with Madame Alberti, a famous teacher of pantomime, diction and all that. It was an invaluable investment—she taught me things I'd never have learned otherwise. She is a remarkable woman. I always call her, when I'm in New York, for the stimulus of her ideas.

Even after "Deburau" I was still pretty naïve. I read in *The American Magazine* an interview with Savage, the producer, in which he said he wanted to find and develop talent among college men. And, those being the days when I believed everything I read, I went straight away to his office. When I told him I was there in answer to his appeal for college talent, he was considerably startled—as people usually were by my unconscious cheek. He was so startled, however, that he had no time to ease out of it and I left the office engaged for a part in "The County Chairman"—a George M. Cohan show I had done at college. Then I did the second juvenile in a road company of "Shavings," came back to New York for a part in Al Jolson's production of "Lei Aloha."

My first real part on Broadway was in a William A. Brady production—"The Law Breaker." John Cromwell was the director. It was the first part of any substance I had had and I was elated. At dress rehearsal, when we were rehearsing the curtain calls, Brady told me to come out with Blanche Yurka and William Courtney for a bow. In spite of my satisfaction with the part, I thought that was a little silly. But on the opening night, I actually got a hand. And a bit later Brady offered me a long-term contract.

I just about lost my balance at that, thinking I had Arrived. Fortunately, I checked myself in time—"Here, here, Bickel. You've still got a terrific lot to learn. You're still going to school." So, with a regretful backward glance at the salary Brady offered, I went off to a stock company in Dayton for twenty-nine weeks. There I played, on the whole, pretty dumb juveniles. But even that, in a stock company, is good training.

Back in New York, I got a job in a show called "Zeno" to be done first in Chicago where it broke a house record set by George Arliss—then came to New York and flopped! John Cromwell saw it during its short Broadway life, however, and offered me a ten-year contract with him. He had just produced "Tarnish" with Ann Harding and wanted two players, man and woman, under personal contract for future plays. The woman he had in mind, by the way, was a girl called Florence Eldridge who had been a sensation in "Bewitched." I got her to marry me, eventually.

I signed with Cromwell—having profound respect for his judgment and talent. My name bothered him, as it had a lot of people. The natural connotation had always been Pickle. We decided on Marcher, then on John March as more succinct. But changing a first name leads to endless confusion so I contracted the spelling of Frederick to the phonetic form, the way it is pronounced. As Fredric March, my first assignment under Cromwell's supervision was the juvenile in "The Melody Man," the first Fields, Rodgers, and Hart show.

Among other things, I did "Puppets" for Brock Pemberton. Miriam Hopkins played the heroine in this. Little did she know I would one day choke her to death in front of a camera in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

I took time off for a trip to Europe. But not enough time. I want to get back there

again—to wander, which is the purest form of traveling. Hurrying back to New York in answer to a cable from Cromwell, I went into his production of "Harvest." From there, I went out to the Elitch Gardens in Denver for summer stock. The leading-lady of the company was Florence Eldridge.

Well, as I said, the leading-lady was Florence Eldridge! As far as I was concerned, heaven had descended right onto that stage. I hadn't met her in New York, but meeting her here seemed to do me no good. In one fell swoop, all my nerve—all that colossal cheek with which I had pounced on Griffith and Savage and a number of others—deserted me. I watched other men hovering around her, trailing devotedly at her heels—and loathed them. I gave the appearance, when she was around, of being not quite right in the head. In short, she upset me spectacularly.

Denver is a beautiful place. Beautiful places are romantic. So I had the aid of props by Nature and Co. anyway. Not that I needed props for my side of it. I'd have been romantic about Florence in Keokuk. I still am, even in Hollywood. But the props of clear moonlight, mountain ranges, sweet breezes and all that helped my cause with her, I think. Anyhow, the following spring, we ran off to Mexico and she married me, thank God!

Well, to return from my love-life to my Art—(I know posterity is all agog)—one show I did in New York was called "The Devil in the Cheese," and in it were Linda Watkins, Bela Lugosi and Dwight Frye—in fact, Hollywood is Old Home Week for theatre products. There were a couple more sessions of stock in Denver and then Florence and I went on the road together in the Theatre Guild Repertory Company, doing "Arms and the Man," "Mr. Pim Passes By," "The Silver Cord," and "The Guardsman." The plays themselves were fun but the tour was badly managed. So very badly arranged that finally we were making train connections at four in the morning or arriving in a town two hours before curtain time. It was miserable. At the finish, we were so exhausted and disgusted we bought a car and drove off to visit our families. And from there, having heard talk about the talking pictures and the subsequent field for stage actors, we blithely continued to California.

When we got here, I did "The Royal Family" on the local boards, and when Paramount offered me a picture job I grabbed it. The idea of a house and garden, living simply and quietly in one place for a while, was too much to pass up. I have felt guilty about it sometimes, since it keeps Florence away from the theatre—and who am I to do that to such a swell actress? However, we are quaint—we hate to be separated and we both enjoy the country gentleman existence we lead out here. Occasionally, when she feels like it, Florence does a play here or in New York. Then the critics get excited and wonder why she doesn't do more.

Well, that seems to be all. And now, how does a biography finish? Perhaps "yours sincerely" would be as good a way as any. Or hobbies, for the human touch. I snare flying-fish in the lily-pond, I sleep in a cave at Santa Monica, I love to curl up in front of the camera with a good book and am devoted to my trained seals.

And now you may all steal quietly from the room to get that sleep you have been wanting all the time. But, on the other hand, no doubt you have been getting it already!

Of Dee I Sing!

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for Paramount right then and there.

Chevalier asked her to take a test the next day for the leading rôle in his picture, "Playboy of Paris." The director was having one of those famous difficulties finding the right girl. Chevalier saw Frances across mounds of commissary food and spotted her as that *type*, although he had no idea whether or not she had ever seen a camera or microphone.

Presto! Frances Dee's name was taken from the unimportant list of studio stock players and placed among the exalted roster of contract stars and featured artists.

Within twenty-four hours of this triumph she achieved another coup by using the round-eyed formula. It seems that several persons in the know at the studio decided that the name Dee must be changed to Deane. Dee, they concluded, sounded trite and looked triter in electric lights, even if it did economize on two letters.

Frances had different ideas when informed of her rechristening. She stormed a bit, then changed her plan of attack. She went to the office of her studio godfathers and looked at them across an imposing mahogany desk with awfully hurt, blue eyes. In her best co-ed manner, gleaned from two years at a mid-western university, she told them how proud she was of her surname, that the Dees had clannish ideas about their name, and she just couldn't bear not to be a Dee, even for a career—but, of course, *they* knew best, and if *they* really wanted her to be a Deane, why of course—and so on, far into the afternoon.

When Frances left the office she was a Dee once more.

It is my guess that Frances' adhesive adherence to the truth is going to get her into a little trouble now and then.

"I was terrible in 'Playboy of Paris,'" she caroled to her first interviewer. "I'm surprised that any director took a chance on me after that."

Tut, tut, Frances, it just isn't done! You blame the story, the director, the writer, the supervisor, anybody, but never yourself.

And then she told another newspaper scribe, that her life's regret is that she did not go on the stage before coming to Hollywood.

"It is just twice as difficult for me to give a satisfactory performance as the girl with footlight experience," she frankly declared upon this occasion. "I have some high hurdles to jump before I'll dare to call myself a real actress."

Having known Frances for more than two years it is interesting to ponder over her intense individualism.

For instance, she is the only woman under sixty of my acquaintance who does not nourish an intense desire for expensive clothes, multi-cylinder motors, jewels, as well as the limelight and a suburb-ful of admirers, masculine gender, of course.

She drives a car of moderate price, wears camel's hair coats and berets. She recently rented a house in Beverly Hills and furnished it in monastically simple taste.

She is never on time for anything or

anyone. Procrastination may be the thief of time, but Frances is on intimate terms with the burglar.

She is probably one of the half dozen people breathing the ether of Hollywood today who sincerely welcome criticism about their work, their conduct, even their clothes.

Her one extravagance is adding to the beginnings of a book collection. This little item, I unearthed by visiting her new home. So far Frances has not learned the value of revealing such highbrow publicity.

She never stays out later than one-thirty, no matter how gay the party, being sensible about getting a normal amount of sleep.

She believes that all controversy over careers *versus* marriage is ridiculous, and states she will marry the moment she becomes matrimonially minded and the man asks her to share his earthly goods.

She owns the smallest hands and feet of any actress on the Paramount lot, as well as the easiest complexion to photograph.

Her two-year-old-nephew calls her Pal and the studio publicity department calls her the Duchess.

Hollywood's most lionized astrologer of the moment predicted for the press several months ago, that Frances Dee would receive more opportunities for stardom during 1932 and 1933 than any other young player in the colony. He did not reveal what she would do with these opportunities, but remember Frances has a very "chippy" chin, and very round, blue eyes!

Pat and Patricia

Continued from page 67

O'Brien. Exceedingly diverse parts, too.

Next to marrying Patricia, the biggest thrill Pat has had out of life recently is to have been chosen by the Masquers as the Jester at their Revel.

The best way to find out a story victim's personal likes and dislikes, is to ask the other fellow. So I proceeded that night under the moon at the O'Briens' beach home at Malibu. It was a dirty trick to spoil the moon, but then there are other moons, and besides, the victims became so intrigued with exposing each other that it was more fun than playing "murder" or charades.

"Pat likes to bring unexpected men home for dinner," ran Patricia's opening shot. "And particularly when I have something like artichokes that won't stretch. I never have known a man to love company so much. If we go on a party he's the first to arrive and the last to leave."

Retorted Pat, "To that first crack, I'll say there are times when a fellow needs a pal for protection; to the second, I have never noticed you holding back on that party racket—darlin'."

To prevent a Donnybrook fair I took each victim aside for the confidences thereafter. And did I find things out?

For instance: Pat hates all card games, chiefly bridge, but he'll shoot craps any time, any place. He likes baseball and football games and he never misses a fight, if he can help it. He was an athlete at Marquette University, an all-American quarterback until he played Notre Dame (as he puts it), but he now confines his exercise to volley and handball, or an occasional game of tennis. He has never succumbed to chasing the little white golf ball around a course, and he hates horse-

back riding. In fact, he hardly knows the front of the horse from the rear, and he promises faithfully that we will never see any pictures of him as a polo player.

Take Patricia. Now she loves to play bridge, and is one of the best horsewomen in Hollywood. Really can ride like a show-woman. She does like to play tennis and would like to play golf. And she takes in the fights, baseball, and football games with Pat, but I suspect that in this she is just being Pat's pal.

Harking back to that dinner crack, I may add that Pat never comes to the table when dinner is ready. Usually picks up a newspaper and starts to read. It's just a habit. But it makes Patricia mad.

Unlike most girls Patricia likes her three meals a day, but this luxury doesn't seem to hurt her slender figure. Husky Pat seldom eats breakfast, and lunch only when he is working at the studio. Then only a light one. But he does go for dinner in a hale and hearty way.

Pat actually likes broccoli and Patricia really adores spinach. Pat smokes big cigars. He has never smoked cigarettes, but Patricia, being a modern gal, loves 'em.

Patricia has a secret weakness for banana splits with chocolate ice cream. Also popcorn. Pat loathes sweets.

Secretly Patricia confided to me that Pat is never on time, except at the studio. This is because Pat is extremely conscientious about his work. He is never late on the set. Being on time is one of Patricia's outstanding points.

In dress, Patricia likes and looks best in sports clothes. Pat has always been a conservative dresser, although in summer he has a weakness for white or gray flannels with green pin stripes and white

flannel caps. Outside of this, he doesn't go for Hollywood eccentricities such as golf knickers, open-neck shirts and sports coats. He positively loathes turtle neck sweaters. And what he thinks of a guy who wears a beret!

Pat hates to wear a tuxedo or dress suit, yet he looks grand in evening clothes. Like most husbands he hates to dance, although he is a good dancer. Patricia has to do the driving when they don't take the chauffeur, as Pat refuses to drive. He likes to motor, if someone else does the driving. Patricia liked Fords until Pat gave her a Cadillac for Christmas, and now she likes Cadillacs. Pat still rides around in the Ford.

In books, they both like Irish folk stories. Patricia likes autobiographies and Pat likes poetry. What Irishman doesn't? They are both mad about music, particularly Pat, and they have a box at the Hollywood Bowl where they seldom miss a symphony during the summer.

Patricia's favorite flower is the yellow rose, and Pat sends her plenty. Pat likes sweetheart roses. More sentiment. Green is Patricia's favorite color, and Pat's is blue. And how blue fits him.

Pat detests affectation and artificiality in men and women. Also hates to see women use make-up. Raises Cain with the little woman when he catches her at the mas-cara.

Pat likes his wife to be affectionate over the telephone, but is a bit shy face to face. And here's a tip, girls. When the O'Briens have a battle, Pat spends the next day off shopping for Patricia. In fact, he likes to shop. He gets a kick out of surprising Patricia with negligees and nighties.

Pat is always bringing a new dog home,

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usually a Scottie, but Patricia has to take care of them and exhibit them in the dog shows. Pat also likes to gather up orphan kids and bring them down to the beach house for a day of real fun. He gets a kick out of playing beach games with the kids, even though he isn't crazy about the ocean. Patricia is one of the best swimmers in the Malibu colony, but Pat seldom goes in the ocean.

Among Pat's closest pals in Hollywood are Wally Ford, Bill (Stage) Boyd, Walter Catlett, Matt Moore, Jimmy Gleason, Lewis Milestone and Spencer Tracy. Pat and Spencer started as kids together in Milwaukee, in the Great Lakes Training School and later in New York dramatic school, and still later in many a play in stock, one-night stands and Broadway.

Pat claims he owes much of his stage training to Jimmy Gleason, in whose Milwaukee stock company he worked. He thinks Helen Hayes is just about the finest actress on stage or screen. He once played opposite her in "Coquette."

He met Patricia when they had the leading rôles in the Chicago company of "Broadway," and they honeymooned to Hollywood when Pat got his first break in

pictures. And that's how *that* came about!

You mustn't get the idea from this rambling story that Pat and Patricia are a study in contrasts. They have many likes and dislikes in common.

Both like and seldom miss a stage play. They loved Coney Island when they were poor struggling troupers, and they particularly liked the rolling chairs. Now that they are getting on, they still get a kick out of the Pacific Coast's Coney Island, Venice.

They both hate posing for portraits. They both dislike swanky Hollywood parties. And they don't fly.

Are they superstitious *Are they?* Pat won't light three on a match, but Patricia will. Pat will walk under a ladder, but Patricia won't. Nor will she go round a post. Throw a hat on the bed in Pat's house and you're out. Whistle in his dressing room and you get hit with a shoe. Thirteen is their lucky number.

They both like kids. And old folks.

Patricia wants a boy and Pat wants a girl.

"I hope we get twins," said Patricia.

"If we do we'll name them Pat and Patricia," said Pat.

Hot Off the Ether

Continued from page 68

an array of accessories that would do justice to a college town haberdashery.

Their names are John, Herbert, Harry and Donald. John, the eldest, is 21; Donald, the youngest, 17. John sings bass, tuba and third trumpet. Herbert voices the second trumpet, saxophone and trombone. Harry does the first trumpet and baritone solos. Born and raised in Piqua, Ohio, they got their start, believe it or not, as singers of chords in their father's barber shop. They developed their quartet technique when the family moved to Bellefontaine, obtained little local jobs at smokers and socials.

Last year they moved to Cincinnati, and it was there they got the radio start that led eventually to the big time. They won a place on the schedule of a local station, obtained the services of a shrewd manager who kept them busy perfecting their instrumental imitations, rehearsing song after song until he felt they were ripe for New York.

Then one warm afternoon they sat patiently in the reception room outside the office of Ralph Wonders, director of the artists' bureau of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Finally, they were ushered in. They gave their names, said they sang. Wonders played a hunch, arranged an immediate audition. The brothers sang only one number. It was enough for Wonders. He rushed them into a studio which was "piping" an orchestral audition to the private office of William S. Paley, Columbia's president. Paley kept them busy for an hour—and signed them on the spot.

They're on the spot, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, make no mistake about that. They're among the big shots of radio, capitalizing their talents on every hand—in vaudeville, phonograph records, talking shorts. And all because they had something new to offer, reproducing with their voices tubas and trumpets so accurately that you can't tell the difference. Only one real instrument do they use in their act—an old, cheap guitar. It came from a mail-order house and cost \$6.25.

Columbia has other big shots of the microphone—specifically, Morton Downey

and Kate Smith. Their rise has also been spectacular. Not so long ago they were comparatively inconspicuous figures on the stage.

Life's Ups and Downeys

Downey is a protégé of the old Tammany leader, Jimmy Hagan. Gifted with an unusually high tenor that seemed especially adapted to Irish ballads, Destiny early marked him for the theatre. But before the theatre called he had hard sledding earning a living. He sold insurance, phonographs; was a news and candy butcher on the New Haven Railroad.

His "break" came when he was included among the guests of the Leviathan in a trial run of the liner in 1923. Certain influential men aboard heard him sing, liked his voice, helped him to obtain engagements.

Downey is a superstitious fellow, punctuates almost every sentence by knocking wood. He has as many idiosyncracies as a baseball player. He favors a slouch hat and a turned-up top coat collar. Yet at night he invariably wears full evening dress, with opera hat.

He likes to drive his own car, a gargantuan Hispano Suiza; is always attempting to clear the street crossings before the signal light changes; raises police dogs; has a fondness for raspberry ice; fears old age; when nervous or agitated bites the nail of his right thumb; carries good luck charms on both ends of a watchless watch chain; can memorize the music and lyrics of a song at a glance; holds nightly auditions for songwriters who hope to interest him in new numbers; reads a newspaper between songs; insists on leading the orchestra while singing; has long, thick eye-lashes and blue-gray eyes. He calls his wife "Lover," hates to be tagged a crooner (says he "just sings"), continually jingles coins in his pockets, loves to tell Irish stories, and knows by heart more than three hundred songs. Was born in Wallingford, Conn., is five feet, ten inches tall; made his stage début at the Sheridan Square Theatre, New York, singing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling"—in a cowboy suit.

Riding Air Waves to Success

In 1919 he signed to sing with Paul Whiteman's orchestra at a weekly figure of \$70; and he toured with Whiteman for years. He held a French horn for effect when not singing. The idea helped put him over—people thought him an excellent singing musician, and when he obtained his release from Whiteman he was getting \$200 a week.

Came next a series of London night clubs, followed by engagements in several Continental resorts; then to New York, where he opened his own club. Next, a trip to Hollywood to make a picture called "Mother's Boy." His movie career was short and sweet, the sweet part to him being his marriage to Barbara Bennett after a whirlwind three-week courtship.

The breaks began to go against him and he went into comparative obscurity. Back to London he went, again scored in night clubs. Longing for home and American recognition, he cabled William S. Paley for a niche in radio.

Paley answered "yes." He opened a night club here and sang over the air. Fan mail poured in and he was given a nightly 7 o'clock period, serving as Columbia's answer to N.B.C.'s "Amos 'n' Andy."

He became an overnight radio sensation and introduced his own song, "Wabash Moon," which quickly found a place in the best-seller list. Sponsors dickered for his services and he was signed by the Camel cigarette people for a six-nights-a-week program. Today his star is not quite as high as it was six months or a year ago, but it is still high enough to stamp him probably as the biggest individual money-maker in radio.

The Sun Shines Over Kate

Despite her avoirdupois, Kate Smith is about the busiest artist to be found in or out of radio. Check it up, my comrades: radio rehearsals and broadcasts, engagements in vaudeville—she holds the record for New York's Palace, a season of thirteen consecutive weeks last Fall—recordings, benefit shows, motion picture house personal appearances, writing the continuity of her radio programs, answering in person a carload of fan mail.

She's got her share of foibles, too. Kate has been atop the Empire State Building countless times since the structure was opened and knows most of the building personnel by name. She wears no street make-up and tried out her voice on her maid whom she calls "Floyd", while putting on her stage make-up. Her speaking voice is as hearty as her singing voice. The theme song of her La Palina Cigar program, "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain," is her most prized possession. She was co-lyricist with Howard Johnson.

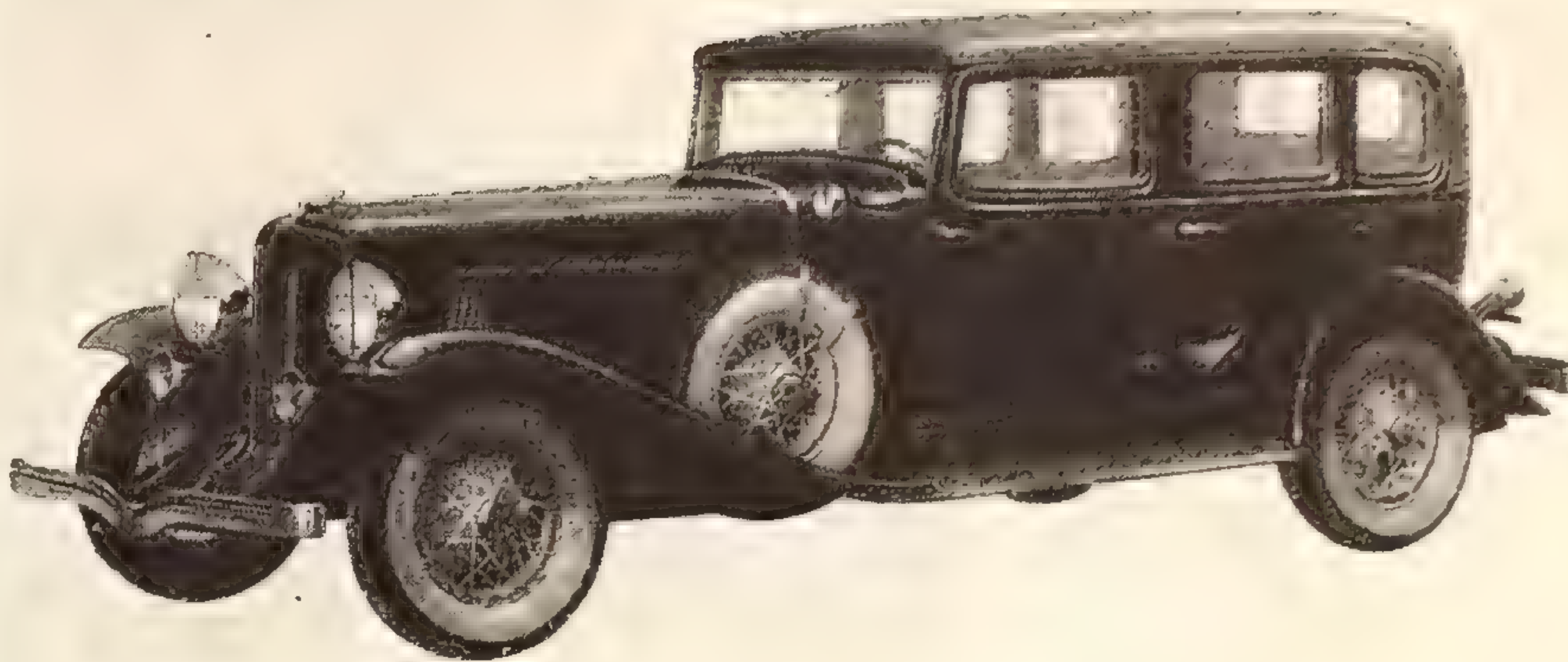
The most robust of all the crooners, male or female, she hates to shop for clothes. Loves perfume and has about five hundred bottles of rare scent. When she wears glasses she puts them on the tip of her nose. Never took singing lessons, and knows a song after hearing it for the second time. Capitalizes upon her weight. Insists she is probably the happiest woman in the land, mainly because she refuses to diet. Devours candy between meals.

When at the microphone she leads the musicians with one handkerchiefed hand. Is essentially a home-body. Has no masculine interests. Her close friends call her Katherine. Next to perfumes her chief hobbies are water-sports and cooking. Prides herself on her recipes and has all the latest gadgets useful to the culinary art. Is as sentimental as she seems in her songs.



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America's First Crooner

While America is familiar with the voice of Rudy Vallee it does not know much about the personality, who, more than any other figure, has made crooning a big business in the land.

Before the NBC microphone Vallee, now performing on the Fleischmann Yeast Program, is as much at home as a duck on a lily-studded pond. From the moment he steps into the studio for rehearsal things happen. In contrast to the soothing manner that he imparts to his singing and to the tones of his orchestra, he is an aggressive, driving program leader who tolerates no incompetence from his men during working hours. He greets them with wisecracks, listens to their troubles. Once at work he is a severe taskmaster.

While singing on the radio Vallee is accustomed to remove his coat for greater ease of movement, and permits his men to

dispense with collars and coats. This is one reason visitors are banned from his broadcasts. The other is that an audience might prove distracting to him and his musicians.

Vallee hooks his tenor saxophone over one arm, leaving one arm free for directing. His larger baritone saxophone is suspended from a specially built stand with rollers. When singing he almost touches the microphone with his lips, jams one hand into a pocket, turns his back to the orchestra and signals any necessary directions over his right shoulder.

He closes his eyes while singing, unless he must read his lyrics. It is a habit, he once explained, formed several years ago when he had to face a blinding spotlight. As his audience is unseen, there is nothing to look at in the studio anyway except Graham McNamee, the big noun-and-adjective man.

With guest artists, particularly those

unfamiliar with the microphone, Vallee is extremely courteous, patient and cooperative. He places his continuity and music on a stand within easy reach. On one occasion he was introducing a new song and in the midst of it realized he had forgotten the lyrics. The written words had disappeared from the stand. Immediately, he filled in words *ex tempore*. No one noticed the discrepancy except the publisher.

At the conclusion of each broadcast Rudy Vallee addresses his orchestra, complimenting the men on particularly fine instrumentations, bawling them out for any mistakes. They discuss the program and offer ideas for change. Vallee calls out last minute instructions and then dashes out for the next job in his busy life.

And it's one job after another—and every one of them lucrative. Vallee's income continues to be one of the largest in radio. He saves, they say, most of it. Wise man!

Beauty and the Beach

Continued from page 65

electricity in a battery. This will give you a vibrant presence, add magnetism to your personality. The right sort of exercise will take surplus tummy and hips and put them on your chest. Just a simple matter of subtraction and addition! And after a day of violent, happy, carefree play, you learn again the meaning of relaxation, of grace in repose that makes of resting a royal sport.

Water is the finest Doctor in the world. Dear old H-2-O! Soothes, refreshes, revives and cleanses us! Does anybody in the world use enough of it? Drink enough of it? Absorb enough of it? When you are swimming and feel your body gliding

through the velvet fingers of water, you can just be grateful for the summer that lets you get out into it. Grand old summer! The time of tinkling ice, tempting salads and—I hate to say it—sunburn. But just prepare yourself well against the ravages of the sun and go out to get the full benefit of it.

If you can't afford to go to a beach, try your own back yard and the garden hose. But get wet all you can, and sunbathe until frosty air chases you into the house.

I hope you have a real vacation this summer, even if you stay at home and get it. A vacation is just a complete change

nervously and mentally that reflects in your body. You can *decide* to have a vacation by changing your own routine at home, getting a happier, less tense attitude toward everything and everybody. Then you can spend your money on fall clothes instead of country hotels. The depression can never rob you of the ability to think what you please about yourself and your days. So do have a real vacation—for your beauty's sake. You can, if you *will*, make it so perfect that you will want to remember it always.

The memory of it will bob up like "The Forgotten Dream" of Charles Hanson Towne, "that longed to be remembered."

Must Careers Kill Love?

Continued from page 25

and regard that as his just contribution to mutual matrimonial success.

We may as well be frank about it. Most of these wrecked matrimonial romances between actors and actresses are the direct outcome of wounded masculine egos, masculine jealousy. It's the same in many other professions. It takes a peculiarly unselfish, generous man, steeped in good sportsmanship, to gallantly play second-fiddle to a professionally successful wife. Dr. Rinehart has achieved it for his wife, Mary Roberts Rinehart, the famous author, but even she, in her autobiography, tells what a test her success proved for Dr. Rinehart.

Was it this condition which really killed Jaime Del Rio? When the Del Rios first came to Hollywood Dolores was the adoring wife. Jaime's authority was consulted upon all things, his consent obtained for her every move. They had been reasonably well-off and Jaime a successful provider. But as Dolores became famous, as her salary soared beyond anything Jaime could match, as producers and directors usurped the place of authority with his Dolores and he became of less and less importance in her life, he couldn't endure it. Jaime died of a broken heart—and a dreadfully wounded masculine ego.

The situation of the titled husbands of famous women, à la the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, the Princes Serge and David Mdivani is less painful. Their titles help enormously in balancing the account. But even so, not for long. The

Marquis and Gloria Swanson could not make a go of it, although he struggled to win success as a director. It remains to be seen how he will fare with Connie, although he is striving to write, and is directing foreign versions of pictures. But no matter what he does, Connie's fame must ever exceed his, and so likewise Connie's salary.

We have heard what happened in Pola's menage when Prince Serge was under the necessity of accepting financial aid from her. Prince David Mdivani had his trials while Mae Murray seemed to be staging a come-back, but the tempest passed as Mae's "come-back" failed to gleam as brightly as before, and his own oil interests picked up nicely, thank you.

Doug and Mary have travelled a difficult matrimonial road. For two or three years now rumors of pending divorce have hovered. But these two were both famous. When talkies came in, both were at a slight loss to know how to proceed. At first it seemed that Mary, with "Coquette," would be the first to resume fame, but soon it had see-sawed in favor of Doug after "Reaching for the Moon." Their effort at dual fame in "The Taming of the Shrew" didn't prove so happy—and we rather felt they were taking a lot of suppressed emotion out on each other in those fight scenes, after their heroic efforts not to work it off in private life.

But now things are normal again. Doug's travel pictures have restored his *amour propre*, and Mary has postponed

new productions. Likewise, or perhaps hence, all rumors of divorce have died down.

Doug, Jr. and Joan Crawford are another couple enjoying dual success, dual fame, with a slight edge in favor of Joan. Like the Bannisters, these two have been cited as a model married couple of sustained romance. And, like Doug, Sr. and Mary, they are working honestly, with every effort at good sportsmanship, to maintain the status quo. It isn't easy when both have such compelling outside interests that must so often take precedence over domestic affairs. Both get home with frazzled nerves, both have their studio struggles, and, of course, quite often their playtime doesn't coincide at all. One may be working when the other is not, that can happen aggravatingly often. So long, however, as Joan's fame and fortune do not soar too dazzlingly beyond Doug Junior's, and nothing publicly happens to wound Doug's ego, they will win out.

Ina Claire married John Gilbert at a critical time, just as talkies came in and imperilled John's glamorous popularity. All might have been well had Ina made a nice modest little success, and John had maintained his picture supremacy. But the situation did painful things to Gilbert's masculine ego, and Claire herself was a bit boggled with Hollywood, so different from New York, and her nerves were on edge as she endeavored to master this new technique. So each was more sorry for himself, more concerned with his own

career, than the other's—and *voilà*, another romance had gone a-glimmering!

John Barrymore and Dolores Costello appear to be happily successful in their matrimonial affairs. But then, you see, Dolores went in for motherhood right away, and John's success in pictures remained unimpaired. John could remain the head of the family, the authoritative partner. No challenge to his ego. And now this second baby—yes, Dolores, or Destiny, has chosen the safer way for these two.

Mildred Lloyd fretted a little under her wifely seclusion at first. Even now she breaks out once in a while and tries to tease Harold into letting her make another picture. But the safety and happiness of that marital ship is well protected so long as Mildred stays off the screen and Harold remains a popular celebrity.

Hollywood is watching Dorothy Mackaill and Neil Miller with interest. Here there is no question whose star is ascendant, whose purse the most weighty, whose fame the most glamorous. The very fact that Neil was described as a "wealthy sugar planter" for publicity purposes was interesting—he isn't known in that guise at Honolulu. In Hollywood he is a "crooner," but not a dangerous menace to Bing Crosby or Rudy Vallee. He is a nice personable young man and possibly he is not embarrassed with enough ego to get wounded, especially as being "Dorothy Mackaill's husband" has been his chief dis-

tingtion to date. This marriage may prove a glittering success, since any fame Neil may have is yet to come, whilst Dorothy may perforce find domesticity a bit compelling.

A couple who have flouted all the gossips and stand forth to date as exception to all the rules, are Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman. Here both are successful and have evidently not allowed professional jealousies to intrude between them.

Bill Powell and Carole Lombard may succeed in holding the fort as the Tashman-Lowe outfit has, if both remain equally successful. Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes are due for congratulations. As Ruth soared, Ralph's affairs seemed to dwindle, but Ralph kept his head up and his ego well in control, and now seems to be about to reap his reward. Not only are his picture chances improving, and his writing ability winning notice, but he is the star of a play being directed by Ruth herself at a San Francisco theatre. So that ought to work out nicely.

No one knows how Rudolf Sieber is bearing up under Marlene Dietrich's fame and wealth, but he showed infinite good sportsmanship upon his visit to Hollywood. Garbo, however, is taking no chances on matrimony involved with this career question. Perhaps the Garbos of this world choose the safer way—until lords of creation have learned to keep their egos under control.

Love Secrets of Kay Francis

Continued from page 55

before very long that I was very, very fond of him!"

Just before their marriage, Kay and Kenneth went house-hunting and discovered a quaint, gabled English house, very spacious and surrounded by shady trees and shrubs. Here, today, they live happily amid early Colonial furnishings and many rare and costly antiques. "Ken is particularly fond of them," commented Kay, "due largely, perhaps, to the fact that many of his ancestors were New Englanders."

Each has his own separate apartment.

"I believe in that idea most thoroughly," admitted Kay. "And especially when the husband and wife are practically of the same profession. A wife, in my humble opinion, should always strive to remain just a trifle aloof and retain her own individuality. Too many marriages that I could name have floundered hopelessly—largely because of too much intimacy. No man or woman likes to be bored or tired out and if they are always together and never out of the other's sight—well, you never can tell what might happen! I earnestly hope no man will ever say I tire or bore him!"

"On the other hand, I believe absolutely in the 'give and take' angle of marriage. Every wife, I think, should give her husband her whole-hearted love and companionship. She should try to be a real pal to him—do things he wants to do and go places he wants to go. She should see that he has all he wants to eat and what he wants to eat. After all, that old saying that 'the way to a man's heart is through his stomach' has many good points to it! She should see that the home is always in order and comfortable for him. All these little things really count in the long run in the making of a truly successful marriage.

"One reason that our own marriage has been so happy and successful so far is that my husband and I are firm friends and our respect for each other is mutual. Our love is founded on a firm basis and not on mere

infatuation. I won't say that we will never be divorced or will keep on being happy forever for I find that folks who insist on those points are the very ones who in the end surprise all their friends by actually having wrecked marriages! But I will say this—I don't honestly see at the present time how anything big enough could ever come between Kenneth and me to separate us!"

Furthermore, Kay believes fewer divorces would result if long engagements or, at least, long friendships were the practice. She substantiates this belief with fact—her own and Kenneth MacKenna's lives being the examples. Previous to their marriage, these two were friends for many years and were engaged secretly for several months before taking the final leap.

"Naturally, all marriages do not succeed regardless of the preparation and thought given them," admitted Kay. "It isn't easy being married in Hollywood in any case. But, at least, one that is the result of a long friendship or engagement has the better chance. Ken and I got our lives all straightened out during the months we went together before our marriage. It wasn't easy at times. We both found that we had to make sacrifices and adjustments. During the early days of our marriage other adjustments were necessary. Some of them weren't easy, but they were very much worth while for they brought a complete understanding between us. You know yourself that when two people are working constantly, unless they watch most carefully they are bound to become too independent and probably peevish and fretful as well, and those are stepping stones toward unhappiness in matrimony."

Kay's pet aversion is rumors (a polite word for gossip), and she has made up her mind never to take any chances with the Hollywood variety. Accordingly, whenever her husband takes a vacation from his work, she takes one, too, if possible. If he goes to New York, along trots his Kay. If he journeys to Agua Caliente, along she



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goes. If he sets forth on a cruise up and down the Pacific, along goes the missus, too.

"I don't want any of those ugly divorce or separation rumors started about us," she says. "I'd much rather lose out on a picture than to be separated from Kenneth for any great length of time."

They recently had their first real vacation together—Kay's first in a year and a half—and they spent the time cruising around the coast in Kenneth's boat. The other day she finished her rôle in "Street of Women" and the next morning reported for work on the set of "The Jewel Robbery," with William Powell. She left Paramount and went to Warner's the first of January and already has completed two pictures. "The Jewel Robbery" is her third and "S. S. Atlantic," her fourth, will be completed before June 1st, which is something of a record for speed. However, Kay is not fretting about the rapid succession of her pictures. Her contract calls for five pictures to be made in two

years. With four completed by June, she and Kenneth hope to be able to take a year off for a visit in Europe before the studios want them again. Not a bad idea at that!

Both these young people take a keen interest in each other's work.

"I was never quite so happy as when Ken was made a full-fledged director and signed a contract calling for a beautiful salary," beamed Kay. "I was, in fact, so tickled that I left my work and went right down to his studio and onto the set and spent the rest of the day there with him!"

"Both of us are hopeless movie fans, too," she went on, "and when our work permits, we go to see three or four pictures a week. Our favorites are Garbo, Negri, Ronald Colman and Lionel Barrymore. Personally, I have always adored movie stars. Before there was even a possibility of my becoming a screen actress, I'd build up all sorts of glamorous illusions concerning them, and the fact that I am now one of the crowd myself hasn't seemed to change those illusions a bit.

"For instance, Pola Negri used to hold me enthralled and I'd often say to myself: 'Oh, she must be the most gorgeous and magnificent person in the world!' When I came out here and met her I was so awed for a moment that I couldn't think of a thing to say! You see, I couldn't overcome my early illusions of her. Garbo affects me that way, too. So often you hear people say that it must be terribly disillusioning to work on the sets. Strangely enough, although I work continually in that atmosphere, my reactions to the final production are in no way affected by my knowledge of how it's made.

"Why, when I saw James Dunn enacting that scene in the doctor's office in 'Bad Girl,' I actually found myself beginning to shed tears! And at the same time, I knew that Frank Borzage probably spent all morning or possibly all week coaxing up that particular scene! But that knowledge couldn't reduce my emotion at all. It was such a fine performance that I believed it was all actually taking place!"

Hawaiian Love

Continued from page 31

regard and keeps repeating in Hawaiian 'Do it again.' *Johnny* eagerly obliges." Gradually, he teaches her to speak English and he acquires many of her native phrases.

You will be touched by the tender love scenes and worry over the plight of the two when the tribe puts the tabu on them. The barbaric mating dance, in which *Luana* leads forty dusky brides-to-be, is one of the great spectacles which will enthrall you. And the furore which is caused when she runs away with the white youth on the eve of her marriage to the chosen native swain is—well, you'll have to see and hear that excitement personally!

For a time the two find forbidden happiness in a primitive paradise of their own making. They flee to an uninhabited island and there build their own thatched hut. The volcano's eruption is blamed by the tribe on *Luana*, who has angered the gods by forsaking her people for a white man and becoming the mother of his child.

There is a tremendous sequence in which the whole population of the village is forced to abandon their homes because of the menacing crater. Five hundred old men, women, children and household pets are crammed into a hundred out-rigger canoes, manned by three hundred young native men, in the flight.

The medicine man persuades *Luana* that she can appease their gods only by a human sacrifice. Torn between her love for the American and her superstition, she is finally convinced that she, alone, can save

her tribe. Slipping away from *Johnny* she makes the dramatic climb up the slope of the volcano, the tom-toms rhythmically beating time as she marches to her doom.

Her lover's desperate attempt to catch up with her and save her from flinging herself into the seething lava is the terrific climax. It is undoubtedly one of the greatest scenes ever filmed.

"The younger Hawaiians were inclined to giggle at some of the ceremonies hallowed by tradition," Dolores says, "but they were afraid to ignore them. Did you ever hear of a person being killed by prayer? There are still two *kahunas*—witch doctors—in the islands today whom the backward natives believe possess this ancient power of mental destruction.

"King Vidor wanted proof that it has been done before he put such a happening into the picture. He went to Dr. Nils P. Larson, head of the Queen's Hospital in Honolulu. Dr. Larson said that just recently he had treated a native for whose death a *kahuna* had prayed. Despite all modern science could do, the man simply wasted away. They could discover no known disease and an autopsy after his death revealed nothing!"

In dealing with the natives in a remote spot, Vidor found that the chief was the head jailer of the district. So he had to go to jail whenever he wanted to get action among the tribesmen who worked as extras. One day Dolores was commanded to appear before that dignitary. He wanted an autographed picture of her!

She generously signed two for him.

If you wish to see Diamond Head, Waikiki Beach, and all the other beauty spots which nature has lavished upon these Pacific islands, you will watch for "The Bird of Paradise." And if you wonder what the hula is really like—! Dolores is an expert at the real thing. She learned on a previous trip to Honolulu.

"It is a religious dance with the natives," she tells me. "The accompanying chant of the natives is their singing explanation of the various movements. Honestly, every little movement has a meaning all its own!"

Now, back in Hollywood, their work on this production finished, Dolores and Joel have begun on new films. Dolores is going modern, having her first chance to appear as she is in person. Joel is paying court to one of his favorite screen partners—Constance Bennett.

But busy as they are at the studio, they long to return to glorious Hawaii. They are anxiously awaiting the verdict of the public on their supreme effort. Dreamers themselves, *Luana* and *Johnny* are the pagan lovers Dolores and Joel might have been had not Fate put them in Hollywood and ordered their lives differently. Soon Dolores hopes she and Cedric Gibbons, to whom she is happily married, will have time for a Honolulu jaunt. And as for Joel, all he needs is a girl who can inspire him to Go Tropical. "The Bird of Paradise" showed him what a swell existence it would be!

The Constance Nymph!

Continued from page 23

handsome men being "brothers" to her.

But that doesn't mean Connie isn't capable of a mighty "grande passion" one of these days. Her kind of girl reserves her strongest emotions for the real thing.

There's a Roland Youngish trait in Connie. She likes to tease, and even, oh, dear, to confuse perfect strangers. One of her pet pranks is to gaze at the top of a stationary bus and call "Oh, Sam!" There is always a Sam within hearing on the bus, so all the Sams start responding eagerly and pointing inquiringly to themselves, whereupon she will smile sweetly and point elsewhere. Then the bus drives on.

The sure-fire trick of gazing at a high building and collecting a crowd gives Connie no end of a kick. She also loves to chat pleasantly with perfect strangers at functions, seeming to know them well, and trapping them into pretending they know her, as they flounder for her name. She does all these things with a dangerously artless innocence.

Connie lives with mother and brother in a modest house in Hollywood, and middle-western relatives frequently come out for visits.

"You know the kind, they all knew me as a child," beams Connie.

But she does her duty, takes 'em to

lunch, and lets them "I remember you when—" as long as they like.

I suspect Connie of literary ambitions. She says she cannot write—good evidence that she has tried. I can picture her, à la John Gilbert, writing a gay satiric scenario for herself one of these days and wheedling the studio into letting her star in it. It'll be good, too, unless I miss my bet.

Connie looks awfully fetching in a riding habit or a bathing suit, but she likes both of 'em best without the horse or the ocean. She is equally recalcitrant in the matter of cooking—you couldn't get this damsel to assure her dear public that she is really very domesticated and just adores to cook

at home. Besides, ma and brother would give her away!

She's comfortably indifferent about her clothes, except for the screen, where she is perfectly normally feminine and wants to look as charming as possible. Not even her fondest admirers could call Connie beautiful, but she is a thoroughly natural attractive person.

Connie says she went to just one grand premiere—and never again. She thinks they are too stupid for anything, especially

that tosh everyone talks over the microphone. You should hear the bad girl mimic some of them!

She drives a Ford and hopes it'll blossom into a little Rolls-Royce one of these days. She feels that maybe, when a piquant part shows up in a script and she can persuade Columbia not to say, "Oh, that would never do for Cummings," a lot of other things might begin to blossom too. That's what happens when one gets tagged as a "nice girl" in pictures!

Strained Interlude

Continued from page 59

people, I did that scene fine. Only the tempo was a bit too slow; you shoulda known better than that, Wunch.

WUNCH: Yes, Mr. Blivitz. (*I mean no, Mr. Blivitz.*)

Blivitz: All right, now, let's go ahead and finish the sequence. Lots of pep, please. (*Come out of the chloroform, goofs!*)

(Gong. They resume their places.)

NITA: So you'll strike me, will you?

(She takes a gun out of her purse and points it at Horace.)

BELLA: Ee-ek! Don't shoot! (*I hope it's loaded!*)

HORACE: Go on, you're afraid to shoot. You're yellow! You hear me, just plain yellow! (*Gee, she's a honey. Wonder if she'd go out with me to-night?*)

NITA: You rat! (*She fires a blank at Horace. He clutches at his heart, gasps, and falls to the floor.*)



That's very sporting of Leila! Olympic days are coming, so Miss Hyams trots out these "Olympic" pajamas, illustrating several different kinds of sport.

BLIVITZ (interrupting): No, no, no. That's terrible, simply awful! That's no way to die. Wait a minute, I'll show you how to die.

HORACE

BELLA

NITA

WUNCH

(*Oh, boy! If only*)

BLIVITZ: Now, let's go through that part again. (He takes Horace's place, and Nita fires at him. Blivitz, taking it big, throws his arms into the air, staggering, cartwheeling and pirouetting all over the



Back to work at last! Gary Cooper's first picture since his return from his jaunt to Africa will be "The Devil and the Deep," in which he will play opposite Tallulah Bankhead.

set. Finally he crashes into the camera, throwing it to the ground and smashing it. All stand looking at him horrified.)

BLIVITZ (picking himself up, purple with rage): Wunch, Wunch, WUNCH! You crack-brained, google-eyed half-wit! Why did you have that camera so close up, hey? So you could damage the picture? So you could spoil a whole day's work? So you could ruin my art? Just for that we work to-night, and every night until the picture is finished. Do you hear that, everybody?

NITA: Yes, Mr. Blivitz. (*Oh, goody! Horace will have to sock me again!*)

HORACE: Yes, Mr. Blivitz. (*Aw, nerts! No date to-night!*)

BELLA: Yes, Mr. Blivitz. (*Oh, why did I ever leave that good old soda fountain?*)

WUNCH: Yes, Mr. Blivitz. (*!!***!- *?*****?!!*)

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Roses and Razzes—Continued from page 7

comedies realize how well "animal" antics go over. I have heard more comments on Mickey Mouse and other animal comedies than on the feature pictures. If we are to have short skits accompanying the main picture, couldn't there be more dogs or ducks as characters instead of slapstick comedies, which really look as if there had been only five minutes in which to get them finished and no one really cared what the plot was about?

I'm for giving dumb animals a break!

Mrs. W. C. Anger,
701½ DeForest St.,
Bellingham, Wash.

ONE BIG EMBRACE!

Marie Dressler—what an actress she is! Bless her heart, she is as young as the youngest. She may have been with us a long time, but she is young still.

I've seen pictures of hers that I liked better than others, but I don't remember seeing any that I didn't like at all. But Marie Dressler in "Emma"! There just isn't any word that does her justice. She is marvelous—grand—that is little enough to say!

More people turn out for Marie, as well as for many of the other veterans, than for the younger stars. Nor do I mean to knock the youngsters, who deserve all praise. Here's to them all—long may they twinkle!

Clara Eastridge,
448 West First St.,
El Dorado, Ark.

A FAN'S PHILOSOPHY

When we see a directorial masterpiece like "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," or a superbly acted drama such as "Emma," or a clever little comedy, we rave over them, send out a plea for more, and feel like thanking the producers, directors, and cast personally for giving us such fine pictures. And then, when a mediocre picture comes along, there are always a great many complaints.

Most of us have learned to take the bad with the good in other walks of life, so

why not be philosophical about the movies? I for one will agree to take them as they come, if they will give us an exceptionally good one once every month or so.

U. L. Crump,
87 Belmont St.,
Rochester, N. Y.

TUNE UP, RAMON!

Recently I saw Ramon Novarro in "Mata Hari." He certainly gave his best performance since I saw him in "Son of India," and has proven that he is a capable actor. But it would make me, and also other fans, happy to hear Ramon sing in his future films. He really has a marvelous voice and a suitable accent; and furthermore he possesses a splendid physique, although he hasn't any of those bulging muscles such as one sees on an overtrained athlete.

Olga Lea,
893 Royal Road,
Cleveland, Ohio.

A RENALDO FAN

I haven't seen Duncan Renaldo since "Trader Horn." His sensitive features, manly bearing, attractive voice, and agreeable accent make an intriguing personality which I had expected to see starred very soon. It would not be easy to find suitable vehicles for him, but I think he is unusual enough to make a real hit.

Duncan would make a big drawing card, as big as Ramon Novarro, if given the chance. Please ask the directors to give him something good to do before he goes stale.

Mrs. C. R. Little,
18 S. Reed Ave.,
Mobile, Ala.

A FENTON FAN

I've been watching Leslie Fenton in all of his pictures, and, although he isn't a star, he deserves a big hand for being a finished actor. They say that the women in the audience don't admire the rascals

on the screen. I must be different, because I get a thrill watching Mr. Fenton. His acting is so natural, his voice so well-modulated, and his appearance so pleasing.

It is strange he isn't a star, but, possibly, he doesn't aspire in that direction. But he's a good sport—doing his best with the parts assigned to him, and playing any character he's called upon to play.

I hope the directors cast him in a dozen pictures this year, and I'll bet before the year is over he'll be stealing pictures away from the stars. See if I'm right!

Ruth Barnett,
54419 S. Robertson St.,
New Orleans, La.

ALWAYS LEAVE 'EM LAUGHING!

The trend to comedy pictures is welcomed whole-heartedly by theatre-goers all over the country. In these times directors have found that with cheerfulness and humor scattered profusely through their productions people are responding by maximum attendance.

A good picture always has a touch of warm comedy. Review the hits of the last two years and you will find that comedy rules. People know good, funny attractions and as long as they demand them they will get them.

If real, clean comedy is featured, morals will be influenced for the better, which will add to the popular appeal of pictures. Let us have more comedy in pictures!

Chester Cannon,
289 Pleasant St.,
Worcester, Mass.

A TWO FISTED FILM

"Hell Divers" was truly a magnificent picture with a splendid cast. The entire picture was one thrill after another—genuine thrills. There was something in the love of the man played by Wallace Beery and the Panama dive-keeper played by Marjorie Rambeau that brought tears and heartaches. And the splendid acting of Clark Gable when Wallace Beery was "setting" his broken leg was the grandest bit of make-believe that I have ever seen on the screen. A shudder passed down my spine and I had to blink my eyes to keep the tears back. Then there was the end of Griffin's career, made so real by John Miljan, that caused a lump in my throat. Perhaps I did cry—what of it? I laughed, too! And I hope to see another picture of this sort very soon—for it was truly a man's picture.

F. M. Pipes,
Box 1044,
Texarkana, Tex.

THE OLD FAVORITES!

I have often read that producers are always on the lookout for spectacular themes. Perhaps a suggestion of mine might help.

There surely can be no doubt that such pictures as "Les Misérables," "Ten Commandments," "Dante's Inferno," "Scaramouche," "Noah's Ark," "King of Kings," and "Three Musketeers" were real spectacles of the years past. These and probably numerous others would make truly great revivals.

With the addition of dialogue, music and Technicolor, these old time movies should strike an instantaneous approval with all movie lovers.

Chas. D. Dancer,
4417 West 5th St.,
Mansfield, Ohio.



Here are Kay Francis and director Kenneth MacKenna, her husband, in a pleasant domestic scene. They're inspecting the "ship room," one of the many unusual guest rooms in their home.

Neil Hamilton's Magic Corner

Continued from page 11

Palming and the pass should be practiced before a mirror, so that the student can catch and correct any mistakes.

Armed with the palm, well done, the magician can find a chosen card almost anywhere. One clever move is to lay a hand carelessly on a person's back as he's going through the deck to find the card he chose—and slipping the card under his coat collar. He'll be hunting for the card in the deck—while it'll be in plain sight of everybody else. It's always good for a laugh.

Here is a very good move you'll like, speaking of finding chosen cards. The performer has a card chosen and returned to the deck, allows a spectator to shuffle the cards, then announces that the card is not at the top of the deck. To prove it, he turns back the corner of the top card so that all can see this is the truth. While the card is still in sight, he allows a spectator to put a finger on the card, and *keep it there* while the card is slid from the deck to the table. The spectator keeps his finger on it, holding it down so there can be no substitution.

Still the magician—with a magic word and a ruffle of the cards in the deck he's holding, makes the "Switch." The spectator turns over the card he has his finger on. It's the card which the spectator first

chose. The card he *thought* he saw when the top card was flicked back for him to look at proves to be in the *middle of the deck!*

Complicated? Not at all! Here's how it's done:

This trick, known as a "card change," is a combination of the two moves you have already learned—the pass and the palm. Here is the *modus operandi*.

Let a card be chosen, bring it to the top of the deck my means of the pass. False shuffle, leaving it at the top.

Now pretend to show it by lifting the corner while it is on the deck. *But slip your nail under the second card from the top and tilt this one up* so that this is what the spectator sees. Let him put his finger on the top card—which is really the chosen card though he thinks it's the second card that he's been looking at—and let him keep his finger on it as it is slid off onto the table, where the spectator industriously holds it down.

Make the pass again—which brings the other card to middle of the deck—and the trick is done.

Practice this showing of the second card a little, so the "overlap" of the two cards can't be seen. Just take the deck in your hand and you'll see what I mean.

Alpine Adventurer

Continued from page 51

greatest ambition in life, Mr. Trenker?

"Absolute, but I am also architectural engineer, and I want to build hausen. I like sie Spanish hausen here. Also I have many books to write. I might write one mit Hollywood," he grinned.

Don't, Mr. Trenker! But the fact remains that you are a most versatile fellow.

"Versatile?" It didn't register. The colorful actor knitted his eyebrows and groped courageously in his limited English vocabulary, "Versatile?"

You do many things well.

"Ach!" Trenker laughed boisterously. He thought a minute, and then his face beamed. "In your hat!" he said.

What Does the Future Hold For Garbo?

Continued from page 19

to try her wits against the new invention. Critics doubted her ability to master English and diction. Garbo's fighting spirit was aroused and the way that she came through in "Anna Christie" showed that her ambition was strong and living beneath the surface indifference.

Yet, aside from that production, she was not enthused about her rôles. Life was just one picture after another. The thought of leaving became more alluring. So she began to drop hints here and there that when her current contract was up she was going home.

Then came "Mata Hari" and the remarkable change. For the first time in years—remember she has been a star for seven—she was given a part which intrigued her. Furthermore, she found a delightful and sympathetic friend in Ramon Novarro. He, too, liked solitude and abhorred crowds and the stellar gestures to the grandstand. But Ramon had discovered that he could be himself and still enjoy friendships and good times. Garbo watched and secretly admired him for this.

All work and no play suddenly became monotonous. Garbo decided she needed a holiday. She spent several weeks on

Broadway, attending all the popular shows. Ramon met her and took her out there. They had a grand time, these two foreigners whom Fate brought to America and made wealthy in true Cinderella fashion.

The fact that "Mata Hari" broke all records at M-G-M's ace theatre in New York City—the Capitol—meant a great deal to Garbo. It established her as the most popular star of the talkies.

Her genuine enjoyment of the competition in "Grand Hotel" illustrates her new zest. Playing opposite John Barrymore, scion of America's most famous stage family, was secretly thrilling to the girl who had never done anything of note in the legitimate. And to be described by him as "the Ellen Terry of today" was a compliment she cherishes.

Garbo had never rehearsed before "Mata Hari." Ramon asked her to as a favor, it being his custom. She graciously consented. During the filming of "Grand Hotel" she forgot all about her prejudice against rehearsals and willingly went over her scenes time and again before the cameras started to turn.

This Spring, Garbo has begun to find herself. Hollywood has persecuted her,



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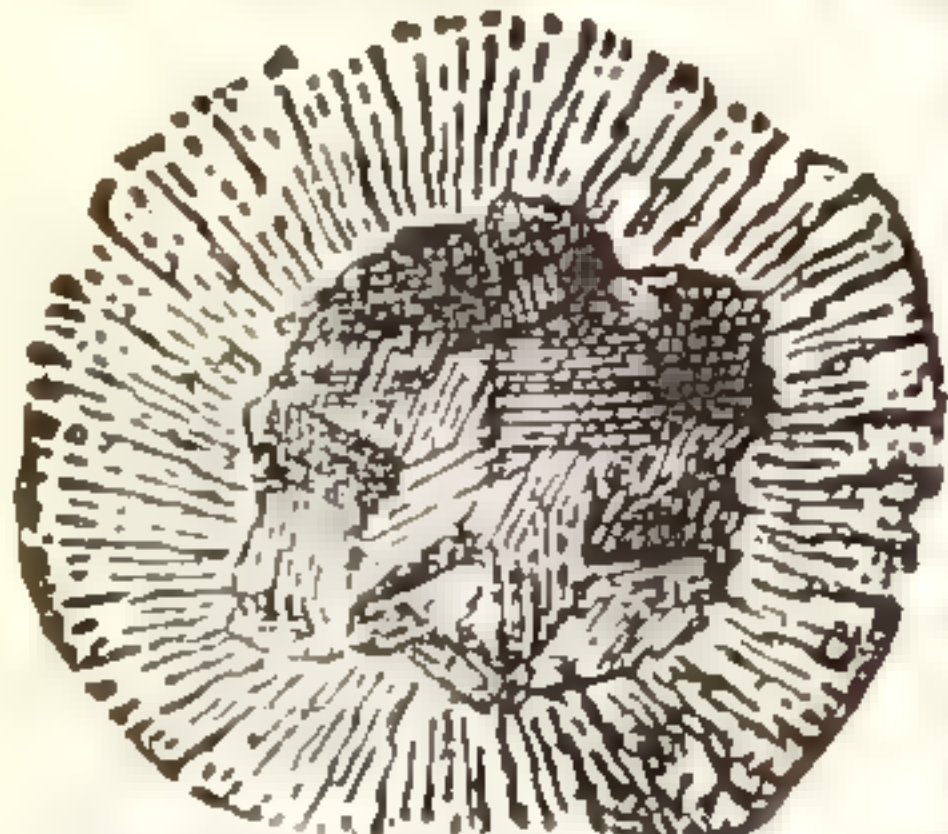
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bothered her, taken away her personal liberty. But in return it has made her a millionaire. It has brought her an untold number of admirers. It has literally laid the world at her feet. And it has changed the shy Greta into the dominant, worldly, polished Garbo we now know.

She is no longer dowdy. Her vanity has been piqued. She has become clothes-conscious. She is learning to relish life. She laughs more. Is she realizing that her career may be just getting into its full swing, or is she happy because she knows she is returning soon to Sweden?

Many are wondering if the noticeable change in Garbo does not portend a new and friendly Greta, one who will not only continue to reign supreme at the box office, but one who will assume her rightful place off-screen. They hope that the sly wit which she reveals to her intimates will become as famous as the silence for which she has been noted. Yet who can

say exactly what this novel mood means to Garbo?

If she elects to stay, will it be because she is offered a larger salary? It is understood that her expiring contract has paid her \$7,000 a week and that she is now asking \$14,000 a week. Does Garbo feel that it is only fair to pay her in proportion to her drawing power?

If she is going home, why is she appearing as a platinum blonde—more startling than ever before—in "As You Desire Me"? To further beguile us before abandoning us?

Is Garbo coming back to us?

Well, maybe you can guess which way she'll decide her future. Do you think she wants an island retreat on the Baltic Sea where she can always be "far from the madding crowd"? Or does she like America better?

Only Garbo knows!

The Truth About Cosmetics

Continued from page 78

we simply must meet these major demands of the season. Here's another one. With sleeves off in town and most everything off on the beach, all of us are wanting a depilatory—an easy, convenient one that doesn't leave an odor. No one wants an unsightly growth of hair. It mars the pink perfection of even the loveliest limbs. So, off with it!

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Still on the subject of hot-weather comfort, have you tried perfumed Linit in your bath? What! You haven't? Well, you can't afford to admit it right out loud, so buy a box (almost every kind of a store sells it because it is so popular) and enjoy the skin-smoothness and perfect finish it gives you. Isn't it fun to get such a luxury for a dime? I always feel as though I had found it and should say, "Thank you!" But, of course, there's nobody to listen except the parrot on the bath-room wall and he has never shown the slightest interest in my ablutions.

Now, a little special attention to your face! When you feel that you want your damp, sticky, summer face to be soapily

clean, remember Woodbury's. Remember, also, that the Woodbury creams are especially designed to work perfectly with the soap. So why not adopt the Woodbury way of face care for the summer? It is all thought out for you. Here is the right facial soap and a cream that belongs with it. You know it is a dependable, established facial treatment that has pleased distinguished women for a long time. I believe in following lines of least resistance in vacation time. Use Woodbury's in hot weather because you know it is good and good for you.

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Next month more news about some of the advance ideas for fall!

Ask Me!

Continued from page 8

with the Canadian Dragoons and after the close of the war, he established himself in Calgary and began the practice of the profession for which he had been educated. In 1926, after many more exciting adventures, he was on the stage in London, England, playing many important rôles. Coming to the U. S. two years ago, he played a featured rôle in the stage production of "Scotland Yard." He made his picture debut in "Strictly Unconventional." He has appeared in "Grumpy," "The Virtuous Sin," "Unfaithful," "Born to Love," "The

Squaw Man," "Transgression," "Always Goodbye," and "Heartbreak" with Charles Farrell and Madge Evans.

Miss Edith F. Your first letter to me but why so scared? I'm no "Frankenstein." So write again and let's be friends. Your favorite, George O'Brien, has been getting good breaks in some snappy films, such as "The Gay Caballero" with Conchita Montenegro and Linda Watkins; "The Rainbow Trail" with Minna Gombell and Cecilia Parker; "Riders of the Purple

Sage" with Marguerite Churchill, and "The Holy Terror" with Sally Eilers. George was born in San Francisco, Cal., on Sept. 1, 1900. He has dark brown hair and eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 185 pounds. He uses his own name on the screen. He was educated at Polytechnic High School in his home town, and at Santa Clara College. His hobbies are boxing, swimming, football, basketball and volley ball. No stage training except in amateur theatricals. Not married.

Vivian H. In the picture "The Spirit of Notre Dame," William Bakewell was *Jim Stewart*, and Andy Devine was *Truck McCall*. Lew Ayres was *Bucky O'Brien*. Lew's new release is "Night World" with Mae Clark and Boris Karloff. Billy Bakewell plays with Thomas Meighan and Charlotte Greenwood in "Cheaters at Play."

Loretta B. To give you the latest news of your favorites, I have to be two jumps ahead of the stars and catch them on the rebound. "Waterloo Bridge" was from the stage play by Robert Sherwood. "Devotion" was from the novel, "A Little Flat in the Temple," by Pamela Wynne. The scenario was by Graham John and Horace Jackson. "Wayward," in which Nancy Carroll and Richard Arlen appeared, was from the novel, "Wild Beauty" by Mateel Howe Farnham.

Frances M. D. Thanks for my new title, *The Spice of Screenland*—proving that sugar and spice and all that's nice are what little girls are made of. Paul Lukas and Ivan Lebedeff are masters of several languages, including Hollywood. Each speaking with a slight foreign accent but who cares as long as they speak to us from the screen? Paul uses his family name in pictures.

Sally B. Sorry I'm not able to tell you "who is the highest paid actress in Hollywood." In these days of ups and downs, it's difficult to keep in touch with salaries. Jackie Cooper and Mitzi Green are gathering in a lot of what-it-takes and the wolf doesn't howl around Marie Dressler's door and little Dickie Moore is able to have jam on his bread and butter if he wants it.

Devotee of Screenland. You are not alone in your desire to see Leslie Howard in pictures worthy of his artistry. Perhaps if the fans keep hounding the producers with requests to see Howard on the screen, it may have the desired effect. So get together, fans, and begin the "hounding" and add a few for your "Ask Me" lady. Mr. Howard is still appearing in "The Animal Kingdom" at the Empire Theatre in New York, but he will make a picture of it later—with Ann Harding.

Polly of Pittsburgh. I'm always happy when I can locate your favorite. David Rollins is in "Love Pains," the latest Boy Friend Comedy, produced by Hal Roach, with Mary Kornman, Gertie Messinger, Micky Daniels, and Grady Sutton. Helen Kane is on the stage and Kay Johnson has been playing important rôles in Los Angeles theatres. Sally O'Neil has returned from Europe. She hasn't announced her picture plans.

Terrie. No, I didn't say terrie-ble! I'm glad you have good reasons for buying SCREENLAND and that I'm two of them. Your favorite, Norma Shearer, is to appear in "Strange Interlude." Sally Eilers and Spencer Tracy will co-star in "After the Rain." One of your fellow countrymen, Laurence Olivier, will appear opposite Ann Harding in her new picture, "Westward Passage." The late Lon

Chaney's son, Creighton Chaney, is in the cast of "The Bird of Paradise" with Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea. Come again, Terrie.

V. V. W. Davey Lee did play with Al Jolson in "The Singing Fool" and "Sonny Boy," in 1929. He appeared in "Frozen River" with Rin-Tin-Tin in the same year then made a vaudeville tour of the U. S. and Europe and dropped out of sight. It was reported many times that he died but such was not the case. He's just busy growing up!

Bernice T. The principals in "Interference" were Clive Brook, Doris Kenyon, Evelyn Brent and William Powell. Josephine Dunn was not in the cast. She played with Miriam Hopkins and Phillips Holmes in "Two Kinds of Women" and with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald in "One Hour With You."

Ruth S. Edmund Cobb was the actor you refer to who played *Gil Davis* in "Wild Horse" with Hoot Gibson. Edmund was born in Albuquerque, New Mexico, in 1892. He has brown hair and eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. He was on the stage before entering pictures. Clark Gable's next picture is "Strange Interlude" with Norma Shearer.

Arthur G. I have very little information to give about Jackie Cooper's private life. He's only eight years old, lives with his mother and a devoted grandmother, works at the studio all day while his pictures are in production and any time out is spent with teachers—for you know "a fellow just has to get educated." Jackie is to make personal appearances, buzzing into New York as I write this but I haven't his traveling schedule so I can't say when he will make Detroit.

D. J. D., England. Sorry I can't tell you the English publishers of the songs Phillips Holmes used in his picture, "Her Man." John Boles is married to Marcelite Dobbs and they have two children. John's current release is "Careless Lady" with Joan Bennett. Delight Evans reviewed "The Man I Killed" in the April issue. Since then the picture has been retitled, "Broken Lullaby." Phillips plays with Miriam Hopkins in "Two Kinds of Women" and his forthcoming picture will be "Night Court." Cheerio and what-ho!

Miss Happy. "Tarzan, The Ape Man" has been released at last so sit up for a reel thrill. This screen story of the jungles has a fine cast, headed by Johnny Weissmuller, the marvelous swimmer, Maureen O'Sullivan, Neil Hamilton and C. Aubrey Smith. The young man who played *Alexander* in "The Spider" with Edmund Lowe, and *Claverie* with Warner Baxter in "Surrender," was Howard Phillips. He is rather new to the fans but if his work deserves a place in my department, he will surely get it.

Kay of Vancouver. Greetings and how have you been? Write as often as you like. Edwina Booth, last seen in "Trader Horn," is making a comeback in "The Midnight Patrol," an independent production. Others in the cast are Regis Toomey, Betty Bronson, Mary Nolan and Earle Fox. Your favorite crooner, Bing Crosby, is still appearing in short features; the last one is "Dream House," a slapstick comedy. His first short feature was "I Surrender, Dear." Bebe Daniels has not made a picture since "The Honor of the Family." She has been looking over Broadway with a stage comeback in view. You remember Bebe was on the stage as

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a child star—playing bits in Shakespearean drama when she was only five years old. She was at one time Harold Lloyd's leading lady in his "Lonesome Luke" Comedies.

Bruce R. I'm sorry not to give you any information about Bruce Line, the clever youngster who played the King in "Forbidden Adventure," with Mitzi Green and Jackie Searle. Seems to have dropped out of sight. If I get a line on him, I'll be glad to let you know. You'll be pleased to know your birthday falls on the same day that Jack Oakie celebrates his. November 12.

Montrealaise. You have good taste in your selection of favorites, along with a million other fans who have discovered the personality plus of Hardie Albright. He was born in Charleroi, Penna., on Dec. 16, 1905. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. His first screen appearance was in 1931 in "Young Sinners" with Thomas Meighan and Dorothy Jordan. Then came "Hush Money" and "Skyline." He is now with George Arliss in "A Successful Calamity."

Daniel F. James Cagney, who gives such a swell impersonation of a "tuff mug," is 27 years old and married. Claudette Colbert was born in Paris, France, but doesn't give her birthdate. Miriam Hopkins was born in Savannah, Ga., on Oct. 18, 1902. She has silvery-gold hair, blue eyes, weighs 100 pounds and is 5 feet tall. Her husband is the well-known author, Austin Parker, but they are separated. Sylvia Sydney's next picture will be "Merrily We Go to Hell."

Leslie Howard Fan. Won't you come back to us, Leslie? If this barrage of fan mail puts me under, blame that young Englishman and his winning personality. He was born in London, England, in 1893. His real name is Leslie Stainer; he is married and has two children. He played with the late Jeanne Eagels on the stage in "Her Cardboard Lover." His first screen appearance was in "Outward Bound" in 1930. His last film was "Devotion" with Ann Harding.

Mrs. W. The loyalty of Janet Gaynor's film friends is beyond question. If my mail box could register sound effects, there would be great applause for the little brown-eyed star. Janet hails from Philadelphia, Pa. She was born Oct. 6, 1907. Expressive brown eyes, golden brown hair, a little over 5 feet tall and weighs less than 100 pounds—that's Janet. She was married to Lydell Peck on Sept. 11, 1929. They have no children.

Pixie L. You li'l Pixie, you! James Dunn was born Nov. 2, 1905, in New York City. His first picture was "Bad Girl" with Sally Eilers, which put both players in the big lights. Sally was born Dec. 11, 1908, in New York. Joan Blondell and Chester Morris were born in N. Y. City—Joan on Aug. 30, 1909, and Chester on Feb. 16, 1902. Mary Kornman is a member of the Boy Friend Comedies, making shorts for Hal Roach. Arline Judge appeared in "Girl Crazy." Junior Durkin is in "Hell's House" with Pat O'Brien. Rochelle Hudson plays in "Are These Our Children" and "Fanny Foley Herself." Lupe Velez is making Manhattan sit up and wonder where she's been all their lives, in "Hot-Cha!" the Ziegfeld show.

Good Memory. Barbara Weeks has been appearing in some of the outstanding pictures and if the fans have a word to say, she will be on her way to big things. She

was born July 4, 1913, in Boston, Mass. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her first appearance in pictures was with Eddie Cantor in "Whoopee." She plays with Louise Dresser in "Stepping Sisters." Look out for Barbara—she's someone to wait for.

Busy Bee. Marie Dressler is now a household word. She's grand. Marie was born Nov. 9, 1871, in Colburg, Canada. Her real name is Lelia Koerber. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall, weighs about 200 pounds and has brown hair and blue-grey eyes. They tell me that she and Jackie Cooper are great pals.

Hodge-Podge. Is this a game for me to cross-word puzzle out or is it a new brand of fudge? Greta Nissen was married on March 30, 1932, to the new screen find, Weldon Heyburn. Greta was born in Oslo, Norway. She is 5 feet 4½ inches tall, weighs 122 pounds and has light blonde hair, blue eyes, and an ivory-like skin that makes her almost a perfect camera subject. Her latest release is "The Silent Witness" with Lionel Atwill and Weldon Heyburn. Dorothy Lee's latest release is "Girl Crazy" with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey.

Venus de Milo. Hands off, I suppose. Conrad Nagel was born March 16, 1897, in Keokuk, Iowa. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. His wife is Ruth Helms and they have a daughter, Margaret. While he was winning success on the Broadway stage, the war interrupted his activities. He served as a seaman on the U. S. S. Seattle and was later transferred to the staff of the commanding admiral. His latest picture is "Hell Divers" with Wallace Beery and Clark Gable. Conrad has been touring in vaudeville.

S. W. The men have become picture-conscious this month from the looks of my mail box. Wallace Beery is one of M-G-M's star attractions. He was born in Kansas City, Mo.; is 6 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 189 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. When he was 16 he ran away with Ringling Brothers' Circus. In 1904 he was singing in a musical show in New York City. In 1913 he joined the old Essanay Film Company in Chicago as author, scenarist, director and editorial supervisor of a series of comedies. He formed his own company which he took to Japan to make pictures. His wife is Rita Gilman. They have no children of their own but have adopted three of a relative of Mrs. Beery's.

Mary G. So you think some of the comics on the screen are under-paid for over-acting and some are paid for not acting at all. That's swell material for an argument. Mary Pickford was born April 8, 1893, in Toronto, Canada. She married Douglas Fairbanks on March 28, 1920. Did you know that Mary made "Her First Biscuits" for D. W. Griffith? Don't get me wrong, it was a picture!

John P. W. As Earle Fox is a freelance player, I haven't a permanent studio address for him, but one of his last pictures was made at the Fox Studios so you might try writing him there. He played with Edmund Lowe and Lois Moran in "The Spider," a Fox production. He appeared in "Thru Different Eyes," "Black Magic," and "New Year's Eve." Earle was born in Oxford, Ohio, in 1888, and was educated at Ohio State University. He is 6 feet 1 inch tall and has light brown hair and blue eyes.

Frederick J. H. One of the brightest lads in pictures is Ralph Graves—he acts, directs, and writes; has had stage experience and has been in films about 15 years. He was born Jan. 23, 1900, in Cleveland, Ohio; is 6 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 175 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Yes—I think Ralph is married. The co-starring team of Jack Holt and Ralph Graves has become a famous one. They appeared together in "A Dangerous Affair" with Sally Blane. Ramon Novarro's latest release was "Mata Hari" with Greta Garbo. His next may be a football picture. Ramon was born Feb. 2, 1900, in Durango, Mexico. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds.

Frances T. F. If I had time and space to answer all your questions about "who married and divorced which," I'd have a corner on the Hollywood matrimonial market. Nils Asther's wife is Vivian Duncan. Alice Joyce's first husband was Tom Moore; her present one is James Regan. Charles Farrell is Virginia Valli's second husband. As far as I know, Claire Windsor has not remarried since her divorce from Bert Lytell. Clive Brook's first and only wife is Mildred Evelyn, a former English actress. Gloria Swanson was married in 1931 to her fourth husband, Michael Farmer. Her former husbands were Wallace Beery, Herbert Somborn and the Marquis de la Falaise. A new little Farmer recently made her debut.

Merry Jerry. If I had the whimsical humor of Will Rogers, I'd be up in the air most of the time, too. He was born November 4, 1879, in Ooagah, Indian Territory. He was educated at Hassell School at Neosho, Mo., and at the Kemper Military Academy. He was married in 1908 to Betty Blake. They have three children, Will Jr., Mary, and Jim. Will, the oldest, is 18. Mr. Rogers has been abroad seven or eight times. His latest releases are "Ambassador Bill," "Business and Pleasure," and his next will be "Down to Earth."

Blonde Crazy. Are you trying to do a Jimmy Cagney? Why not give the brunettes a break? Marlene Dietrich's husband is Rudolf Seiber, a German motion picture director at Paramount's Joinville studios in Europe. Glad you admire Charlie Ruggles and Roland Young—you'll have a chance to see them together in "One Hour With You," the new Maurice Chevalier picture.

Sweet Adeline. Oh, Kate Smith, are you listening? Raul Roulien, who played with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in "Delicious," has created a stir among the film fans. Raul is well-known in Brazil, Chile, Cuba, Europe, and Japan, where he has presented many of his own plays and musical comedies. He was born Oct. 8, 1905, in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. He has a golden singing voice and a nice personality.

Jack-in-a-Box. Booh! I'm not afraid of you, the Rover Boys, or Noah Beery. Irving Pichel, pronounced Pitch-ell, has given some of the finest acting of the past year in "The Right to Love" with Ruth Chatterton; "Murder by the Clock," "An American Tragedy," "The Road to Reno," "The Cheat" with Tallulah Bankhead, and "Two Kinds of Women" with Miriam Hopkins and Phillips Holmes. Irving was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., is over 6 feet tall, weighs 185 pounds, and has brown hair and dark brown eyes. His wife, Violette Wilson, was an actress before her marriage. They have three boys, Wilson, aged 11, Julian, 9 and Marlowe, 3.

Jane C. K. The actor who was the young physician in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" was Robert Young. He was born Feb. 22, 1907, in Chicago, Ill., is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. He will appear in "The Wet Parade," the picturization of Upton Sinclair's novel. The cast includes Jimmy Durante, Walter Huston, Dorothy Jordan, Neil Hamilton, Wallace Ford, Myrna Loy, Lewis Stone, John Miljan and Virginia Bruce. What a parade that will be.

Phyllis V. You are not the only admirer of George Barbier, the jolly big man of Paramount's laugh-getters. He entered Crozier Theological Seminary to study for the ministry but after appearing in a pageant the school presented, decided to entertain souls instead of save them, so he started on his theatrical career. He has been an actor for thirty-five years. His screen appearances have been in "The Big Pond" and "The Smiling Lieutenant," with Maurice Chevalier; "The Sap from Syracuse," and "No One Man" with Carole Lombard.

I. B. L. Lane Chandler, who played with Clara Bow in "Red Hair" in 1928, is playing in Westerns now. Lane is among our good actors who has not yet had "the breaks," but watch out for him, he may Gable us yet. His most recent film is "The Hurricane Horseman," with Marie Quillan, sister of Eddie Quillan.

Esther M. W. To tell you all I know would take too much space but I'm willing to pass you some "take-it-or-leave-it" and let you do the hand clapping. David Rollins is 22 years old, Charles Rogers is 26, Nancy Carroll is 25, and Alice White is 24. David Rollins was born in Kansas City, Mo. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. Charles Rogers was born in Olathe, Kans. He has black hair and eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. Nancy Carroll has blue eyes, auburn hair, weighs 118 pounds and is 5 feet 4 inches tall and was born in New York City. Alice White was born in Paterson, N. J. She has blonde hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds.

Johnny Wise. You'd have to be to do all you tell me you find time to do. Ronald Colman's new release is "Arrowsmith" with Helen Hayes, who made so many fan friends in her first screen appearance, "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Ronald Colman was born Feb. 9, 1891, in Richmond, Surrey, England. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 175 pounds. When war broke out in 1914 he was among England's "First One Hundred Thousand" and was disabled in the battle of Messines. Receiving a discharge for disability he went on the London stage in 1916. He made pictures in England and tried the stage again before coming to America in 1920. He landed with only \$37 in his pocket; after many hardships, he was down to his last dollar when he was offered a stage engagement. His first American film was with Lillian Gish in "The White Sister."

Bing Bang. So you're the town's big shot who goes about pasting wisecracks in old hats—my hat's off to you. Warner Baxter made pictures as far back as 1921. "Old Arizona" was his first all-talking picture. His most recent releases are "The Squaw Man" and "The Cisco Kid." His next will be "Widow's Mite" with Sally Eilers. Warner was born March 29, 1891, in Columbus, Ohio. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. He was married in 1917 to Winifred Bryson. They have no children.

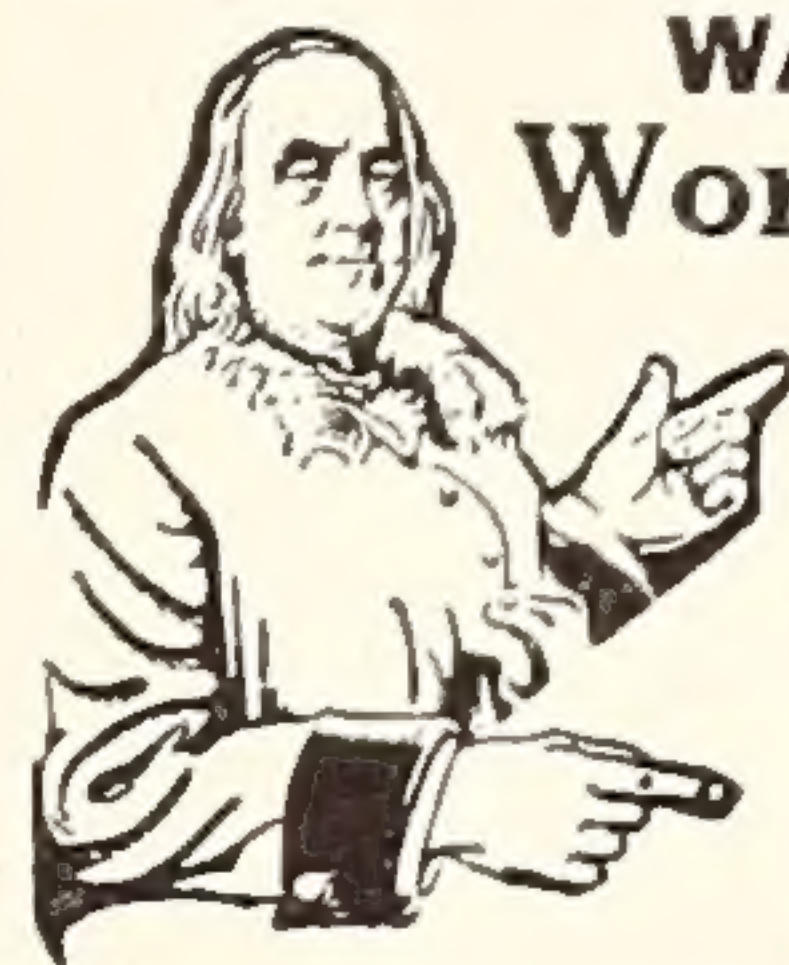
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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF SCREENLAND, published MONTHLY at NEW YORK, N. Y., for April 1, 1932, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a NOTARY in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared DONALD E. CURRAN, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the BUSINESS MANAGER of SCREENLAND and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, INC., 45 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; Editor, DELIGHT EVANS, 45 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; Managing Editor, DELIGHT EVANS, 45 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; Business Manager, DONALD E. CURRAN, 45 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, INC., 45 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; V. G. HEIMBUCHER, 45 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.; J. S. MACDERMOTT, 45 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. DONALD E. CURRAN, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1932. EDWARD ALBERT GEELAN, JR., Notary Public Kings Co. No. 385, Reg. No. 2488 Cert. filed in N. Y. Co. 1128, Reg. 2-G-699 (My commission expires March 30, 1932). (SEAL.)

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Douglas W. It's interesting to note how many young boys and girls love Marie Dressler in pictures—and that pleases Marie—she told me so. The youngsters care little for the snappy necking stuff; they want something wholesome, something big—well, like Wally Beery and Marie Dressler; and more films like "Skippy," "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer." And between you and me, Douglas, the grown-ups like those pictures as well as the kids, but they're scared to admit it. "The Champ" with Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper is worth seeing the second and third time, if you ask me, but did you?

Vera C. After hearing from Buddy Rogers' father that he was born August 13, 1905—Buddy, not the father—you ask me if this is correct—for goodness sake! Why not write to the boy himself and get the awful truth from him, if you don't believe Rogers Senior?

Gladys of Ontario. You think my department helps to make SCREENLAND the best movie magazine published. I'm all a-twitter with blushes and my beret is sizes and sizes too small, all due to that goodly praise. Now for the sisters and brothers in pictures you ask about. Loretta Young, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young are sisters; Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day are both Noonan's; from the well-known house of Bennett we have Constance and Joan; the Costello family has Dolores and Helene; Nancy Carroll and her sister Terry played together in "Personal Maid," and on your right we have the Moore family, Owen, Tom and Matt.

Frieda O. I have never discussed the religion of the stars. To tell the truth I am not curious about it myself so long as they provide us with fine entertainment, and we get our money's worth, don't we? I do know that many of the players are regular church attendants and are fine citizens. Who can ask for anything more?

Jane S. As far as I know, Doris Dawson uses her own name in pictures. Her mother was Emma A. Dyche and her father is B. X. Dawson, non-professionals. I haven't any recent picture releases of Doris' to tell you about. She was born in Goldfield, Nevada, on April 16, 1909. She has red hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 103 pounds. She appeared in 1928 in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" with Richard Barthelmess and Molly O'Day.

A. S. M. Will your question be answered eventually? Why not *now* so here goes! Phillips Holmes won the SCREENLAND Honor Page in the August issue of 1930 for his fine performance in "The Devil's Holiday" with Nancy Carroll. It was his first big rôle and since then Phil has been going strong with every assignment. Write to the Circulation Dept. for that issue.

Phyllis A. L. L. You haven't cornered all the admiration for Lew Ayres—hundreds of other fans are that way about him, too. He married Lola Lane in the fall of 1931. His most recent picture is "Heaven on Earth" with Anita Louise. Nils Asther's last picture was "The Sea Bat," his first talking feature. You'll be seeing him again on the screen, though.

Violet D. Your request for full casts of releases in 1923 goes too far back for me to remember, especially as they were not included in that year's best or even second best. Ben Alexander, the talented youth who is just 18 years old, played in "Are These Our Children?" and in "All Quiet on the Western Front." George O'Brien

is not married, but Olive Borden was married on March 28, 1931, to Theodore Spector.

Emily H. Many of the stars give their ages but fully as many do not, so when a birthdate is requested and I fail to give it to you, please don't hold that against me. Lilyan Tashman does not reveal her age but she looks even younger than that. She did not play in "Manhandled." It was a silent film of 1924 with Gloria Swanson, heading the cast. Lilyan's first films were made in 1927, with a list too long to give in this column. Gloria Swanson was born March 29, 1898, in Chicago, Ill. Her fourth husband is Michael Farmer, whom she recently presented with a daughter, named Michele Gloria.

Question Mark. Leatrice Joy was married on Oct. 22, 1931, to William Spencer Hooks, Beverly Hills business man; Dorothy Mackaill to Neil A. Miller, crooner, on Nov. 3; Tom Moore, divorced from Alice Joyce and Renee Adorée, was married Oct. 27 to Eleanor Merry; June McCloy to Schuyler C. Schenck on Nov. 11; Constance Bennett to Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray on Nov. 22, and Richard Dix to Winifred Coe on Oct. 19.

Nathaniel T. Sometimes our radios are kind to our ears but you'll find your favorite, SCREENLAND, is *always* kind to your eyes. Mary McAllister was one of the 1927 Wampas Baby Stars; Sally Eilers and Molly O'Day were among the 1928 models, and Sally O'Neil was of the 1926 group. The 1931 Baby Stars are Anita Louise, Marian Marsh, Joan Marsh—not related—Marion Schilling, Rochelle Hudson, Karen Morley, Sidney Fox, Joan Blondell, Judith Wood, Frances Dee, Frances Dade, Constance Cummings and Barbara Weeks.

Alice K. I've found it's not so much how much you say, it's how you say what you say. Myrna Loy is on contract to M-G-M but she was loaned to Fox for "Skyline" with Thomas Meighan, Hardie



Ladies and gentlemen—Spanky! That's the name of this new recruit to Our Gang—and doesn't he look capable of earning his expressive soubriquet!

Albright and Maureen O'Sullivan. Myrna is 25 years old. She has green eyes, titian-colored hair and is 5 feet 6 inches tall. Andre De Segurola was a grand opera singer b. f. (before films). He played with Marion Davies in "Her Cardboard Lover."

Bothered Ben. Tom Mix is well on the road to recovery at this writing, after his recent very serious illness, and I know you're happy, for he is your favorite. Jackie Cooper, another high stepper in films, though only 8 years old, is something to run a mean temperature over. His "Skippy" started him up the ladder and there's no stopping that kid now. Have you seen his great performance in "The Champ"?

Edith O. Lupe Velez is not married to Gary Cooper and is not engaged to John Gilbert, John Miljan or Ivan Lebedeff. Lupe was born July 18, 1910. She has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. She plays with Lawrence Tibbett in "The Cuban Love Song." She dances the *rumba* with a Cuban orchestra and Lawrence sings *The Peanut Vender* in the film as it has never been sung before. Lupe is now in Ziegfeld's "Hot-Cha" on the stage.

Lucy H. Nils Asther fans will be glad to hear the grand news that he is to appear in "Her Cardboard Lover." He made the silent version of it with Marion Davies in 1928. Nils is 31, 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has dark brown hair, and brown eyes. He is happily married to Vivian Duncan and is the proud father of little Evelyn Duncan Asther.

Burton L. W. Many screen players have to employ secretaries to answer their fan mail for they receive hundreds of letters every week. The more popular the star, the more fan mail. It's a regular man-sized job just to open that much mail so don't feel unkindly towards your favorite if she has not written you a personal letter—thank your lucky stars she sent you a photograph. Anita Page was born August 4, 1910 in Flushing, L. I., N. Y. She is a natural blonde with golden hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. She is not married or engaged.

Janet J. If I knew why love grows cold in the gloaming, or why producers don't put our favorites all in one film, I'd go on the air about it, not that it matters. Dolores Del Rio was selected for "Evangeline" because her director thought she would fill the part—however, if you want a blonde *Evangeline*, I'll see what can be done about it the next time it's filmed, if ever.

Anne C. You are always welcome to my department—write as often as you like. John Loder was *Ashleigh Preston* in "Sunset Pass" with Jack Holt and Nora Lane. John was born in England and was on the London stage and in pictures before he came to America. He is married.

Julia S. Dolores Costello Barrymore was born Sept. 17, 1905, in Pittsburgh, Pa. At the age of five she played in pictures with her father, Maurice Costello, who was a screen favorite in those days, and with the late John Bunny, a popular comedian. Dolores is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has hair of a pale golden color with reddish tints. Her eyes are gray-blue with heavy dark lashes. Her only picture since her baby was born was "Expensive Women." I doubt if she will appear on the screen again. She is perfectly happy to be Mrs. John Barrymore.

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By Patricia Gordon

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